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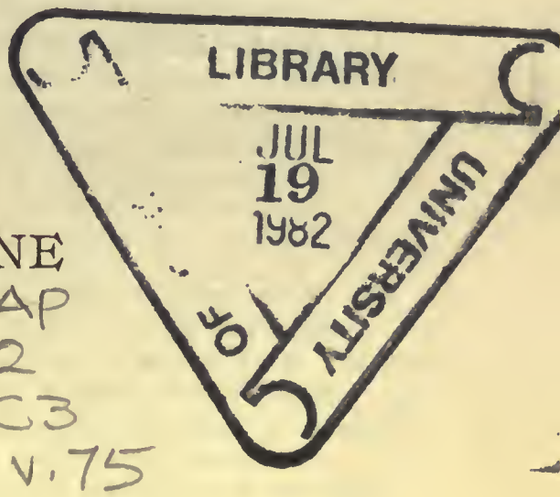

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RABBONI !—MASTER.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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RABBONI.

(John xx. 11-18.)

"Why weepest thou?"
'Twas a stranger's voice, at the break of the morning gray;
And a lonely heart in its grief replied,
"They have taken Him away."

"Whom seekest thou?"
'Twas the gardener's voice. In the throes of sad dismay
The breaking heart could only sigh,
"They have ta'en my Lord away."

"Mary." He speaks:
'Tis His gentle voice in the old familiar way.
One gladsome cry, "Rabboni!"
'Twas all that love could say.

M. J. SPLAINE.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

VOL. LXXV.—1

WHAT WAGE IS A LIVING WAGE?

BY REV. JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.L., *Catholic University, Washington.*

THROUGHOUT this discussion we assume: first, that the amount of goods regularly produced in the community is sufficient to provide a decent livelihood for all workers; and, secondly, that the laborer contributes a reasonable share toward the making of the total product. In its economic aspect, society is a vast co-operative association, organized for the purpose of converting the raw material of Mother Earth, the common heritage of the race, into forms suitable for the needs of human life. Having performed his part in the general task of production, the laborer's right to live from the common product becomes actual and unconditioned. His claim to the means of subsistence is now as good as that of his fellows. Whether he has produced as much as they is, so far as this claim is concerned, a matter of indifference. His productive efforts have been all that could reasonably be asked of him, and that, generally speaking, is all that can be said for the others. This reasonable expenditure of productive effort does not give him a moral claim to equal shares with his co-producers—other considerations, social and individual, stand in the way—but it does give him a moral claim to as much as he needs in order to live. This claim is founded on his dignity as a person, in which respect he is equal to any of his fellows. His life is as important in itself as theirs; the development of personality is as vital to him as it is to them. Reason and justice, then, demand that he should be accorded the goods essential to life and personal development.

For this purpose there is required something more than mere physical subsistence. If he is to attain the end of his being, develop his personality in a reasonable way, which is his end so far as his earthly life is concerned, the laborer must have at least sufficient goods to enable him, in the words of Pope Leo, "to live in reasonable and frugal comfort." If he is denied this minimum, his personality is treated as less important than that of his fellows. His personal dignity is violated. If it

be not admitted that personal dignity, or the dignity of personality, creates a right to a decent livelihood, then there is nothing further to be said. Not only the right to live decently, but the right to live any kind of life—nay, all rights whatever, in the *moral* sense of the word, are decreed out of existence; for moral rights are but means to safeguard the sacredness of personality. If the sacredness, the dignity, the intrinsic worth of personality is merely an antiquated superstition, then is the moral law a superstition, and the only rational guiding principles of social conduct are brute force, instinct, and cunning.

WHAT A DECENT LIVELIHOOD IS.

This much by way of *résumé*. We have vindicated the laborer's right to such compensation as will afford him a decent livelihood, but we have given no precise description of the meaning of that phrase. True, we have insisted that a decent livelihood is something more than animal subsistence. In a matter of such importance, however, a description of this kind is not sufficiently definite and specific. Without a more precise definition of a decent livelihood, we should find some difficulty in answering the possible objection that all the workingmen of America are even now paid a living wage. At least we should be unable to reply offhand. A more detailed statement of the *content* of a living wage would be a necessary preliminary. The question before us, then, is: How much of the good things of life must be within the laborer's reach in order that he may have a decent livelihood?

From the nature of the case, this question cannot be answered with mathematical precision. It is probable that no body of men, however competent and well meaning, would agree in their individual estimates. They could arrive at a single decision only through discussion and mutual admissions of error. Again, no careful person would assert that a very slight deduction from the amount that he regarded as certainly sufficient would make the remainder *certainly* insufficient. The morally essential needs of men and the goods necessary to satisfy those needs, are not susceptible of absolutely exact measurement. Hence the requisites of a decent livelihood can be stated only approximately.

From this it does not follow that such definitions as are possible will be so vague as to be useless. The conditions of right and reasonable living can be described, either in terms of

goods or wages, with sufficient definiteness to safeguard the human dignity of the workers. More than this is not necessary. We can distinguish twilight from darkness, though we cannot point to the precise moment when the one merges into the other. We cannot tell the exact time of the evening when artificial light begins to be more effective than natural light, yet we usually have recourse to the former before the approaching darkness becomes notably inconvenient. Thus it is in the matter of a living wage. We know that some rates of remuneration are certainly sufficient for decent living and that others are certainly insufficient. While we may not be able to put our finger on the precise point of the descending scale where the living wage ceases, we can indicate it in such a way that the laborer's essential dignity will be fairly well safeguarded. We can name the amount that is approximately at the margin of right living. We can define a limit below which it is wrong to go, without committing ourselves to the view that the limit itself is sufficiently high. In other words, while a wage under the limit would be regarded as less than ample for a decent livelihood, a wage at the limit might be reckoned as doubtful. Such a definition can be so formulated as to be of very high practical value.

MARKING THE LIMITS.

A decent livelihood may be understood either absolutely or relatively. In the absolute sense, it is an unvarying standard that is applicable to men—at least, to civilized men—in any environment. It takes no account of purely conventional needs, nor of the human capacity for progress. It is formulated solely with reference to man's essential and universal needs as a human being, and describes in general terms the requisites of normal and reasonable human life. It may be either below or above the *conventional* standard of a given community. For example, it is not absolutely essential for right living that men and women should wear shoes in summer. Abstracting from custom and convention, a decent livelihood is possible without these articles. On the other hand, a conventional standard of living, though satisfactory to the people maintaining it, may be below the standard that is absolutely necessary. If the description in Dicey's *Peasant State* is correct, the people of Bulgaria, though apparently contented, do not live as human beings should live

(quoted in Mrs. Bosanquet's *Standard of Life*, p. 9). There is consequently a certain minimum of the conditions of living which is independent of times, places, and peoples, and which may be called the absolute decent livelihood.

But this absolute standard is not all-sufficient. In his needs as well as in his activities man is progressive. Consequently in every community that has advanced beyond the most simple ways of life, there are found, besides the absolutely essential needs, certain others that are called conventional. Through the influence of custom, these have come to be regarded as legitimate and vital. They must be satisfied if the community is to maintain the standard of life that it has adopted. If men cannot live up to this standard, they look upon their condition as unduly hard or degrading. To the prevailing standard of life, then, the living wage, or a decent livelihood, must in a reasonable degree conform. If it does not, it is not what its name implies. For, in order to live becomingly, men must have not only those goods that are objectively necessary, but in some measure those that *they think are necessary*. Indeed, the latter may become more vital to decent living than certain goods that are objective and primary. Men can forego them only at the cost of self-respect or grave mental suffering; they will satisfy them at the expense of needs that are more fundamental. For example, men (to say nothing of women) will stint themselves in food rather than appear among their fellows in unbecoming clothes. Either alternative subjects human beings to hardships that are incompatible with normal and reasonable life.

Because of the development of new wants a decent livelihood now may be less than a decent livelihood ten years hence. To ignore the new wants, then, would be as harmful as to ignore existing wants now. A true decent livelihood, therefore, is *relative*, not only to particular communities, but to different stages of progress in each community.

A FAMILY LIVING WAGE.

Our inquiry has to do only with the adult male laborers of America, who are not fed nor lodged by their employers. And by a living wage for this class we mean a family living wage; for their normal condition is to become the heads and assume the responsibilities of a family. The content of such a living wage will be described first in terms of real wages—that is, as

a certain amount of goods or conditions of living, and then in terms of money wages. The following definitions will prove suggestive and helpful:

"Undoubtedly the first moral charge on the national income is such a sum as is necessary to bring up a family, providing for health, education, efficiency of work, and the conditions generally of a moral life. Anything below such a level subjects human beings to hardships and temptations to which they should not be exposed, and to conditions in which men and women are not free but in bondage to physical wants. If the present system or any system did not promise this at some not distant period, we should have to say, like Mill, that, if this or Communism were the alternative, 'all the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance'" (Smart, *Studies in Economics*, p. 302, note).

"The necessaries for the efficiency of an ordinary agricultural or an unskilled town laborer and his family in England, in this generation, may be said to consist of a well-drained dwelling with several rooms, warm clothing, with some changes of underclothing, pure water, a plentiful supply of cereal food, with a moderate allowance of meat and milk, and a little tea, etc., some education and some recreation, and lastly, sufficient freedom for his wife from other work to enable her to perform properly her maternal and her household duties. . . . In addition, perhaps, some consumption of alcohol and tobacco and some indulgence in fashionable dress are in many places so habitual that they may be said to be *conventionally necessary*, since, in order to obtain them, the average man and woman will sacrifice some things that are necessary for efficiency" (Marshall, *Principles of Economics*, Book. II., chap. iv., sec. 2).

Professor Munro defines a living wage as "a yearly wage sufficient to maintain the worker in the highest state of industrial efficiency, and to afford him adequate leisure to discharge the duties of citizenship" (*Economic Journal*, June, 1894, p. 365).

Mr. Devas summarizes the minimum livelihood that should be guaranteed to all workers thus: the means of physical existence; practical possibility of marriage; separate homes; insurance against sickness, old age, and industrial accidents; and some access to the treasures of literature, art, and culture (*Political Economy*, 1901, p. 498).

"There is a growing feeling, not confined to Trade Unionists," say Sidney and Beatrice Webb, "that the best interests of the community can only be attained by deliberately securing to each section of the workers those conditions which are necessary for the continuous and efficient fulfilment of its particular function in the social machine" (*Industrial Democracy*, p. 590).

The Conference on the Christian Organization of Industry held at Holborn Hall, November 29, 1893, interpreted a living wage as a remuneration that would "enable workers to maintain healthy and human homes."

Professor Patten holds that the workingman has a right to a home; to become the head of a family; to self-development; to a share in the social surplus sufficiently large to make him comfortable; to the leisure that is necessary for the revival of physical and mental powers; to recreation for the sake of symmetrical development; to cleanliness in and about the home; and to some development of his sense of the beautiful (*The Theory of Prosperity*, pp. 218–227).

According to President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, a living wage is "a wage which, when expended in the most economical manner, shall be sufficient to maintain an average-sized family in a manner consistent with whatever the contemporary local civilization recognizes as indispensable to physical and mental health, or as required by the rational self-respect of human beings" (*The American Federationist*, April, 1898).

Father Vermeersch's estimate of the things procurable by a living wage comprises the following: moderate food, clothing, and shelter for the laborer and his family; festival days and some recreation; proper education for the laborer's children; and finally, suitable provision against accidents, disease, and old age (*Questiones de Justitia*, p. 576).

DISCUSSING AUTHORITIES.

It will be observed that all the estimates above given are in tolerably close agreement except in the matter of provision for sickness and old age. The reason of this variance lies in the different view-points from which the question is regarded. Writers like Marshall and Munro, who start from considerations of social utility, look upon a living wage as the remuneration that is required to maintain the laborer in a state of industrial efficiency. They do not take account of provision for old age,

because they are not describing what the laborer needs for his own sake, but what he needs in order to work well. How they would have him supported after old age compels him to cease work altogether, we cannot say. The definitions cited above throw no light upon this question. On the other hand, those who, like Devas and Vermeersch, approach the subject from the side of morals, and whose first concern is the laborer's *rights*, rather than his productive efficiency, make explicit mention of *all* his essential needs. Consequently, they hold that if his wage does not make possible a provision for sickness and old age, it is less than a living wage.

The following is my own estimate of the minimum amount of goods and opportunities that will suffice for decent living and the rearing of a family:

1. Food, clothing, and shelter for the laborer and his family until his children are old enough to become wage-earners.

(*a*) The Children. As to the *number* of children to be taken as a basis in estimating the family needs, the *average* number found in workingmen's families is the only practical standard, and, stated approximately, it is a sufficiently fair standard. A study of the families for which statistics are presented in the "Cotton Group" of the Seventh Annual Report of the Department of Labor leads to the conclusion that the average number of children in the families of full size there described was 4 2–5. The families enumerated in that group numbered 2,132, were distributed over 17 States, North, South, East, and West, and represented 15 nationalities. So far as size is concerned they may, therefore, be regarded as fairly typical of laborers' families in America.

Except, possibly, during school vacations, no child of either sex should be employed as a wage-earner under the age of 16 years. Until that time of life is reached children are not, as a rule, sufficiently strong to work day after day under the direction of an employer. Besides, if they are taken out of school at an earlier period, they get less than a fair proportion of the educational opportunities so generally provided by the State for the benefit of all. Their share in the industrial opportunities that depend so largely upon education is likewise diminished. Attendance at school until the age of 16 would seem to be essential in order to give the workingman's children a fair start in life.

(*b*) The Wife. The welfare of the family, and likewise of society, renders it imperative that the wife and mother should not engage in any work except that of the household. When she becomes a wage-earner she can neither care properly for her own health, rear her children aright, nor make the home what it should be for her husband, her children, and herself. In the words of the Second Congress of Christian Workingmen at Rheims, "la femme devenue ouvrière n'est plus une femme"—"The wife become wage-worker is no longer a wife" (Quoted in Tolman's *Le Catholicisme Social*, p. 55). Among the Catholic authorities that have protested against the employment of wives and mothers, or at least of mothers, may be mentioned: the Union of Catholic Associations and Workingmen at Fribourg, Switzerland (1893); the Catholic Association of Holland (1897); the Social Christians of Germany; the Christian Democrats of Belgium (1894); the Second Congress of Christian Workingmen at Rheims (1894); The Catholic delegates to the Industrial Congress for the Protection of Workingmen at Zurich (1897); the Count de Mun; and Cardinal Manning (*Idem*, pp. 50–58).

(*c*) Food. The laborer should have food sufficient in quantity, quality, and variety to maintain himself and the members of his family in normal conditions of health and vitality.

(*d*) Clothing. He should be able to provide himself and family with clothing adapted in quantity and quality to the reasonable requirements of comfort. In addition, they all should be able to appear in becoming attire on "social" occasions, in school, in church, and in public gatherings of a holiday or festal nature. It is impossible to state precisely the minimum that is reasonable in this matter, but speaking generally we may say that the laborer and his family should possess an outfit of "holiday" apparel, distinct from their ordinary or "every-day" garments. This much is essential if they are to appear among their fellows without loss of that self-respect and natural pride which are required to maintain human dignity and to live decently.

(*e*) Shelter. Under this head it is sufficient to say that the dwelling occupied by the laborer and family should consist of at least five rooms, and in general conform to the requirements of reasonable comfort. Three rooms (one for the parents, and one each for the male and female children) are the minimum for the purpose of sleep, and it would seem that at least two

rooms are necessary for all other purposes. As to its interior equipment, the house must, of course, be suitably heated, lighted, and provided with a reasonable stock of furniture and household utensils generally.

Hence the *material* requisites of present decent living for the laborer may be summed up as a reasonable amount of food, clothing, and shelter for himself and his wife; and for four or five children until they have reached the age of sixteen years.

2. Besides those needs which are constant and pertain to the present, there are others which are intermittent and bound up with the future. The laborer's wage should enable him to make provision for sickness, accidents, and old age. If it does not, he must, when temporarily and permanently incapacitated for work, become a burden on the community or on his children. In the latter hypothesis the wages of the children would require to be increased accordingly. This is not in harmony with the social order. Beyond all doubt, the normal condition is that a man's life toil should bring him sufficient provision for his life needs.

3. Finally, the laborer and his family have certain mental and spiritual needs, the satisfaction of which is essential to right living. Among these needs the chief are: A moderate amount of amusement and recreation; a proper education for the children; some good periodical and other literature; membership in certain organizations, such as benefit societies and labor unions; and last, but not least, the means of fulfilling in a becoming manner the duties imposed by charity and religion.

Food, clothing, shelter, insurance, and mental and spiritual culture—all in a reasonable degree—are, therefore, the essential conditions of a decent livelihood. Give to the laborer a wage inadequate to secure all of these things to himself and his family, and you give him less than a living wage.

EXPRESSED IN TERMS OF A MONEY WAGE.

How shall we express these requisites in terms of a money wage? The varying "cost of living" in different parts of America is alone sufficient to make a general answer to this question exceedingly difficult. Nevertheless, I do not see how the task can be honestly avoided.

Professor Albion W. Small, head of the Department of Sociology in the University of Chicago, and one of the world's

leading authorities in that science, has recently expressed the opinion that "no man can live, bring up a family, and enjoy the ordinary human happiness on a wage of less than $1,000 a year. . . . All wages should be paid within a certain scale. Let no man be paid less than the purchase capacity of $1,000, which, I think, is the least a man can live on comfortably, educate his children, provide comfortably for a family, and enjoy some human comforts. Let no man be paid more than $50,000, which is the salary of the President of the United States" (Lecture delivered before the Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, and reported in the *Chicago Chronicle* of December 13, 1901).

The statistics concerning the cost of living presented in the Sixth and Seventh Annual Reports of the Department of Labor make it probable that Professor Small's estimate is not too high, if we make two assumptions: First, that, as he would wish, women and minors do not become wage-workers; and, secondly, that the laborer and his family are to approach a certain fulness and variety of life that are not strictly essential for reasonable and comfortable existence. To support his children, both boys and girls, from the years of sixteen until twenty-one, and of his daughters from the latter age until they marry, would add considerably to the family expenditure. I am inclined to believe that society and, generally speaking, the persons directly concerned, would be benefited if minors and women were excluded from employment, but I realize that this condition is not a *sine qua non* of right and reasonable living. It is most desirable, too, that every laborer should have something more than the minimum that is reasonable—for the laborer is a man, and man's capacity for progress is infinite—but my concern here is with this minimum merely. And it is well to insist that the estimate of a living wage here given is not necessarily looked upon as a fair or completely just wage in the case of any individual. It is simply the minimum to which he is entitled by that strongest of all claims to property, his dignity as a person.

THE COST OF A FAMILY'S LIVING.

On page 688 of the Seventh Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor will be found a letter from Mrs. J. E. B., the wife of a workingman. The family is seven in number, and so may be regarded as normal. The husband receives $576 per year. In the letter sent to the Department of Labor, the

wife gives a detailed account of the annual family expenditures for all purposes except clothes and sundries. She describes at some length her truly ingenious planning to economize in the matter of food. It is safe to say that the average housewife could not maintain a household as cheaply as does she. Yet she is obliged to confess that in her efforts to make both ends meet she is like "the kitten that twirled round and round trying to catch its tail." The object sought was always in view but never within reach.

I attach the greatest importance to the account of this family's cost of living, because I think that it is the very lowest that is compatible with decent and reasonable living. The letter referred to is most interesting and instructive. For purposes of comparison I submit the average cost of living of the 2,132 families mentioned above. (Seventh Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor, pp. 1678–1682.) The average size of these families is 5.7, or somewhat under what we have taken to be normal, namely, father, mother, and four or five children. Following is their average annual expenditure for various purposes:

Food,	$287.06
Rent,	72.58
Fuel,	35.75
Lighting,	4.90
Clothing,	107.40
Taxes,	5.43
Insurance (property),	6.47
" (life),	20.22
Organizations (labor),	6.06
" (other),	6.60
Religion,	10.29
Charity,	2.80
Furniture and Utensils,	19.79
Books and Newspapers,	5.35
Amusements and Vacations,	9.36
Intoxicating Liquors,	15.98
Tobacco,	10.48
Sickness and Death,	22.31
Other Purposes,	38.19
Total for all purposes,	$687.02

The total number of families entering into this statement, it will be remembered, was 2,132. Their average total expenditure for all purposes for one year is given in the Report as $610.61. The discrepancy between these figures and the total given above is due to the fact that hundreds of the families investigated paid out nothing for several of the purposes specified in the list. Or, the sums that they expended on these accounts were not included in the computations of the Report. For example, the outlay for insurance on property is given for only 198 families; the average contribution to labor organizations is based on reports from but 155 families; and so on. Hence the total actual expenditures by all the families (2,132) for all purposes, divided by the whole number of families, gave $610.61, instead of $687.02. The latter number would be the *actual* average if the families who expended nothing (or whose expenditures were not taken into account) for certain of the purposes specified, paid out for the said purposes an average sum equal to the average expended by the families whose accounts were included in the Report. Here, however, our main concern is with the separate items of expenditure. Let us go over them briefly to see whether any of them should be dispensed with, diminished, or increased, in estimating the content of a living wage.

The average expenditure for food was $287.06. In all of the Northern States but one, and in two of the Southern States, the average is considerably above this figure. Now, in the workingman's family already cited, the annual food account was but $220.62. With regard to this difference of $66.44, two observations must be made; first, that the average housewife is not as good a manager as "Mrs. J. E. B."; and, secondly, that her description of the kinds and amount of food used shows that, in spite of her remarkable planning, her family did not have a reasonable amount of healthful, nourishing food. Hence we shall add something less than ten dollars to her account, making the irreducible minimum of the laborer's annual expenditure for food $230.00. Thus we have reduced the figures of the Labor Report list by $57.06.

The annual outlay for rent is given in our list as $72.58. The average number of rooms per family is 4.7, which certainly represents the smallest size compatible with proper and reasonable living. In all the Southern States but one, the rent-cost

was below this average of $72.58, but the average size of the houses was only 3.4 rooms each.

For fuel the average expenditure of the families in the Report was $35.75. "Mrs. J. E. B." paid out but $24.00 on this account; but she was able to buy coal at 2 dollars per ton. This is much below the retail price of that commodity in most localities. However, let us reduce the list figures to 30 dollars.

"Lighting $4.90" is surely a sufficiently low estimate.

Clothing $107.40 per year, with the average number of children 3.5 per family. This is below the average number in families of full size, which, as estimated above, is 4 or 5. The parents of the families investigated in the Report were of all ages of matrimonial existence, from one year upwards. The average number of children per family, and consequently the average cost per family for clothing the children, was lower on that account. However, we shall let these figures stand, and assume that the total cost of clothing father, mother, and children is $107.40.

"Taxes $5.40." Almost half the families investigated made no returns for this account. Let us reduce the amount to 3 dollars.

"Insurance on Property, $6.47." This seems low enough, but we shall make it 5 dollars.

"Life Insurance, $20.28." We shall eliminate this altogether on the assumption that from the time of his majority until his family attains its full size, and from the time that his children become wage-workers until he ceases to work himself, the laborer will be able to save enough to provide for his old age. His expenses will, of course, be smaller during these two periods. We shall also assume that his total savings are sufficient to cover the annual expenditure for "Sickness and Death," which the Report gives as $22.31. As human nature goes, this places upon him a seemingly unreasonable burden, but we shall let it remain.

"Labor Organizations, $6.06; other Organizations $6.60." When we recall the imperative necessity of organization for the laborer, and when we reflect that "Other Organizations" include social and mutual benefit associations, we shall conclude that these figures could not well be reduced.

"Religion, $10.29; Charity, $2.80." Both amounts seem very small.

"Furniture and Utensils, $19.79"; an irreducible minimum.

"Books and Newspapers, $5.35." School books for the children are included in this account. It is a ridiculously small expenditure for the intellectual life of an American family in the twentieth century. Let us raise it to 10 dollars.

"Amusements and Recreation, $9.36." This is about one-third of the amount expended for these purposes by the same class of laborers in Europe (Seventh Annual Report, p. 852). It should be raised to at least 20 dollars.

"Intoxicating liquors, $15.98." Let us reduce it to 10 dollars.

"Tobacco, $10.48." Reduce to 8 dollars.

"Sickness and Death, $22.31." As already stated, we assume that the laborer provides for these needs from his savings during the earlier years of his adult life.

"Other Purposes, $38.19." To one who reflects for a moment on the numerous occasions of expenditure that must come under this head, the amount will seem incapable of further reduction.

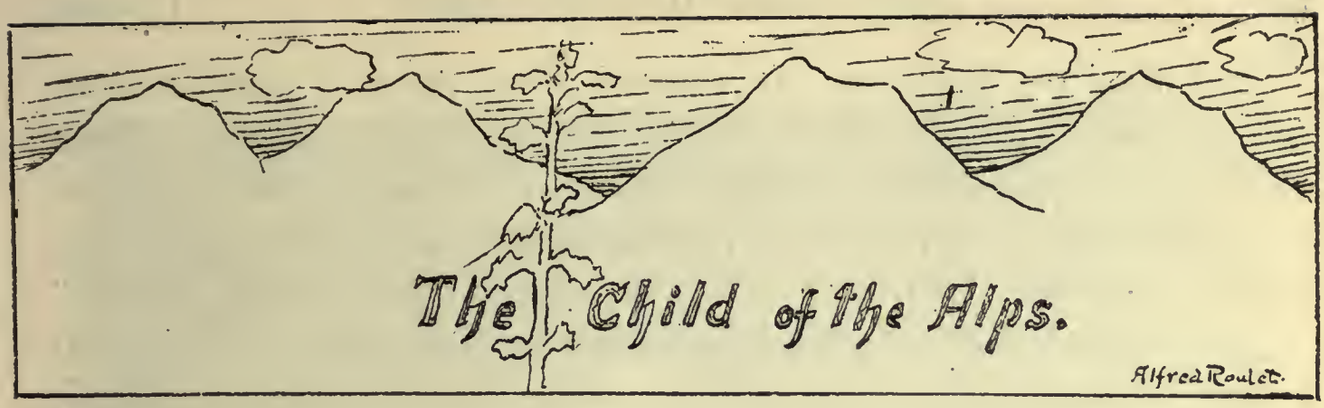
Our "revised list" of the minimum annual expenditures of a workingman's family for one year, for all purposes, is therefore as follows:

Food,	$230.00
Rent,	72.58
Fuel,	30.00
Lighting,	4.90
Clothing,	107.40
Taxes,	3.00
Property Insurance,	5.00
Labor Organizations,	6.06
Other Organizations,	6.60
Religion,	10.29
Charity,	2.80
Furniture and Utensils,	19.79
Books and Newspapers,	10.00
Amusement and Vacation,	20.00
Intoxicating Liquors,	10.00
Tobacco,	8.00
Other Purposes,	38.19
Total for all purposes,	$584.61

The investigation from which these figures have been derived was made in the year 1891. In the following year the chief of the New York labor bureau estimated that the cost of living had on the whole become cheaper since 1880 (Levasseur, *The American Workman*, p. 409). During the period of industrial depression that elapsed since 1891 the price of the principal necessaries of life was considerably less than at that date (Bulletin No. 27 of the Department of Labor, p. 263). In 1900, however, the cost of living was 6 per cent. higher than in 1890; since that time there has been an additional increase (*Dun's Review*, January 4, 1902). Therefore, at the time that the quotations in our list were obtained, the price of the necessaries and comforts of life was, to say the least, not exceptionally high, being lower than it had been 10 years before, lower than it was 10 years later, and notably lower than it is at present (February, 1902).

Again, the families whose expenditures are contained in this list were engaged in the cotton industry. They lived consequently in the smaller cities, where most of the conditions of living could be had as cheaply as in the larger cities, while the outlay for house accommodations, car rides, recreation, and social position, would be smaller than in the great centres of population.

We may conclude, then, that a yearly income of from 550 to 600 dollars is, in the case of any American laborer, an irreducible minimum. Making an allowance of 10 per cent. for lost time the average number of working days in the year is 282 (Cf. Levasseur, *op. cit.*, p. 399, and Spahr, *Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States*, p. 100). The income just named would, therefore, be equivalent to 2 dollars per day. I call this an "irreducible minimum" because it seems to me that any smaller remuneration is certainly *insufficient* for decent living. Whether this wage is itself a full living wage I do not undertake to say. In certain sections of the country, where both the *cost* and the *standard* of living are below the average, the question might perhaps be answered in the affirmative. Speaking generally, however, the estimate which places a family living wage at 550 to 600 dollars per year, or 2 dollars per day, must be regarded as *doubtful*.



BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

ONE of the strangest things about that gossipy old Italian chronicler, Vasari, is his well-nigh total silence regarding Bernardino Luini. Of plenty lesser lights in the firmament of sixteenth century art Vasari wrote volubly, but to Luini he sees fit to give but passing mention.

"Bernardo del Luini," he writes in the third volume, "was an exceedingly delicate and pleasing painter, as may be seen by many works from his hands. At Saronno, a place about twelve miles from Milan, there is a Marriage of Our Lady by this master which is admirably executed, as are also certain of his pictures which are most perfectly painted in fresco. Luini worked extremely well in oil, also; he was a most obliging person, friendly and liberal in all his actions. To him, therefore, is deservedly due all the praise which belongs by right to those artists who do themselves no less honor by the courtesy of their manners and the excellence of their lives than by the distinction to which they attain in their art."

Further on, in the fourth volume of Vasari's entertaining biographies, he refers to Luini as having painted some works from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and other fables, in which the "figures are good and beautiful," and of the painter's work in the Monastero Maggiore as "of very fair merit." So scanty an account of the works of a painter like Luini can only be esteemed "damning with faint praise." It is doubly unfortunate that either want of artistic appreciation of the painter's undoubted merit, or a private grudge against the painter himself, led Vasari to be thus chary of his remarks, since it is well-nigh impossible to trace the biography of any Italian artist of the period without the aid of the chatty Italian biographer.

All that we know of the creator of so much beauty is that Bernardino Luini was born about 1465 or 1470, on the shores of Lake Maggiore—that placid sheet of rippling water so marvellously lovely in the soft Italian sunshine, and so reflecting the blue of the sky that poets have called it "Heaven's Mirror."

Earth and sky combined to give the Tuscan all the lovely influences of nature, for where the blue Maggiore ripples below, midst green vales and hills, above gleam

"The Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls."

Luini lived in Luino until 1533, and in Milan, Saronno, and other North Italian towns, and is said to have died at Lugano. Such are the meagre facts obtainable about one to whom conjecture has lent much. Further than this we have of the master only such data as his works give to us, and we know of his personality only such traits of character as are borne out by his paintings themselves. Ruskin has called him the "Child of the Alps and their divinest lake," and says he is "taught without doubt or dismay a lofty religious creed and a sufficient law of life and of its mechanical arts. He paints what he has been taught to design wisely, and has passion to realize gloriously. Every touch he lays is eternal, every thought he conceives is beautiful and pure, his hand moves always in radiance and blessing."

If "by their fruits ye shall know them," Bernardino Luini is a rare character, a man of sincerest piety, truest manliness, rarest tenderness and chastity, an artist of force and passion. Ruskin writes of him: "He labored in constant and successful simplicity. He entirely united the religious temper, which was the spirit life of art, with the physical power which was its body life. He joins the purity and passion of Angelico with the strength of Veronese; the two elements, poised in perfect balance, are so calmed and restrained that most of us lose the sense of both. The artist does not see the strength by reason of the chastened spirit in which it is used, and the religious visionary does not recognize the passion by reason of the frank human truth with which it is rendered. He has left behind him nothing that is not lovely, and is, perhaps, the best central

CHRIST BLESSING THE WORLD.—IN THE LOUVRE.

type of the highly trained Italian painter—hard working, industrious—who labored with his whole heart and soul."

A study of his paintings reveals much that is uncommon, even in the best of fifteenth century art, in a land where art was the foremost thought of the age. The principal reason for Luini's having been so long well-nigh overlooked seems to be

that his chief works are in spots little visited by the ordinary traveller. Lugano, Ponte, Monge, Luino, Saronno, pregnant with memories of Luini, are quite out of the beaten track of the ordinary globe-trotter; only the seeker for the real things of travel, the haunts of the people and the opportunity to study their ways, will find them out. The art-lover, however, could not regret the time spent in learning of the work of a painter so rich in loveliness, and in these simple north Italian towns lie riches of artistic merit, treasures for the eye greater than all the gems and gold of Golconda.

Who was Luini's master?—for even the great must learn. As to where he learned the first principles of his art history is silent, but judging from his paintings, early in his career he was influenced by Foppa, Borgognone, and Bramantino. From Foppa, the only artist of the Lombard school who does not seem to have been influenced by Leonardo da Vinci, he gained the sturdy figures seen in many of his early paintings; Borgognone lent him the fashion of architectural backgrounds, as evidenced by the lovely *Pietà* in Sta. Maria del Passione (Milan); while to the influence of Bramantino is due the curious turbans which many of Luini's women wear. One of the chief peculiarities of his work at this early period is the arrangement of the hair in the female figures. Parted in the centre and tied lightly at the back of the neck, the tresses fall on either side in loose ripples, floating down behind in charming disarray. This is noted specially in one of Luini's most beautiful pictures, the Entombment of St. Catherine. The picture bears the letters "C. V. S. X."—*Caterina Virgo Spousa Christi.* This canvas represents three angels bearing through the air the form of the dead saint to the marble tomb prepared for her on Mount Sinai. It is difficult to conceive of greater simplicity than that which marks the whole picture. In composition and detail there is nothing studied; all is natural, graceful, beautiful. The angels are reverently tender of the martyr's form, and their figures fairly seem to float through the air, their draperies borne out by the winds of heaven. One is golden-haired, the others have auburn tresses—lightly bound with golden fillets, and framing their child-like, earnest faces. The figure of St. Catherine is rarely beautiful. Her cloudy dark hair frames a face shadowed with a golden nimbus, the features are high-bred and intellectual, as one ever pictures the fair princess patroness of learning.

THE ENTOMBMENT OF ST. CATHERINE.

The whole creation evinces the artist's reverent spirit. His work was, as Rio said, "the fruit of an inspiration so truly celestial that even the painter of Fiesole never conceived a figure more *ravissante* than that of St. Catherine carried by the angels to Mount Sinai."

Many of the artists of the Lombard school of painting had an especial fondness for St. Catherine of Alexandria, and Luini seems to have shared this feeling. There have come down to us a number of paintings of this great saint, and one at Alexandria represents her with book and palm, leaning upon her wheel, a tall, graceful figure, her costly raiment easily disposed, the coloring soft and rich. The expression of the face is thoughtful and refined; she is crowned, as befits a princess, yet wears a look of modest humility, a mark of the truly great.

The St. Catherine at Milan wears

> "An air divine,
> Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine;
> They like the sun irradiate all between,
> The body charms because the soul is seen."

The Marriage of St. Catherine, at Milan, is one of Luini's best works, and also one of the finest representations of the saint. In the distance is seen, through an open window, a dainty bit of landscape. The Blessed Virgin stands in the background looking down with a charming expression of motherly tenderness upon her Son. The figure of the Infant Christ rests upon a pillow; in one hand he holds the betrothal ring which

he is about to place upon the finger of the saint. She extends her hand, an expression of sweetness and light dawning over her mobile features. She is richly clad, as are all of Luini's figures of the princess saint; her hair is loosely bound down in the true Luini fashion, her features are regular and classic, redeemed from severity by the softly rounded curve of the cheek and chin, and the upward turn of the full but delicately chiselled lips. The Baby Christ in the picture is a charming little fellow. Indeed, nearly all Luini's *bambini* are true babies, well rounded, perfectly modelled little creatures with delightful baby *insouciance;* yet always in the eyes and mouth is a certain wistfulness, a wisdom greater than childhood, and the combination of babyhood and the "Godhead's most benignant grace" makes Luini's Christ-Child wonderfully attractive. It is not surprising that the artist should have depicted childhood so admirably when one looks at his studies of children preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. They are excellently well done, and fragments though they are, they show the close attention to detail given by the master, and his flawless technique. A peculiarity of Luini seems to be that he never portrayed the Christ-Child alone, but always as the central object in a picture. The Baby Our Lord appears with his Mother, with St. Catherine, with St. John Baptist, or in groups—as the Nativity or the Adoration of the Magi.

The artist seems to have had "Le sentiment chrétien qui domine le sentiment de l'art," * and to have fully realized the position which should be occupied by the Christ, always "He to whom the world should turn."

In the Adoration of the Magi, in the Louvre, every eye falls upon the childish figure and rests there. The Blessed Mother, graceful and sweet; St. Joseph, humble and worshipful, in the background, with fatherly care watching over his foster-Child; the three Wise Men, regal of mien and splendid of attire—all these are wonderful accessories, but one feels instinctively that every knee should bow to the baby form held in His Mother's arms. The picture of the Magi is curious and interesting as well as artistically beautiful. The Adoration was a favorite subject with Luini, popular indeed with nearly all the Milanese school, since tradition stated that the Archbishop, St. Eustorgius, in 300 A. D. deposited in the church of Sant' Eustorgio, in

* That Christian sentiment which rules the sentiment of art.

THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.—LUINI.

Milan, the relics of the "Three Kings" presented to him by the Emperor Constantine. When Frederic Barbarossa stormed the city, Archbishop Rinaldus carried the relics to Cologne, where they still rest.

Luini painted this subject many times, and several of the pictures are preserved, one in Saronno, one at Como, another at

Luino, and a fourth in the Louvre. In the last named the grouping of the Wise Men is especially noteworthy. According to legend, Balthasar represents Europe; Kaspar, Asia; and Melchior, Africa. Luini has represented Balthasar as kneeling in adoration, his gift at Jesus' feet, his crown cast down, significant of the fact that Europe had already knelt at the feet of Christ. Kaspar stands behind him, his hand raised to doff his cap, his face thoughtful, though somewhat doubtful yet, with a dawning of faith in his eager look. His crown is still on his head, yet his gift is outstretched as if Asia were trembling on the brink of accepting Christianity. Melchior, who represents Africa, stands quite in the background, his gift in his hand 'tis true, yet his turbaned head is half turned away, as if doubt still reigned within his soul.

The figure of Balthasar, a venerable form in superb ermine-trimmed robes, is said to be a veritable likeness of Luini himself. The same features appear in several of the artist's paintings, in the picture of the Chaste Susannah, and in the fresco of the *Disputatio* at Saronno, in the Passion fresco in the Ambrosian Library. From a close comparison of the figure in these various pictures Luini would appear to have been a venerable old man, of a slightly Jewish cast of countenance, with snowy hair and beard. His face is heavily lined, showing thought and intellect in the broad brow and earnest eyes.

Not only in his portrayals of the Baby Our Lord does Luini show a skilled blending of the human with the divine. His portrayals of our Lord, the Boy Disputing with the Doctors, and the Youth in Argument with the Pharisees, or the young man in the picture in the Louvre, where He stands alone, or the matured Saviour of the World in the *Cenacolo*—all these show a wonderful spirituality. These pictures are interesting when compared, since they show Luini's close study of the development of Christ from the boy to the man. Christ Disputing with the Doctors is a large picture, the grouping excellent, with a better centralization than is always found in Luini's paintings. The Boy-Christ stands upon a raised dais in the centre of the canvas, one hand pointing aloft, his face—a long, pointed face with aquiline features—rather mature for a boy of twelve. The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph appear to have just found him, and in the foreground to the left is that wise and benevolent face which we are prone to believe that of the artist himself.

CHRIST ARGUING WITH THE PHARISEES.

In Christ Arguing with the Pharisees the face of the Master is of a youth of eighteen, beautiful, pensive, thoughtful, earnest; the eyes, under well arched brows, are deep and unfathomable, and the picture one of Luini's best portrayals of our Lord. The figures in the background, those of the Pharisees, are admirably executed, and remind one so much of the modern painting of Hoffmann, "Christ and the Doctors," that one is forced to fancy the German master influenced by his Italian predecessor.

In the Louvre picture our Lord stands alone, the world surmounted by the cross in one hand, the other extended towards heaven, the mystic sign of the three fingers raised to signify the Trinity. His face is sad, and the youthful dreaminess has given place to a look of sorrowful resignation, and his face presages the chastened beauty of the "Last Supper," one of Luini's most characteristic works. In this painting, as in Da Vinci's great "Last Supper," the Apostles are represented as seated at a long

table, divided into three parts by two huge pillars. Our Lord is in the centre, his hands outstretched in blessing.

"A mortal shape endued
With love and light and life and deity."

Shadowed by one pillar is Judas, grasping the money-bag, while at his feet crouches a cat to represent Satan. The moment chosen is that dramatic instant when the traitor is revealed, and the study of the faces of the Apostles tells much of character. Our Lord sits calm and serene, grieved yet resigned. St. John has swooned upon his shoulder, while St. Thomas raises a hand in protest against so horrid an accusation. One points to Judas in horror, while another strikes his breast in despair. The expression of sorrow, incredulity, amazement, horror are marvellously portrayed. The whole painting is a great conception, striking in originality, reverent in spirit, and emphasizing Luini's best sentiment for religious subjects.

Much has been said about Luini's being influenced by Leonardo da Vinci, and he has been called the great man's imitator. This title is not justly applied; Luini imitated no one. That at one period, what may be called the second cycle of his career, he was, in common with nearly every other artist of the Lombard school, influenced by Da Vinci may be true, but it would appear to be from his admiration of the master's work rather than from personal contact with him.

Luini is said to have reached Milan in 1500, attracted by the *Accademia* Leonardo da Vinci. In 1499, however, Duke Lodovico Sforza, called *Il Moro*, Da Vinci's patron, had been obliged to flee Milan; and the city was taken by Louis XII. of France, and Da Vinci's reign as lord of artistic Milan was over. It is not likely that Luini ever fell directly under the tutelage of Leonardo, though many of his works, especially his portraitures of Christ, show a Leonardoesque tendency. About his pictures of Christ there is a subtle remembrance of the face of our Lord as glowing to-day from the half-ruined *Cenacolo* upon the walls of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, yet it is but a remembrance, for in Luini's pictures there is as much graciousness and more sweetness, more spirituality—the result of his ardent religious nature, his spiritual enthusiasm. Painting *con amore*, his work evidences his devotion to the Christ, and there is about his ideal of him, faulty as any representation of

the Divine Master must always be, a refined and spiritual conception of his duality, a certain humanity which appeals to one's affection for the Man-God, as there is a divinity which brings into play the reverential feeling for the God-Man.

It is interesting to note the opinion of a well-known art critic as to Da Vinci and Luini. He says: "Da Vinci was unquiet and curious, with the restlessness of his times, and the surface of his deep soul was too much troubled and ruffled by countless influences to reflect the pure blue of heaven as did Luini." This heavenly lucidity seems to be particularly noticeable in Luini's pictures, more especially in those of Our Lady.

His paintings of secular subjects are interesting and well handled. "Vulcan's Forge" shows the artist to have been a master of technique; "Il Guancialino d'Oro" (Forfeits) is charmingly easy and natural, while "La Columbina" is dainty and delicate.

It seems difficult to reconcile Luini's character, his spirituality, his evident shrinking from sin and ugliness and unholy passions, with his superb work in the painting of "The Daughter of Herodias with the Head of St. John the Baptist." The gruesome subject seems foreign to the nature of the Tuscan artist, yet he has done the work well. Luini was forced from circumstances to paint whatever was ordered, his poverty being unquestioned, and this subject appears to have been a favorite with the somewhat sanguinary tastes of fifteenth century Lombardy. He painted it several times, and has given to the pictures his own peculiar coloring; bright yet soft; avoiding as much as possible the horror of the scene. His desire to do this has led him into the error of not making the scene realistic, for in no case does he make the features of the beheaded saint look in the least dead. The countenance is calm and peaceful, the eyes closed as if asleep, the dark, curling locks carefully disposed upon either cheek. In the picture in the Louvre Salome's portrait is marvellously beautiful, with the face of a professional beauty, sensuous, utterly indifferent to the fate of the innocent man whose murderess she was, calmly selfish, ambitious, vain of her beauty and her power. The artist would not seem to have conceived her as entirely cruel, but merely as so self-centred as to be unthinking, so vain as to be regardless of suffering in others when it lent itself to her own glorification.

The "Daughter of Herodias," now in the Uffizi, is quite a different picture. It is darker, more sombre; the head of St. John, held over a chalice-shaped bowl, is heavily framed by dark hair and beard; the executioner who holds it has a fierce,

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.—IN THE LOUVRE.

cruel face, while to the right of the chief figure is the head of Herodias, the mother, deeply shadowed, but clearly defined—the face of an ambitious woman, cruel and unprincipled. Her daughter is exceedingly beautiful; her dark hair carefully dressed in ancient Milanese style; her elegant robes fashioned richly after the manner of the times. She is too beautiful to have been so evil; but it is a beauty of face and form, not of mind.

The paintings in which the various saints occur, wise St.

Catherine, sweet, simple St. Apollonia, stately St. Ursula, noble St. Sebastian, splendid St. Christopher, all show the artist's fine comprehension of character, his power of delineation. In his larger groups, the "Adoration," the frescoes of St. Maurizio, the wonderful Passion fresco at Lugano, Luini fails in coherence. He has not shown, especially in his "Crucifixion," the happy faculty of giving each and every figure a *raison d'être*, yet centralizing all eyes on the one main figure. St. Mary Magdalene, kneeling in the foreground, her figure richly draped, her wonderful hair floating in a golden shower over her shoulders, her beautiful face upturned, both arms stretched downwards with extended palms, is far more eloquent, more dramatic, more gaze-compelling than is the figure of the Crucified Saviour of Man. Yet even with this fault the painting is wonderfully devotional and indicative of the deep religious spirit of the painter, though not so convincing as his paintings of Our Lady.

He is the only artist of his day who painted the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin; and he lavished great pains upon his celebrated picture of the "Marriage of the Virgin." This last is interesting from its affording a superb opportunity to study the costumes of Luini's time, rather than from a religious or artistic stand-point. The Blessed Virgin is attired in all the splendor of Milanese fashion of the fifteenth century. She looks much more like an Italian lady of fashion than like the Mother of our Lord. St. Joseph is a fine figure, and the high-priest a superb piece of painting. The attendants, men and women, are graceful and interesting, though the canvas is too crowded to be a perfect unit.

In the "Nativity," now in the Louvre, St. Joseph kneels with hands crossed upon his breast, reverence in his kindly, thoughtful face. The ox and the ass are in the background of the rude stable, from the door of which may be seen a landscape with sheep and "the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night," and close by, a charming bit of symbolism, a shepherd bearing in his arms a lost lamb. The Madonna kneels before the bassinet in which lies the Baby Our Lord, a lovely little figure, one finger upon his lips as if to signify that from his mouth would proceed the words of salvation. His face is thoughtful and sweet. The Madonna's hands are raised in adoration; her robes gracefully disposed about a slender, almost girlish figure; her dark hair, bound with a veil, resting on her

shoulders, while on her face is an expression of rare sweetness, a mother-love which even Luini himself has seldom excelled. The picture is said to have been painted as a present to the monks of Saronno, for whom he was painting a number of large works at the rate of eighteen *lire* each—large wages for those economical days. To-day the Nativity is almost priceless, and is kept under glass, a lunette of rare beauty, not only artistically correct in conception and detail, but from a religious point of view flawless as to sentiment and spirituality.

Symonds said that Luini's pictures are "like melodies and create a mood," and in his paintings of the Madonna he shows an artlessness in his art, a tender piety, a sweet devotion, which engenders a like feeling in those who gaze upon his work. The Blessed Mother seems always conscious, with a sort of brooding melancholy, of the future of her Divine Son, and the motherly tenderness of her face, allied with the chastened sadness, reminds one of Rio's saying, that Luini painted for "ceux qui pleurent et ceux qui prient." *

This peculiar combination of solicitude and sorrow in the Virgin's face is seen in a wonderful painting by Luini in the Esterhazy gallery in Buda Pesth. Standing in the centre of the canvas, the Madonna has, on the right, St. Catherine, a crowned and queenly figure, bearing a palm and wearing the emblem of her martyrdom, the wheel, embroidered on the bosom of her robe. Upon the left, lovely St. Barbara holding a book with the tower, her symbol, embroidered at her breast, stands with head slightly bent forward. The Blessed Virgin, whose hair is hidden beneath a dark veil, gazes down with touching solicitude upon her Son, a curly-headed *bambino*, with a charming expression of innocence and life. The face of the Blessed Mother is one of Luini's best, and the whole picture breathes a spirit of devotion. Particularly marked are the hands, all marvellously painted and very beautiful.

The Madonna Enthroned, now in the *Accademia di Belle Arti*, Milan, is marked "BERNARDINVS LOVINVS. P. MDXXI.," and it is painted in frescoes eight feet six inches long by five feet nine inches wide. Much dignity is shown in the composition and the execution is marvellous. In the centre, upon a raised canvas, the Blessed Virgin is seated in an attitude of mingled dignity and grace, holding the Christ-Child in her arms.

* "Those who weep and those who pray."

MADONNA OF THE ROSE.

At the left, St. Barbara, designated by the castle upon her robe, holds a martyr's palm and a chalice—a graceful figure, albeit clothed in the heavy Tuscan drapery of the day; her face full of intellect, a certain arch sweetness in the eyes and mouth. Upon the right St. Anthony, in cowl and gown, holds a huge book. At the foot of the throne is seated an enchanting little cherub playing a mandolin, a charming little creature, lithe and graceful, reminding one of Fra Bartolomeo's boy-angel in the famous Madonna in the Lucca Cathedral. Our Lady's figure is erect but easy; her draperies fall about her in lightly disposed folds. Very beautiful is her face, with a calm serenity, a sort of inward light, a purity and a thoughtfulness which reminds

one somewhat of the Sistine Madonna. In the face of our Lord there is that marvellous blending of divinity and humanity which marks Luini's Child-God. More slender and delicate than many of the Italian representations of the Christ-Child, he gazes from out the circle of his mother's arms with a holy calm, a child-like innocence, a far-away seeing into futurity, which makes this delineation of him the most remarkable of Luini's creations. It is more beautiful even than the beautiful boy in the Madonna of the Rose-Tree, one of Luini's most famous paintings and, save the Entombment of St. Catherine, perhaps the best known. Originally this charming picture was in the Certosa, near Pavia, but is now to be found in the Milan Brera. The entire back-ground is a trellis-work covered with roses, a conceit unique and beautiful, and against it Our Lady's lovely face blooms like the Rose of Sharon. In the shelter of his mother's arm is seated the Christ-Child in an attitude of childish grace, one hand grasping the stem of a columbine, a favorite flower with Luini. His face is full of that innocence and wisdom so child-like yet so divine, which makes one feel that this artist must have painted with some special inspiration. The charming baby naturalness of the figure is strangely allied to the wise fore-knowledge in the far-away gaze of the eyes.

This picture belongs to Luini's second style of painting the Madonna, with the whole face showing, unveiled, and with the eyes cast down. This seems to have been his favorite type of the Madonna; and of the many lovely virgins he painted after this manner, this one is perhaps the most beautiful. The smooth brown hair is slightly parted on the brow, a loose ringlet escaping confinement to lie carelessly upon the shoulder; the rest of the head covered with a dark hood gracefully disposed. The figure is one of ease and grace, the draperies arranged in soft folds. The face is ideal. What calm in the broad brow, what modesty in the drooping eyelids, what chastened sadness in the wistful mouth, what a pathos in the ethereal spirituality of the touchingly sweet expression! There are in the world of art more striking Madonnas, perhaps. The Sistine wears a calmer intellectuality, Francia's Our Lady may be more devout, Van Dyke's more high bred, Botticelli's more graceful, or Fra Angelico's more daintily girlish, but nowhere has there been equalled the appealingness of Luini's Madonna. No artist has ever attained this ideal, the gentle, womanly, thoughtful, poetic,

refined, spiritual, chastened Madonna. Yet when all this is said, one is far from describing Luini's paintings of Our Lady. There is behind it all a deep significance, the woman, perfect as she is, is sunk in the mother, and all the glory and the sorrow of motherhood is embodied in the lineaments which the Tuscan artist so loved to paint. His paintings were but the exponent of himself, and of him Ruskin said that he "perceived and rendered the most delicate types of human beauty that have been painted since the days of the Greeks."

An eye keen for loveliness; a soul filled with chaste hatred for sin and ugliness; a sympathetic heart; a deep religious faith; an enthusiasm for work which caused him to put his whole great soul into his paintings; a gentle, poetic turn of mind; an intimate knowledge of the joys and sorrows of life—all these traits rendered Bernardino Luini the friend of those who wept and those who prayed. Truly "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and from the great abundance of his artistic, devotional soul, Luini still speaks to the world things of beauty and grace and loveliness, which, like some sweet strain of poetry, linger in the mind amidst the harsh, discordant noises of this work-a-day life.

A SYNTHESIS OF TWO SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

THE discovery of divergent schools on important questions in the world of thought is always disquieting to a sincere inquirer, especially when the divergences involve some practical attitude towards actual, living problems. There is an instinctive sense in the human mind of the oneness of truth which leads it to expect on the highway to the latter, briars indeed and rocky places, hills and dales, but not contradictory posters as to its direction. And to continue the simile, it is distressing, to say the least, when we have been going along on an accustomed line, to be told that there is a better way, if not in sooth that ours is the wrong way.

These words may serve to lead up to a general glance at Father Tyrrell's recent collection of essays, of which the first is entitled "A more excellent Way"; though the present purpose here is precisely to remove the grounds for any such disquiet or distress.

Nothing is more vain and inexpedient, disingenuous and ineffectual, than the attempt to suppress the fact of such divergences. For indeed when they have gone so far as to find expression, it is generally because they already had a living lodgment in many minds, and some quickening germ of appealability, of which violent repression may perhaps retard, but scarcely prevent, the growth and efflorescence. But much more, —and this is the deeper purpose, and the meaning of the present writer, if he may happily have one,—the attitude should rather be one of appreciative recognition of the facts, and of the *mediatory truths* which such an attitude will discover on either side, and which it may possibly resolve into a friendly and consistent synthesis.

For besides the many truths held in common by intelligent and honest thinkers, there are sister truths on both sides holding out their hands towards each other, which mere bias and captious criticism twist around, so that they seemingly turn their backs, or make faces like angry children, when fair-dealing and

a kind word might have made them the best of friends, or at least very tolerable acquaintances.

Something of the temper and the method of Father Tyrrell may perhaps be indicated and find some flavor of suggestion in this brief foreword.

But now, first, what is the problem to which in the main he is addressing himself in these essays?

Concisely: A method of reconciliation of what may be termed the public opinion of the modern world with Catholic truth. And just here, is he not right in the implied assumption that this public opinion is in many ways at odds, and still more widely believes itself to be at odds, with Catholic truth? For public opinion is not simply numbers or mere numbers; otherwise the inexpressive East would constitute the public opinion of the world. We cannot change the meaning of words by wishes. Public opinion is the prevailing opinion of those who choose publicly to express an opinion,—and no quibbling here—to express it by public utterance, not by mere conduct or belief. That is what both Catholic and non-Catholic, learned and unlearned, will in the common interchange of speech understand by public opinion.

Is there any candid doubt as to the testimony of prevailing literature, prevailing scientific speech, and prevailing political power? Nor will it do to say that it prevails because it is noisy. There is no supreme canon against noise, and if to be heard require it, let us by all means also make a noise. Or is public opinion simply as such, wrong? Then how explain when Catholic belief was undoubtedly the public opinion of civilization? Or is the modern man from the very fact of his modernity un-Catholic? But that opens a deeper chapter, of which later.

For the little ones of God, who yet incline to fear to face a fact, let us hasten to add: Have they forgotten Christ and His day? Nay indeed, not only in ages past, but most gloriously to-day, millions of devout, honest, God-fearing souls bear Him testimony in their hearts. And man for man, intellect for intellect, who that is honest as ourselves in the recognition of actual truth, dare compare the handful of professed and authoritative unbelievers with the numbers of sincere, professing and living believers?

Yes, these are also facts, and consoling ones. But unfortunately they do not undo the other fact that the mass of public expression in the ways which give voice and prevalence to opinion, is permeated with an atmosphere which makes it both in part really at odds, and in part conveying a wider impression that it is at odds, with Catholic truth and Catholic belief.

Again, Father Tyrrell assumes and suggests that this public opinion has adopted a language, a terminology both verbal and mental, and what he terms "presuppositions," different from the accustomed language, terminology and presuppositions of Catholic schools of thought.

Who will gainsay this, when the mere word evolution, without reference to its possibly legitimate interpretations, restrictions, and uses, has practically paganized, directly or indirectly, logically or illogically, a whole generation of men, and I had almost said the entire course and tendency of thought of half the world.

I am leaving aside for the moment the numerous "sophias," "osophies," and "ologies"—which have a new language of their own.

But public opinion in the modern world has also said many other and practical words—equality, democracy, tolerance, individual freedom, public education of the masses,—words which in many true senses are *new*, and in many new senses are true. And with these true senses Catholic truth is in nowise at odds. Yet in some indefinite way it has long been made to appear to be, or to have been, so. Leaders of that public opinion have in a measure associated with and impressed upon the *results* of those words—upon *the living facts*—infidel postulates and corollaries, which now roll around the world with them. They have boldly, or by the infinitely more dangerous color of suggestion, in the formulation and utterance of these words, implied or intimated an exile of God from His works as indicated by, or resulting from, the greater knowledge of His works; an absolute exile of church from state and from public education as at once the explanation and the vital requirement of the achievements of political and personal rights and of practical tolerance; and an exile of religion from organic society as the essential suppression of reactionary obstacles to the progress and growing prerogatives of the masses, and to the future formulation of still

further possible social and economic adjustments. They have cast upon those new words the squint of irreligion or non-religion, and into the heart of humanity a hazy fear that the accomplished results are in some way indissolubly linked—or shall we say, nearer of kin—with the oblique postulates and corollaries with which they have thus accompanied them.

But the honest numbers who stand behind that public opinion, and in some tacit way help to hold up its arms, have no real care or attachment for these postulates and corollaries of themselves. What they do intuitively cling to are the just results, the things, the living *facts*, which the words symbolize for them. Persuade them that those just results are really independent of the false and pernicious assumptions and theories which have barnacled upon them; that they are absolutely safe in the living possession and enjoyment of the resulting facts without those adventitious theories and assumptions—false premises artificially made to lead up to their own rightful and cherished conclusions, to their own uttered and established word—and you will have converted the modern world.

You cannot persuade them that their own words do not mean the living facts which *they* mean, but you can convince them that these words by no means imply nor prerequire what they have been led to think or to suspect. Attack the language, of which they are after all the arbiters as well as the channels—the words in which they have symbolized the results; and it is the results and the facts which they will deem assailed.

Restore the name of God and His Christ—the real Alpha and Omega, the supreme standard, and if we may dare to image Him by mere figure of speech: the living, perfect synthesis of divine and human facts, divine and human truth, and you will at the stroke have exorcised the lurking modern demon whose name is Doubt. He is to man the mediatory universal word and voice, for whose divine and final consecration of the facts achieved, enjoyed and cherished, the human heart at bottom, even when half consciously, yearns with unspeakable longings and unutterable hopes.

At least you will have reduced humanity to what, with free will, it normally, simply is: men *careful*, and men *careless*, of their higher duties and destinies; but free at least from the blasphemy of a Godless public opinion, and from the distortion of a noble, living, actual human Lexicon.

Father Tyrrell approaches these problems, but on a higher plane, in higher categories of thought as he might say, and with the cultured poise and refined utterance to which these lines cannot pretend; but for which these more popular forms and illustrations have been here substituted as perhaps presenting more readily apprehended exemplars of the same general attitude and purpose.

For, as I view it, that attitude and that purpose constitute the most elevating lesson, and most quickening effect, of his message; and furnish the light in which to read, and even if need be to criticise, his method and the substance of his deeper declarations.

The note of difference is intensified, however, by his studied and emphasized object to address the leaders of thought and not the masses; based upon a fundamental assumption and reasoned vindication of what we may call intellectual aristocracy. But I venture here to express the view that the truth in all essential and necessary aspects is democratic; and like the air, as readily naturalized in the common world of humanity as in the subtler regions of daintier introsusception.

However, contact with such a mind as Father Tyrrell's had almost brought us to his way of thinking in that regard. That contact fills us with intellectual delight, made doubly pleasurable by the sense of ease and self-possession of the master-hand.

But much better than this, it sends us back to our prayers, higher men yet humbler men, and let us trust better men; with quickened faith but broadened sympathies; with less angularity and arrogance on our part, and less contemplation of the angularity and arrogance of our fellows; with deeper appreciation of the half truths and glimmerings which guide their feet. While ourselves secure in the arms of Mother Church, our hearts glow with intenser longing that all may share the full radiance of the Gospel and the grace of Him whom it is our privilege to know and to call "Our Lord," and who is The Way, The Truth, and The Life.

A PORTRAIT THAT BURNED.

BY ELIZABETH SETON.

WAS at that time studying art at Munich, and while the recollections of student days are full of pleasant memories, there was one incident which Holy Week seems always to bring back to me. Munich was bedecked for the religious observances. It was toward the end of March, 1874. The market-stands on the Maximilian Platz were like forests of fairy trees; some of the people were intent on shopping, but many of them were busy with their prayers.

I too, a poor art student with not much religion, felt the longing to spend money.

My afternoon was free, and I determined to make use of the short daylight to explore the Old Curiosity Shops on the "Anger" in search of some candlesticks which I fancied were needed to complete the artistic decoration of my apartment.

To one who is a collector of bric-a-brac no need to descant on the allurement of a hunt among the dust-laden articles, heaped on ancient tables, or hid in chests, with here and there a glitter of polished metal; but to one who lacks this quality of acquisitiveness of what is old, and largely for the sake of age, not beauty, to such a one the dingy shops which circle about the prison and quaint church of this old, old square, whose cobble-stones for centuries have drank the blood of breakers of the law, would be but musty, uninviting dens, and most of their contents would go by the name of "junk."

That which I sought I did not find. The lamps were already lit, yet I lingered, unwilling to go home empty-handed. At last, with a sigh of disappointment, I was about to turn away, when for the third time I found myself in front of a shop kept by a man. Usually these shops are tended by women, who can employ their many idle moments at knitting and other feminine duties. This man sat gloomily before his wares, which, as I glanced beyond him into the shop, were tinged by a dull glow, the reflex of a lamp depending from the gateway of the prison close at hand.

The light fell directly on a portrait in the background. There was something so peculiar about it that I wondered that it had escaped my previous observations, and I hastened to ask the shop-keeper to bring it forward.

He looked at me twice before rising from the rickety framework of a Venetian chair. "You 're not likely to buy it," he said slowly.

"That depends on the price," I remarked, not without some trepidation, for a woman at so late an hour is sometimes exposed to rudeness; and moreover I had but twenty marks in my purse.

"Oh! I sell cheap; glad to be rid of it!" chuckled the man. And the painting was brought out to me for a better inspection.

"On panel," said the dealer, giving it a rap with his knuckles.

At a glance I saw it was not a common picture, on the rough back of which the words "Countess Ida" were sketched in faded red paint.

"Can you tell me out of which family gallery this noblewoman has come?" I queried, curious to trace the identity of the portrait.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and again repeated: "I sell cheap!"

"How much?"

"Make me an offer."

In desperation, and half expecting I should be laughed to scorn, I said: "Twenty marks."

"It is yours," the dealer answered quite calmly, and to my great surprise. "'Countess Ida' has never brought me luck," he continued presently, with a sigh. "I hope you will keep her. You get a bargain in the frame. It 's a nice piece of carving; and if you don't like 'Countess Ida' you can put some other portrait in her place"; and the man laughed as if it were a good joke to sell pictures on panel in renaissance frames for a mere song, as we say.

Eager to possess my bargain, I got the man to remove it from the frame, which he promised to send the next morning by a parcels carrier, for which I left my address, as I handed him the price, my solitary gold-piece.

Then, tucking the Portrait as well as I could under my cloak, I walked homeward, making use of the short-cuts offered

by the many alleys and passage-ways which connect the labyrinth of streets in this old part of the town.

When I reached the topmost step of the three flights leading to my room and put down my burden to unlock the door, my arms were stiff and my hand trembled as I inserted the key. Notwithstanding my unwonted fatigue I congratulated myself on my treasure, of which I knew many another art student would envy me the possession.

I dusted the Portrait, and set it opposite me on the lounge whilst I made my evening meal.

It was a half-length figure of a handsome woman, with hair of Titian bronze thrown well off the brow. The position was a strange one, the back being towards you with the face three-quarters turned over the right shoulder, as if glancing behind.

But the most striking part of the Portrait were the eyes; these were closed, not as of one blind, but seemingly held so with a purpose. The mouth, too, had evidently a tale to tell; the line of the cheek, the curve of the lips, were eloquent of scorn, perhaps hate. The bodice was a brilliant red, cut away slightly at the throat, with an edging of swan's down. A fascinating picture. The more you looked the longer you had to gaze, as if to unravel the mystery of those eyes and the irony of that mouth.

I went to bed, my brain puzzled, and planning how best I could discover the story of this strange, peculiar face, now dead and forgotten for generations, and yet so full of the passions of yesterday.

That night I had a dream, which literally possessed me, and made me welcome daylight and my wakeful senses.

I was in a ruined castle at nightfall, and trying to find an exit; every casement and gaping doorway I came to opened onto a precipice. On and on I sped in anxious terror. The shadows had grown deeper, and a cold wind swept past me as I stood at length in a corridor ending in a great breach in the wall.

I had just concluded to risk my neck climbing down over the rocks, when a wailing cry came out of the distance; at intervals I heard it coming nearer and nearer. Was it the wind or was it a voice?

Yes, it was a child's voice calling "Ida! Ida!" with a piteous moaning prolongation of the first syllable; and out of the gloom

a boy of perhaps eight years came running and stumbling down the corridor. One little hand he held over his head as if to avert a blow; the other clutched the lace frills about his heart.

Presently there came swiftly behind him a female figure clad in scarlet; swiftly, noiselessly she gained on the fleeing child. In another moment her hand had grasped the curly head, and seemingly without an effort the little form was pushed through the gap. A last despairing cry thrilled the air: "Ida! Ida!"

The woman retraced her steps as swiftly and noiselessly as she had come; only after she had passed where I stood did she for an instant pause, gaze over her shoulder, and listen.

That moment I awoke with a shudder, and the words "Countess Ida!" were on my lips.

As I dressed and got my breakfast I could not help laughing at the vividness of my dream, and the lengths to which imagination had carried it. The castle I made no doubt was the deserted Rungelstein, one of the many ruins in the southern Tyrol which are the delight of artists in vacation, and which I had scrambled through but a few months previous. Of course the woman was my interesting Portrait.

The carrier came as I still sat sipping my coffee, and with his help the Portrait was replaced in its frame and hung in my bedroom over a chest of drawers across from the foot of my bed. Later I intended giving it a better place in my sitting-room, the walls of which were just then crowded with sketches.

It was yet early when I reached the Studio, and except to whisper to a neighbor that I had made an acquisition in art, I settled down to work, and all day long the Portrait was forgotten. This was Thursday. On my walk home from the Studio I met my friend, the young sculptor, Paul S——, and told him of my find, whereupon he promised he would come on Saturday and pass judgment.

One thing he assured me of, which partially solved my curiosity, namely, the man from whom I had bought the picture was well known among artists as a collector by hook or by crook, and very possibly my treasure was a family portrait about which the least said the better.

That evening I sat up later than usual and went to my

room feeling very sleepy and tired. As I put out my light I looked up at "Countess Ida," just above it, and could not help wondering what mystery lay hid in those closed eyes. I was soon in the land of Nod. How long I slept I cannot tell, but I suddenly had an uneasy feeling of wakefulness, such as might be produced by bringing a light into a darkened room.

Knowing myself to be alone in my tiny apartment, I opened my eyes in wonder. It was no mistaken sense-impression; the room was indeed lighted.

Could I have forgotten to put out my candle? Surely I remembered doing so. However, I had been very sleepy and possibly I had not.

I rose and went over to the bureau, and quite naturally my eyes sought the Portrait, which, as I have said, hung in the place generally occupied by a mirror.

Was I walking in a dream, or was it a delusion? As I gazed upward the brow seemed to contract; the so tightly closed eyes now were partially open, and about the mouth the lines of hate were surely deepened. The expression was terror-inspiring.

I felt a cold shudder run through me as I made sure my candle was out by snuffing it to the quick, and rushed into bed again. It was some time before I lost myself in sleep, and then only to be haunted by almost the identical dream of the night previous—the fleeing child and pursuing woman.

I arose unrefreshed and with a headache which kept me home all day. Part of the time I made use of preparing a place in my sitting-room for the Portrait, which was beginning to make a disagreeable impression on my nerves.

Before I had finished driving the nail in place a friend called and begged me to go back with her to tea. Knowing the cold air could but do me good, and that pleasant companionship soothes the nerves, I accepted willingly.

Thus it happened that the Portrait was fated to remain in my bedroom over Friday night, for which, notwithstanding the uncanny feeling it evoked, I was not sorry, as the following day Paul S—— was to come, and better than any one he could advise where to hang the Countess.

It was between nine and ten o'clock when I got home and went immediately to bed, and my head being free from aches I looked forward to a good night's rest.

Of course I expect to be ridiculed as one given over to hallucinations, and I am not prepared to deny it; but experts in such troubles tell us that, for those who suffer mentally, these terrors of the mind are very real; therefore I put down what I know I saw.

My sleep was sound, almost too sound, for I awoke with a groan, finding myself on my back.

As I threw myself on my side a sort of shuddering crept over me, and before opening my eyes I was as certain my candle was again lit as if I myself had struck the match. And so it was! I sat up in bed stupidly wondering. The candle threw its glare straight at the Portrait, towards which the light seemed to rise, tapering into smoke.

My eyes followed upward and rested on that mysterious face. It was turned full upon me, and the eyes were wide open; yes, wide open! They were looking not at, but beyond me. They were blue, the blue of steel, and not the color which usually accompanies auburn hair, and there was a piercing, cruel look in them which was diabolical.

I remember closing my eyes to shut out the sight, and again opening them as by fascination.

As I looked the second time the frame seemed to have vanished and "Countess Ida," in full length, stood before me. Even now I can see the smile of her evil mouth and her wicked, clinched fist. God help me! she moved.

No doubt I swooned, for when I regained my senses I was still sitting partially up with my head against the bed-board. The cocks were crowing for daylight, but my candle was still spluttering in its socket.

Without looking to right or left I dashed from my bed and out of the room, and spent the dawning hours on a lounge, sleeplessly shivering in a shawl.

Did I but close my lids the apparition of "Countess Ida" pursuing the little boy down the draughty corridor of the deserted dream-castle was sure to present itself, and the haunting cry, "Ida! Ida!" floated to my ears.

When morning came I could not shake off my sense of dread; as I lay, still hesitating as to how to go back to my room to dress, the postman pulled the bell. It was a note from my friend the sculptor, telling me not to expect him until noon of Sunday. This decided me. I could not rest with that Por-

trait in my room. I got into my clothing as quickly as I could, and sallied out to the street; within a block or two I came across a carrier, and took him back with me.

He took down the picture at my direction; I gave him cloths and paper to protect it, even helping the man to strap it on his back. Then I wrote the address of the dealer in old curiosities down by the prison, and bade him take the parcel there and leave it. In my exultation at being rid of the Portrait I feed the man almost double.

I never worked better than I did that day; Professor S—— even remarking upon it. "Having stopped home a day," he said, "you have brought a fresh eye to your colors."

But I knew I labored under a nervous strain; the niceties of my lights and shadows, which elicited praise, were but the tense memory of a flickering candle in a dark room.

As night came on I was a little anxious as to how I should sleep; but the spell was broken. I never opened my eyes till all the church bells were ringing in the Lord's Day.

When the time drew nigh for the sculptor's visit I could not but laugh at my foolish fancies, and wish I had not parted so hastily with the Portrait. What would a strong man think of such weakness as I had shown?

Paul S—— came very punctually, his clever, genial face already aglow with the interest he took in the art-treasure he expected to see.

"I am prepared to be very critical," were his greeting words.

For a moment I was confused as to what I had best say, but concluded to tell my story as simply as possible and get his judgment on it.

The sculptor listened without interruption, although he could not repress a smile at my descriptions of my own fright. When I had concluded, he asked:

"Do you really mean me to understand that you have returned the Portrait to the curio dealer?"

I nodded assent.

"Rather than have that woman's face under my eyes I would lose twenty marks any day," I said with energy.

"Then you would not object to my being the possessor of the Portrait?"

"No objection whatever!"

"I wonder you did not retain the frame, as the dealer advised," continued Paul.

"It too seemed to have the taint of blood; I could not keep it."

"As eager as you have been to part with it, even so eager am I to get possession of this wonderful Portrait. Let me invite you, Fraulein, to dine with me at the Café de ——; we can while away the hours listening to the music until sufficiently late to find the man at home. If the picture is at all as you describe it, it will be snapped up to-morrow, perhaps, by some wiser connoisseur than yourself."

"Thanks for your kind offer, which I accept with pleasure," I replied cordially; and indeed I was childishly delighted to think that this undoubtedly good painting should come into my friend's hands.

After a lingering meal, during which we discussed psychological questions, we strolled about the beautiful English Gardens—the name of the Park in Munich—till we reached the roaring Isar, where we stopped at a near-by café for afternoon tea. Then, as the early spring twilight fell, we forsook the broad streets for the narrow alleys of the older part of Munich and soon found ourselves on the Anger.

We both wondered if the dealer could not be made to tell all he knew about the Portrait, and so help us to solve its history.

"It cannot be an ideal picture," said the sculptor.

"Ah, no!" I exclaimed emphatically. "It is a portrait of some bad woman who has really lived."

The old square was quite deserted except for a few worshippers, who silently passed in and out of the church, which is most appropriateiy dedicated to the Precious Blood of the Saviour.

The shops were all tightly shuttered, and I doubted very much if we would find the dealer. But my friend assured me that these people live over their dens, and that this particular man was most likely at that moment counting his gains, and chuckling over the gold-piece earned from a superstitious American artist.

Paul was right. But we had to pound a number of times before an ill-kempt head was thrust out at an upper window, and we were gruffly asked our business.

"I want back the Portrait of 'Countess Ida,'" said I in a rather shaky voice, for the sound of this name set my ears ringing.

"So you want her back, do you?" sneered the man. "Well, you shall have the 'Countess Ida.'"

And as he disappeared within I fancied he repeated the words in the shriek of the poor little boy's voice, prolonging the first syllable.

We soon heard the bolts being drawn; and once the shop was open, Paul pushed his way in, regardless of the stale, musty odors which swept out of it into the street.

There was no difficulty in identifying the picture, as it still lay encased in the wrappings I had helped put round it. But the sculptor was not to be satisfied until he saw it with his own eyes, and the dealer drew off the coverings.

I really think my friend Paul was startled as he first looked into that strange, weird countenance; but all he said was, turning to me, and speaking in broken English: "I can understand how a woman might not like this face."

Then "Countess Ida" was carefully hid again under many folds of cloth.

"Now, before we leave," said the sculptor to the dealer in old curiosities, "perhaps you will kindly tell us what you know about this picture. I happen to be aware that you do know a good deal about family portraits; for ——," mentioning the name of a famous artist, "has concluded some good bargains with you; and you could always give a history, when it was made worth your while. Is it not so?"

And here my friend put five silver marks into the dirty palm of the junkman, and I knew by this how highly he valued this picture.

"Ah, yes; I know some little about this lovely countess! Perhaps you will not care for her so much, if I tell you?" And the man looked askance at us.

"She had her pretty head chopped off, about a hundred years ago, in the middle of this very square." The speaker grinned as he added: "I'm not certain, but possibly my own great-grandfather did it; he was executioner at that time, and I have his old axe in yonder."

"Goodness gracious! decapitated?" I said. "What had she done?"

He need not have answered "Murder," for I knew it.

"As you are so well informed," said Paul, "perhaps you can tell us where the Portrait originally hung, and to what noble family 'Countess Ida' belonged?"

"Perhaps the gentleman knows the ruin of Hoheneck by Garmisch, in our mountains?" returned the picture-dealer.

"Very well indeed; it is said to be haunted," answered the sculptor.

The curio-dealer chuckled as he continued: "Your charming countess is the spook! She was the last of her name, having murdered her little step-brother, who was blind. It is said she married an artist, and he painted this portrait of her in prison. It never hung in Hoheneck; for when 'Countess Ida' was executed her husband went mad, and shut himself up with his picture in a hut in Mittenwald, not far from Garmisch, you know, and starved himself to death. My people are from the mountains, and we got hold of this Portrait, and have never been able to rid ourselves of it! It is sure to return again. My uncle, from whom I inherited, had it in his shop for years; he sold it three times! I too. And you see, again it is returned! But it has brought us in money—a good deal of money. But now I would rather give it away than have it on my hands again." And the dealer laughed as he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," said Paul, "you may bid 'Countess Ida' good-by; you will never see her again!" And the young sculptor swung the Portrait over his shoulders, and we walked away in the dusk. For awhile we kept together.

"Do you believe this man's story?" I said.

"It seems probable," Paul answered quietly.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" I further questioned.

"Seeing is believing," he replied laughingly. "Did you see, or did you dream? Wait till you hear from me!"

We separated. Before my friend had turned the corner I glanced over my shoulder, and the last glimpse I got of the Portrait, until its tragic end, was as it lay strapped across the broad shoulders of Paul S——, like some overpowering genius.

Monday I neither saw nor heard from the sculptor.

Tuesday an unsigned postal card was given me; it read: "If you can, drop in at my studio on your way home."

It was Easter week, and Professor S——, after the Easter holidays, was late in dismissing the class.

As I scurried through the streets I almost feared my friend would have given up expecting me. Involuntarily I hustled up against others in my nervous haste, and when I reached Paul's studio I was breathless.

Without knocking I pushed open the door.

There sat the sculptor, his chin in his hands, and with no other light but the flare from the burning wood in the big porcelain stove.

"Well?" I queried, as I looked at his motionless figure.

"Couldn't be worse!" he answered presently. "And my dream far exceeded yours in horror. Perhaps because I am a German, I have been let into the very heart of the tragedy. Like yourself, I too was witness to the murder of that pretty, blind baby. But more: I have been in the cell with that fiend—" And he pointed to a corner, whence the Portrait seemed to blink at us from out the shadows.

"I have seen her unfortunate husband painting her during the trial. She was clad in red, as we know her, with her fierce hands manacled behind her. 'My curse rest on every living soul that looks on it!' I heard her scream to the artist as she was led away. In my dream I stood among the crowd on the Anger when she walked to her doom; the mad painter, with easel planted, watching her. From the scaffold she turned her eyes upon the wretched man—eyes filled with hate. Then she shut them for ever. And I saw the artist paint the filmy lids over those cruel eyes."

There was a pause, and the sculptor shuddered. "I saw the end—her horrible end!" And Paul clasped his brow as if to shut out some gruesome vision.

I felt myself grow cold with fear. "How awful!" I ejaculated.

After a moment the young sculptor rose from his seat, and continued. "That woman"—he pointed to the Portrait— "is a curse. I have asked you to come as a witness to her destruction. No one else shall suffer as you and I have."

"What do you intend to do?" I whispered, so much did Paul's manner impress me.

"Why, burn her up, of course. Destroy her utterly. This morning I brought her from my lodgings for this very purpose; all day I have been longing for this very moment. The fire is hot; let us begin."

"You will have to split the panel pretty small if you want it to burn quickly, the wood is so hard," I said.

"Fully prepared to do it," answered Paul. "I have a hatchet besides my chisels; here goes!"

Throwing wide open the door of the huge green-tiled stove, Paul fetched the "Countess Ida."

The glowing embers cast an uncanny light about the studio, with its figures of stone and clay, and upon Paul and myself at our work of destruction; he with mallet and chisel chipping away, and I feeding the pieces to the fire, which blazed and crackled brighter and brighter with every fresh handful of splinters.

I noticed that my friend was working round and round the figure, instead of splitting the panel, and the face remained intact.

"The face will be for the last," he said, perceiving the question in my look; and presently it was all that was left of my once so prized art-treasure.

Paul thrust the head of the countess well over the coals, and we both stooped to look into the fire and to watch it being consumed.

It was weird enough as we thought over the story of the wicked woman; but when we saw the filmy eyelids scorch away, and beheld once more the cruel blue eyes staring at us from the furnace, as in my dream I had seen them, I fell back in horror.

At this moment an explosion took place, and with a cry of pain Paul started to his feet.

A piece of the burning wood had snapped out and struck him full in the eyes.

"My God!" he cried, "I am blind! I am blind!"

I shut the stove door and sprang to his assistance.

I bandaged the wound and took him to his home. We spoke not a word, but we both felt that "Countess Ida" had had her revenge.

REGINA MARTYRUM.

OUR LADY TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

In my garments worn and soiled
By this steep hill I have toiled
With the mob I heard deride thee.
Crucified, I kept beside Thee!
Son of mine, Thou ne'er didst grieve me:
Could I in Thine anguish leave Thee?
From my life's pure fount I fed Thee,
Step by step I gently led Thee.
When the nails were through Thee driven,
By the sword my heart was riven;
Agnus Dei! I saw Thee languish,
On this Mount, alone, forsaken.
Jesus! I have seen Thee taken
From the Tree where Thou hast died,
Twixt the two thieves crucified.
Agnus Dei! Thy Mother holds Thee,
In her arms once more enfolds Thee;
Sees the crimson wounds still glowing,
Sees the cruel nail-marks showing.
Agnus Dei! I saw Thee dying,
Heard Thee to Thy Father crying.

Agnus Dei! behold Thy Mother!
Son of mine, Thy lips have said;
Even so, unto Thy sheepfold
Shall the sheep by me be led.

NORAH RYLMAN.

VICTOR HUGO.

"MY RECOLLECTIONS OF VICTOR HUGO."

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING,

Author of "Her Last Stake," etc., etc.

IN days which seem but as yesterday, yet have become almost the "many years ago" of another life-time, the present writer's hereditary home was that quaint little Norman island which served as refuge to the greatest poet and most illustrious exile of our day.

Like Bonaparte upon St. Helena, his nephew's bitter foe and exiled antagonist, Victor Hugo, lived, and has left lasting memories upon an island under British rule; but, unlike St. Helena, the little Norman isle bore many traces, in laws, customs, and language, of its French origin and parent mainland; and there, for some sixteen years, from 1856 till 1870, a little group of exiles awaited the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty.

"I have no longer a country, but I want a home," wrote the master to Jules Janin, from Guernsey, on his first arrival there; and so he hired and then bought one of the old family houses of the place—a terrace house, in a street, uninteresting enough externally and of unsavory report, since it had been standing empty for nine years on account of a murder committed there. For some three years he worked at its interior decorations, paid for, as he told one of his correspondents, out of the proceeds of one of his volumes of poetry, *Les Contemplations* (for he was far from rich at this time), and finally, "You have liked the poetry; come and see the home that the poetry has purchased," he wrote to the same correspondent.

We do not know whether Janin responded to the invitation thus given; but other visitors to the quiet isle, wandering along its narrow quays, or threading their way amongst a crowd of battered and dirty carriages, worn-out old vehicles which jolted out their last days as "omnibuses," plying between the microscopic townships of St. Peter's Port and St. Sampson's, were often called upon by their guides to look upwards at the quaint, irregular, foreign-looking hill-slope, covered with houses and terraced gardens, to where, among a row of tall, town-like mansions, one stood distinguished from the rest by a curious, square, kind of glass-house or conservatory built out upon its roof. "That is Victor Hugo's house," their cicerone would tell them. And not infrequently he would be able to point out the poet himself, leaning from the open window looking out to sea, over the splendid panorama spread out before him. A steep slope of houses stretching downwards to the sea-shore; a long-armed double harbor, crowded with shipping of various kinds: mail steamers from England, Jersey, and France; colliers laden with coal from the North; dainty yachts from the Isle of Wight in plenty, putting in for provisions or shelter; graceful *chasse-marées* from the Norman coast, bringing their weekly freight of poultry and eggs for the Guernsey market; great three-masted ships driven in, perchance, by stress of weather; and tiny sailing or rowing boats by the dozen, everywhere. Then across a narrow, rock-strewn channel lie two small, hilly, barren islands—Herm and Jethou. Beyond them, again, the lovely island of Serk, whose purple cliffs stretch out in long, undulating lines, lit up in marvellous beauty by every setting sun. To the left Alderney shows, a faint mound of blue in the

distance, and by her side the white beacon of the Casket rocks, where, long ago, "the bark that held a prince went down"; and then, to the right, Jersey, with the long, low coast of France, visible on clear days, between.

It was very still up there, in that air which breathed of *Marius* and *Gilliatt*, *Jean Valjean* and the saintly *Bishop Myriel*, *Josiane* and *Cosette*, and so many others. Down-stairs there might be busy murmurings and noise, but little audible here, for staircase and walls and balustrades were thickly padded with heavy carpeting, to dull all sound. And the very ordinary "terrace house" (so unpromising a material to work upon!) had been transformed by its master into a quaint abode, noteworthy even in these decorative days of art-fabrics and artistic furniture; and still more conspicuous in those, when solid mahogany in the dining-room, and a fine white and gold paper in the drawing-room, with gilt mirrors to correspond, were the *ne plus ultra* of refinement and culture.

It was in the early sixties; and little Guernsey was "at least fifty years behind the rest of the world," as her children not infrequently boasted; so that it would be difficult for our reader to-day to even guess at the profound surprise with which the stereotyped visitor to "Hauteville House" (and they were many) beheld, on entrance, first a window or skylight over the hall door quaintly constructed out of the ends of old bottles, and then a narrow hall entirely lined with the plates and dishes of a Sévres dinner service, long, long before the rest of the world had even dreamed of transplanting the family china from its dusty hiding-place in the "china cupboard" to decorate their drawing-room walls.

Facing you as you entered was the dining-room; its walls lined with blue and white tiles, with here and there a rare bit of pottery or china soldered to a bracket, and an arrangement of tiles in pattern over the fireplace in the form of two huge "H's," one within the other, standing for "Hauteville House." Between the two windows stood an antique carved chair, with the family arms inlaid above their haughty device, "Ego, Hugo"; and a very substantial iron chain stretched across from arm to arm, which you were told was to protect this "chair of his ancestors" from being encroached upon unawares. Your cicerone would probably tell you, without a smile, that "Monsieur believed the souls of his ancestors to be constantly

present with him"—in this chair! A small statuette of "Notre Dame de Bon Secours," set above the doorway, over a short inscription carved on its lintel, "Exilium Vita est," seemed to look sadly across at that strange expression of a craving for

". . . a chink in the world above,
Where they listen for words from below,"

so often found in imaginative and poetic natures to whom no other faith is left.

Other rooms on the same floor were reserved to the family, and rarely shown to strangers: the billiard room, and boudoir behind it, where the little group would pass their evenings,—Charles, with his bowed back and ugly, intelligent face; François, with pale, regular features and black beard, just then working at his translation of Shakspere; poor Adèle, whose sad story is so little known, and who still survives, the last of all. Léopoldine was long since dead, and her soiled and water-stained garments lay folded within the glass case in her mother's bedroom upstairs,—a pathetic bit of furniture I never passed without remembering that exquisite little description of her in her father's own words:

"Elle etait pâle, et pourtant rose,
Petite, avec de grands cheveux,
Elle disait souvent 'je n'ose,'
Et ne disait jamais 'je veux!'"

Upstairs were the reception rooms: *le salon rouge et le salon bleu*, so called from the color of their respective hangings; the former gorgeous with tapestries which once adorned the royal palace of Fontainebleau when Queen Christine of Sweden inhabited it and saw Monaldeschi slain at her feet, so close to one of these woven pictures that his blood has stained a part of it. On either side of the fireplace stood four gigantic gilt statues for bearing torches, which once formed part of the state barge of the old Doges of Venice, and witnessed, maybe, many a time, their strange betrothal to the fierce Adriatic; while the fair, frail beauties of English Charles II.'s court clustered, later, round that centre inlaid table. Meanwhile more modern history was being made, beyond, in the smaller *salon bleu*, whose principal ornament was a very unpretentious small table bearing what looked like a scarcely polished block of dark

Victor Hugo in "le Salon Rouge."

wood, and to which you were introduced, impressively, as "*the* inkstand."

It seems that during the early days of their life in Guernsey, Madame Victor Hugo, as a member of the little French Catholic congregation (for she was, I believe, a practising Catholic to the end of her life), was asked to subscribe to a

bazaar for its benefit. She promised "an inkstand"; and wrote to the three great contemporary writers, Georges Sand, Alexandre Dumas, and Lamartine, asking each to give her some old inkbottle which they had used during literary work. Each complied with her request, and the result was this: A solid block of dark wood with four little drawers, one at each rounded end. Outside were fastened four inkstands of various kinds, and four pens, crosswise. Inside the drawers, under glass, the letters with which each gift was accompanied. There was something eminently characteristic about each of them. Lamartine's was a dainty little red and gold Venetian glass, with the somewhat hackneyed formula, "*Offert par Lamartine au maître de la plume.*"

Madame Georges Sand sent an old wooden inkstand, significant of her many travels, with the following letter:

"Dear Madame: I have been looking, for the past two days, for any inkstand which was not given to me by some dear one, and have found nothing except a very ordinary little wooden object which I use when travelling. It is so very ugly that I am adding an also unpretentious pocket match-box which I have had in daily use, and which therefore is, at all events, the sort of thing you want.

"I have been so glad to see you and to tell you now of my affection for you. Pray convey the expression of my gratitude and of my devotion to your illustrious companion.

"Georges Sand."

Bluff Alexandre Dumas characteristically contributes one of the ordinary penny stone inkbottles, with a penny school-pen to match, saying of them that—

"I certify that this is the inkstand with which I wrote my last fifteen or twenty volumes.

"Alexandre Dumas."

He counts his volumes as other men count chapters—by the dozen; and one might write on *this* inkbottle what Victor Hugo once intended to write of his own: "Ce qu'il y a dans une bouteille d'enere!" There is a certain "air Gascon" about the certificate, which is Dumas all over, and we venture to predict that in future years this part will not be the least precious one of Madame Victor Hugo's happy inspiration.

M. Hugo himself gave an ordinary small leaden inkstand, with a pretty little note attached, very gracefully worded:

"I have not chosen this inkstand; it has come under my hand by chance, and I have used it for some months. As it is asked of me for a good work, I give it willingly.

"Victor Hugo."

The whole fourfold inkstand, thus arranged, was duly offered for sale at the bazaar; but a reserve price of 2,500 francs having been set on it, one can hardly wonder that the purses of humble fishermen and market-women were unable to cope with, even could they appreciate, its value; and Victor Hugo himself bought it in, to become a family relic.

Above this double drawing-room was the state bedroom, "la chambre de Garibaldi" as it was called, or sometimes "the oak gallery." Not that the individual in question had ever occupied it, but that he had been *invited* to do so, and on his refusal, no less "worthy" (*sic*) personage was ever suffered to occupy the great carved four-poster, in a room lined with carved *sedilæ* from Chartres Cathedral!

The other bedrooms, occupied by the family, were, of course, not shown to the public, and were, as far as my memory goes, very plainly, even sparsely furnished: that of Madame Victor Hugo full of homely little pictures and family mementoes which looked as if they might have hung at the bedside of many a wife and mother, from "Victor" in his boyish days kneeling at the altar of some little chapel with his brother to make "their First Communion," quaint, stiff little figures in long, black coats, on *prie-dieux*, side by side, to the pathetic contents of that long glass case, fastened to the wall like a reliquary, holding a water-stained dress and long, trailing wreath of orange-blossoms, worn long years ago by the dead girl-bride, about whose memory there hung such sorrow, and even mystery:

"Thou knowest, know'st thou not? that it is not my fault
If, for the last three years (poor lifeless heart!)
I have not knelt to pray above thy vault,"

as the exiled father wrote to her.

A narrow, spiral staircase leads us, finally, to the point whence we started—the poet's sanctum, on, literally *on*, the roof. First, two tiny rooms (everything around padded thickly

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, WITH HUGO'S STUDY ON THE ROOF, WHERE ALL HIS WRITING WAS DONE.

with carpeting), with a narrow couch where he would often pass the night when in the throes of inspiration; a table, a low divan seat, and one weird picture, painted by himself, of a man hanging dead on a gibbet (a memento of "John Brown," the famous American for whose reprieve he had once pleaded in vain), and for the rest hardly a book, and nothing save the necessary pile of papers, in working hours. How different from the comfortable library of the modern author! Here was nothing save the man himself—Genius, face to face with Nature: standing, alone and isolated, to write for hours together, almost motionless, at a plain ledge of wood fastened on one side of the little belvedere or glass room overlooking all that grand panorama of sea and sky which quickened imagination and inspired thought.

In the days when he wrote much and long, his nights sometimes, and the long morning hours always, were passed in this *eagle's eyrie;* absolutely alone and undisturbed; a cup of black coffee his usual refreshment, and no sound save the faint distant murmur of far-away traffic or the scream of the whirling seagull as it dashed inland before a storm, breaking that intensest

solitude. Then he would descend about eleven o'clock for a French *déjeuner;* after which a long solitary walk, out to St. Martin's, or Cobo, or one of the small inland villages, would last till nightfall. The country people knew his silent, meditative figure as a familiar bit of their daily landscape, and talked of the gaunt ruin far away from human habitation about which he had written as "Victor Hugo's haunted house." Then, after dinner, during summer-time at least, he would pass down the street a few doors, to a house in the same terrace as his own, and spend an hour or two with his old friend and confidante, Madame Drouet, and evening after evening I have watched the two, as they leant upon the balcony rails gazing out to sea and murmuring, who knows what poetic fancies, of "the days that are no more"? while his sons and their friends were waking the echoes with songs and laughter over the billiard table at home.

Save for some rare exceptions, there was no attempt at social intercourse between the island aristocracy and our French exiles; yet besides the favored few who were no strangers at his table, the master of Hauteville House had one constant little group of guests who possibly still owe many a fruitful year of matured life to his foreseeing generosity. The brain that created *Les Miserables* could scarce forget the children of the poor; and while his wife and other members of the family visited and worked for the needy of their own and other nations, he instituted the now well-known work of "dinners for poor children," since continued in London and elsewhere; and twice in each week, during the latter portion of his Guernsey "exile," from 1862 to 1870, he gave to twenty poor children, whose indigence was ascertained and unquestionable, a good meat dinner at his house.

And now let me give my reader two pictures from memory; the one, of a certain winter day, somewhere in "the sixties"; the other, of a later time, when Sedan had passed, the Emperor fallen, and the Republic of to-day had opened the gates of Paris to the exiles of '51.

It is four o'clock on a winter's afternoon, somewhere near Christmas-time. The long dining-table in the *salle à manger* is piled with cakes, mince-pies, and oranges, and surrounded by about twenty little children, varying in age from perhaps seven to twelve years, who, having eaten a grand Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding in true English fashion, are now

awaiting, round-eyed and solemn, a French postscript to the feast in the shape of "le dessert." They rise demurely, and bob little curtesies as the door opens, and a party of ladies and gentlemen enter, headed by the master of the house, a man of middle stature, with robust and well-knit form, slightly stooping shoulders as beseems a student, hair and beard alike whitening with age and thought, a noble forehead, and kindly dark eyes glancing under bushy brows. He returns their salutations with easy, courtly grace, moving slowly across the room; then, standing with his back against the fire-place, some one brings him a glass of wine. Raising it, he speaks a few gracious, simple words to the children, wishing them happiness and health in the coming new year; and then each child receives a tiny glass of wine, and they proceed to attack the pile of cakes and oranges before them.

By and by the whole party proceed to the adjoining billiard room, where the "board of green cloth" is covered with piles of warm clothing, and in the midst a glorious, dazzling Christmas-tree! Here the ladies of the household are busy, detaching toys from the branches, handing warm clothing to the poorest-looking, and laughingly attempting a word or two in English as they do so. There is Madame Victor Hugo, pushing back the still profuse ringlets of gray hair which hang down on either side of her face after the fashion of her youth, shading the somewhat highly colored cheeks and sallow but broad and thoughtful forehead, the full, curved lips and pleasant smile. "Women should always show their foreheads," M. Hugo would say; "it is the noblest part of them." And so his wife and daughter put back their hair, as later on *la petite Jeanne* learned to toss away her sunny curls and stroke back the fashionable locks *à la chienne* when she most wanted to please her grandfather. One or two ladies of lesser importance, whose identity escapes one's memory, and the two sons of the house, one a violent republican, editor of the *Rappel* and friend to Rochefort and all most restless spirits of his kind, journalist rather than writer, and carrying to extremes his father's semi-utopian democracy; the other, grave, quiet, polished, handsome, very much the *dilettante littérateur*, and, one fancied, his mother's favorite; both destined, ere long, to have quitted their several lines and passed, the one in shuddering haste and dread loneliness, the other, from a lingering sick-bed, into another life than this.

Then there is an old gentleman, rather deformed and unwieldly in person, certainly not beautiful to look upon, always by the poet's side. He is one of the exiles, faithful friend and follower of the master, singing his praises and doing him homage all day long; earning a scanty livelihood, like many another *émigré* of former days, by giving French lessons among the English-speaking families of the place, his sole text and lesson book the works of Victor Hugo in prose or verse. We cared little for politics in those days, and only knew that he had followed "le maître" into exile after the "coup d'état." His ungainly, crooked body and ugly face had made him the butt of the brutal school-boy when he essayed to give college lessons, so he confined himself to older pupils, or those of the gentler sex, more apt at divining a loyal heart and heroic soul beneath an unprepossessing exterior. Dear old M. de Kesler! what quaint, unconventional lessons were those, when you and I threw grammar and dictionary aside to plunge into discussions of theology or poetry, history or romance; or talked of

"*Villequier, Caudebec, tous ces frais vallons,*"

where the dread river ran which had caused the never forgotten tragedy; or memories of his own young life, interspersed with quotations from "the master." Think you I did not guess your part in the fateful moment when, with mingled pride and shy terror, I found the kindly hand of our host bringing me "a gift from the tree" from himself, with a smiling "Mademoiselle est mersicienne, n'est ce pas? Il faut chanter ceci pour moi!"—an Italian "*Song of Liberty,*" with precious autograph inscription.

Talking of autographs reminds me that I have lately read an assertion that "Victor Hugo usually kept a stock of them for distribution." It is a little exaggerated, for certainly no "stock" was ever dreamed of; only his *intimes* would sometimes, finding him "in a good humor," slip three or four half sheets of note-paper beneath his hand, on which he wrote a line and his signature—generally one of a few pet phrases of his own, such as

"Qui donne aux pauvres, prête à Dieu.
"Victor Hugo."

—which, of course, found ready acceptance among one's friends.

On one occasion, I remember, when he heard that my mother

was out of health and "fretted" a little at inaction, he wrote on a sheet of paper and sent her, without note or comment, these words:

"Soyez comme l'oiseau, posé pour un instant
Sur des rameaux trop frêles,
Qui sent ployer la branche, et qui chante pourtant,
Sachant qu'il a des ailes."

It was a graceful, poetic way of saying, "Remember that you are immortal."

Our second glimpse is in summer-time of the year 1878. The great windows of the *salon rouge* are open, leading out to a broad balcony overlooking the sea, and some of the dinner guests, lately risen from table, lean pensively over the iron balustrades to watch the rippling sea under the moonlight, and the twinkling harbor-lights shining below.

Within a family group gather round the master as before —but what a change! Not one of the familiar faces of ten years since now remain. Wife, sons, friends, all passed into the silent grave! And in their stead two young, fresh faces, daintily beribboned forms, with "parisienne" in every line of them, sit working by the inlaid table. They are Charles Hugo's widow, remarried to a Député of the Left, M. Lockroy, who sits chatting with M. le Secrétaire in a corner; and her friend and guest, Madame Ménard-Dorien. The two grandchildren, Georges and Jeanne, are playing "*cache-cache*" in the shadows of the *salon bleu*, with Madame Ménard's only child, while "ma tantine," as they call the late Madame Hugo's sister, Madame Chenay, flits to and fro, pouring out tea for the whole party.

M. Hugo himself sits a little apart, beside the great gilt Venetian statues, in a big antique *fauteuil*, exchanging an occasional word with his neighbor, that handsome old lady with her soft, gracious face and flashing eyes, beneath the abundant white hair rolled back in old aristocratic fashion over a cushion—Madame Drouet. Presently the conversation flags, or some touch of sadness falls across the poet's face, and his daughter-in-law, quick to divine a passing mood, calls her children from their play. "Georges! Jeanne! come and dance for *grandpère!*" They rush in, laughing, little Jeanne springing upon her grandfather's knees and covering him with kisses. Then in a second

the table is pushed away, Madame Lockroy sits down to the piano, the bright little aunt comes forward as mistress of the ceremonies, and the three children waltz and pirouette, perform dainty little minuets with exquisite precision and solemnity; Georges always calm and grave, with his pale, immovable features and large, dark eyes fixed intently on the ground, hardly smiling, hardly even playing like a child, and so dignified in his bearing that one hardly dares treat him as one; while his little sister, with her clear gray-blue, dancing eyes, long, golden-brown curls, and merry face, frisks about, shrieking with laughter and playing all manner of tricks—breaking off suddenly in the midst of a waltz to rush up to her grandfather and fling her arms about his neck, then whirl back, crying to her mother to play on, "*Vite! vite! plus vite encore!*" Then pouncing upon the famous old greyhound "Sénat," who, all unconscious of his own immortality as *le chien de Victor Hugo*, a well-known personage, is sleeping quietly under the table, she drags him into the dance by the collar, on which you may read the motto:

"Je voudrais qu'au logis quelqu'un me ramenât,
Mon état, chien, mon maître, Hugo, mon nom, Sénat."

To which name, by the by, one of the guests present gravely takes exception, as savoring of too little reverence towards the august body of which his master is a distinguished member!

But it is time to say good-night, and the music stops. The dreamers come in from their balcony, the "bonne" knocks at the door, and with a sigh of childish regret for the happy moments passed, the three children go round to take their leave. "Bonsoir," little Mademoiselle Ménard, who can answer you in your own tongue and say "good-night" in English; Georges could, doubtless, "give you good even" in the Latin tongue, for he is studying it with his professor; but he will say nothing, only lay his tiny soft hand in yours, and look up with those great [melancholy eyes, until his sister pushes him away, flinging her arms round you and holding up her face for a kiss. "Bonsoir, petite Jeanne! Good-night! Good-night!"

A LAY SERMON FOR LENT.

BY J. WILLIS BRODHEAD.

"Without the ideal, the inexhaustible source of all progress, what would man be?"—*Mme. de Girardin.*

TO speak of ideals with any degree of assurance in this work-a-day, materialistic age, requires an amount of courage which can result only from the strongest convictions; and a certain sense of indignation that the spirit of the age should hold in hidden bondage the very mainspring of our modern progress. The idealist is universally the objective sport of the materialist and the utilitarian, and particularly is this so just now when the materialist is in evidence at every turn. Pound and pence, dollar and cents seem to have usurped supreme authority with the Anglo-Saxon race, and when, upon the very face of the glittering coin, we are confronted with the eagle and the head of a woman, in silent testimony to the fundamental aspirations of a civilized nation, it means no more to us than a grain of copper and an ounce of gold. These are not the days when the coin of the realm is stamped (as under the seal of Edward I.) so deeply with the sign of the cross as to break into farthings at the touch of the poor—the crumbs from the rich man's table—when hearts were quartered as well as coin! These poor misguided hearts of ours which have become too brittle through much compression of steel and electricity to bear the divine impress of the doctrine of the Cross! No, as I have read somewhere, "In these days we canonize self-help as the queen of virtues, instead of charity, and this poisons the very foundations of our moral philosophy, and distorts our notions of duty"; and that duty is determined by our necessities, not our ideals.

One may search the length and breadth of the broad highway of the utilitarian sociologist, and upon the dead level of its flinty surface may find the *just* man, but never the *merciful.* The beggar will be shod and clothed, but for heart and soul the pence does not break into farthings at the sign of the Cross. A man must be deserving, he must be capable of becoming a useful member of society, he must warrant the output of so-

called charity, to win the attention of the utilitarian. Browning was a poor sociologist when, from the depths of his great warm soul, he reiterated "the old sweet doctrine, simple, ancient, true:

> "If you loved only what were worth your love,
> Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you.
> Make the low nature better by your throes!
> Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!"

No, as Mabie so beautifully quotes, "our ideals are God's realities"; but, from uncomputable cycles, whence He cast into the womb of Time the "unknowable" seed of Life and left it to its fate, it is not good taste in the twentieth century to drag the Supreme Being to minister on unscientific principles to the rags and ulcers of the poor, and to declare in the face of the princes of the world the supremacy of the Publican over the Pharisee!

And yet, protest, and deny and scout as it will, the world revolves, as Emerson says, "not in a cycle but a spiral," around the one, grand, immutable Ideal; and in its heart of hearts, the world knows it! Its every thought, and word, and deed tend to it as the magnet to the pole, penetrating, overcoming, circumventing, overleaping every obstacle. Home, country, peace, prosperity, everything the human heart craves and rests upon, in its ultimate analysis, sensibly or insensibly, is that one Supreme Ideal; and, however misguided our efforts, blinded our vision, perverted and vacillating our will, God gathers it all into a "Triumph of Failure" and fits it into his mighty plan; for the Pole remains true, and the magnet is charged with the all-sufficing grace of God.

Who knows? Does it not seem, sometimes, as though there were overmuch protesting from this lusty young nation of ours; an assertive assumption of that peculiarly Anglo-Saxon quality vernacularly described as "horse-sense," which serves rather as a cloak to nobler ideals than the Almighty Dollar, and beneath whose harsh, ungainly folds there throbs the great incentive power of true, American progress? Is it not, perhaps, a misplaced modesty rather than barefaced scepticism which constrains the broker and politician, the lawyer and the scientist, to leave in the hands of the artist and the poet and the priest the mighty weapon which is sheathed in the secret recesses of their heart, and whose silent presence is the talisman to larger growth and endur-

ing national achievement? We still have a wholesome sense of the discrepancy between our aspirations and our achievements in every field of human activity; and we bluster and bluff through sheer inability to cover the confusion of honest hearts in the knowledge that our souls' ideals are suffering defilement in Wall Street, in our halls of legislature, in our courts, and in our laboratories. We are rasped at our failures to realize our nobler selves; at the hostages our lower nature claims from the higher; the concessions of spirit to sense; the compromise between the good and the best; the toleration of that which we secretly condemn. It is the existence of ideals within us that is the *raison d'être* of the incessant attack and defence waged by pen and tongue in the busy marts of active life, and the brains of those that rule it. "As there is a line," says Hillis, "along the tropics where two zones meet and breed perpetual storm, so there is a middle line in man where the animal man meets the spiritual man, and there is perpetual storm"; the spirit of the world and the flesh in deadly combat with the free-born, soaring, glorious spirit of man as God created it, with its sea of ever loftier mountain peaks, whence we grasp the broad, majestic outlines the Master hand has traced for us upon the map of life, that we may carry them down with us into the valley of human conditions and set them as a royal seal upon the thoughts of our souls and the deeds of our hands. Yes, the mountain peaks are there, and the broad panorama, for him who climbs. But there are Wall Street, and the court, and the state-house, and the laboratory, to say nothing of the cook and the dressmaker, the ball and the latest novel, which occupy six days out of the seven through which we are driven at high pressure. No wonder we have neither breath nor muscle to scale the mountain when the seventh day casts us, spent, exhausted, at its base in the divine quiet of the restful Sabbath. No wonder we are fain to leave the climbing of our own souls' ideals to the poet and the painter and the priest, and bid them sing for us and paint for us and voice for us the vision of those eternal hills! We are thrilled for a moment when the poet tells us that "only under the inspiration of ideals, and with his sword bathed in heaven, can a man combat the cynical indifference, the intellectual selfishness, the sloth of will, the utilitarian materialism of the age." We are startled when he insists that "Matter is the greater mystery than mind, and spirit seems

to me to be the reality of the world"; that "all truth and all beauty and all music belong to God. He is in all things, and in speaking of all we speak of Him. In poetry, which includes all things, the diapason closeth full in God. I would not lose a note of the lyre, and whatever He has included in His creation I take to be holy subject enough for me." The wings of our imagination stir uneasily beneath their fetters when the artist dips his brush in nature's colors and depicts for us the glories of the Apocalyptic visions, and, with the strange intuition of the artist, in silent protest against the fading, shadowy vagueness of our noble aspirations, casts upon the barren slope of a lonely hill the *shadow* of the Cross! And let me call to mind just here, in order to emphasize the power of the painter to portray for us the mighty conflict which is being waged between the spirit of Christ (the ultimate ideal of all Christian souls) and the spirit of the age, that famous painting of Jean Bérault, "Magdalene at the Pharisee's," exhibited in the Paris salon a few years since. What could be more startlingly incongruous than the apparition of Christ at the feast of these fifteen modern Parisians: mondains, gourmets, bon-vivants, roués; wonder, cynicism, annoyance, calculation, indifference, sorrow, shame, remorse, betraying the soul of each in wondrous portraiture; and prone at His sacred feet the modern Magdalene in the radiant vesture of the courtisane, stricken with the sudden revelation of His divine presence, and in utter, generous, reckless abandonment to the power of his merciful love? Why is it our sense of reverence and holiness is so shocked at the conception of the artist? Is it because these modern Pharisees are in frock coats and wreathed in cigar smoke, and the Magdalene's laces but half conceal the jewelled straps that are cutting into her white shoulders from this unwonted position of—a courtisane? And God's minister questions our aching hearts: Is it not that the lesson of that other supper, long, long ago in that little city of Galilee, is still but a picture we hang upon the walls of memory, a picture that somehow we have not taken into our heart and woven into its muscles and sinews, and loved and lived it in our strenuous daily lives? Do we ever hear Him say to us as He said reproachfully to the disdainful Pharisee: "Simon, I have somewhat to say to you"? And is it not the old, old lesson?—"I entered your dwelling; you gave me no water for my feet, while she indeed has washed my feet with her tears, and has wiped them with her hair. You

gave me no kiss; while she indeed, ever since I entered here, has not ceased to kiss my feet. You have not anointed my head with oil, while she indeed has bathed my feet with ointment." I lived in your midst, and walked and talked and eat and drank and labored with you; I took into my human hands the daily tasks of mortal existence and wrought them into the woof and warp of the ideal life, and now, behold, I am a stranger in the midst of you!

Truly the lace and smoke that veil our hearts hang heavy between them and our souls' ideals! And then, under the spell of the Divine Voice, we sweep aside these fateful veils of our own weaving, and "in such hours it dawns upon us, like a new idea, how glorious a thing it is for us to be allowed to seek God, to find Him everywhere"—at the table of the Pharisee as well as at the tomb of Lazarus—"to be ever lifting His veils, and looking into His beautiful sanctuaries, while He leads us with His fascinations, and encourages us by His rays of light, and fills our hearts with all manner of sudden sweetnesses," to lure us on to the very summit of our souls' ideals.

And so we men and women of the world, worldly, for whom the Ideal Man took upon His shoulders our garment of worldliness, may gather it once more, transfigured in the blood of the Lamb, and wear it royally in the face of the World, as befits the children of the King; for

> "Somehow no one ever plucked
> A rag, even, from the body of the Lord,
> To wear and mock with, but, despite himself,
> He looked the greater and was the better."

And the luminous sweep of Christ's garment—home, country, power and dominion studding its azure folds—will gird the world with its constellation of American Ideals, the music of its spheres singing through the corridors of time:

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

NEVER CAN THE SAGE OR THE CIVILIZER CEASE TO LOVE THE AKROPOLIS.

THE AKROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

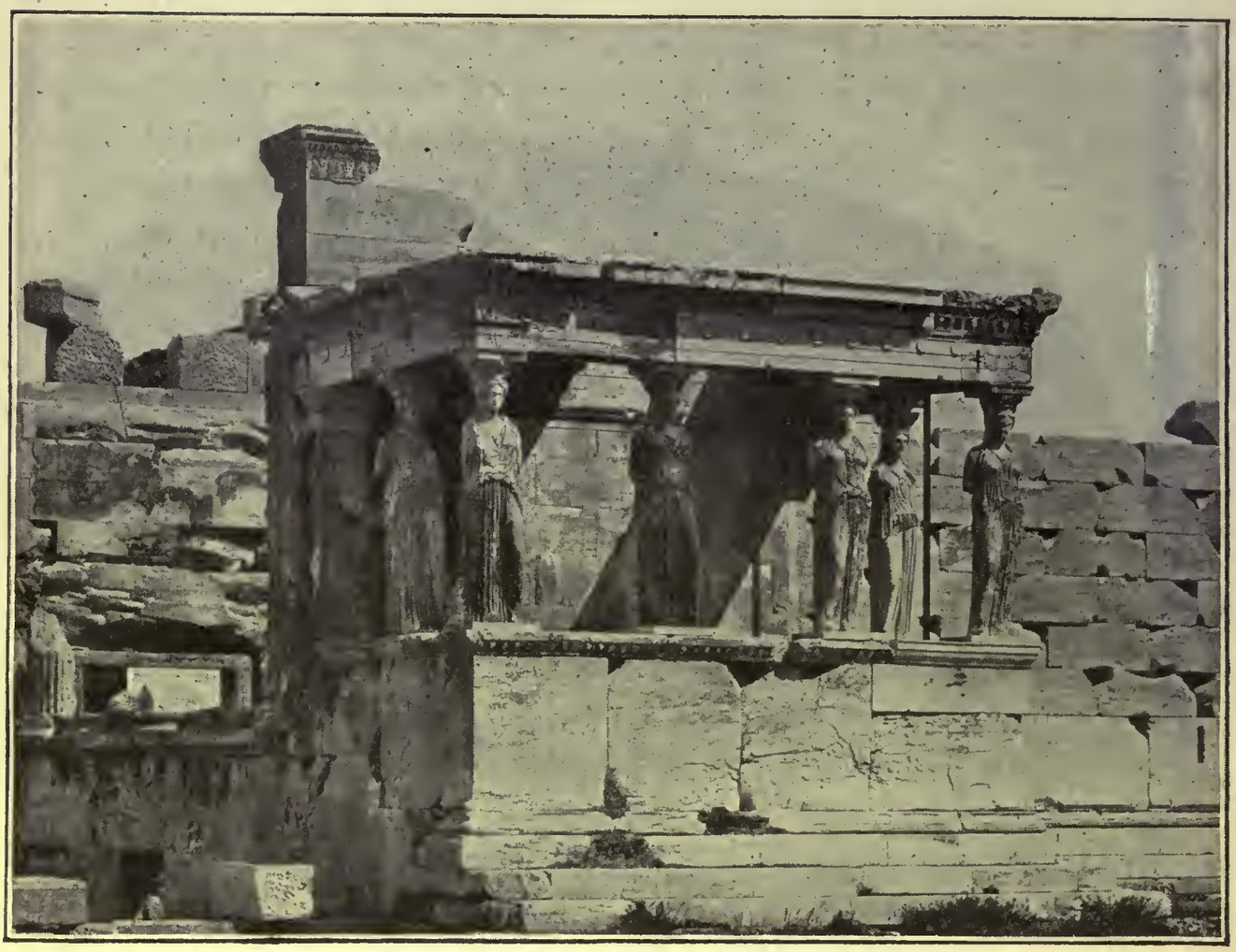
BY REV. DANIEL QUINN, D.D. *(American Archæological School, Athens, Greece).*

AGES of reverse fortune have dealt mercilessly with the Akropolis of Athens, but have not dimmed the splendor of her fame. This venerable rock, which was the pride of the Greeks in the ancient days of Perikles, is yet a Mecca to those who worship art and civilization. One may indeed be so forgetful of history as to have no sympathy for the modern descendants of the classic Hellenes, but never can the sage or the civilizer cease to love the Akropolis.

The first light of history that illumines the origins of social life in Attika falls upon the Akropolis. Here it was that the mythic king Kekrops built a new seat of government or city, which he called "Kekropia." Whether he was a foreigner or a native of Attika is not to be learned; for such history as deals with facts of this kind begins only after the invention of the art of keeping written records. And this invention came long after Kekrops. Story and myth, however, have kept enough about him to assure us that he belongs to the class of men who

do much to ameliorate the condition of mankind. In fact, since he stands at the beginning of Athenian history, he may be regarded as one of the pioneers of our present type of civilization. His city, however, did not continue to be called after him. For the myth narrates that the honor of being the tutelary deity of Athens was a matter of serious contention between the god of the sea, Poseidon, and the deity of wisdom and progress, Athena; and Athena, in order to predict that she would be a useful patroness to the new city, caused an olive-tree to sprout up miraculously on the top of the Akropolis. The umpires, who were the other Olympian gods, judging that the cultivation of the olive was commendable in Attika, awarded to Athena the tutelage of the new town. And thus it came to pass that, in honor of its guardian deity, the city was no longer called Kekropia, but Athens.

Of the town of Athens, the citadel or Akropolis, which was the original settlement, always remained the most important and most holy part. The exact site where the mythic contest was thought to have taken place between the two gods was, perhaps, the most sacred spot which the religion of the Athenians knew. The olive-tree which Athena was credited with having so miraculously planted, was piously cared for throughout all the ages. It never, however, grew into the large gnarled and beautiful proportions of the magnificent trees that one sees in the groves north of Athens, near the locality of the mystic gardens of Platon. It was a stunted little shrub, as we are sorry to learn from Hesychios. But nevertheless it contained the miraculous innate vigor of a deity's handiwork. For not only were all the olive-trees of Attika propagated from it, but, moreover, when it was burned in the conflagration which laid the Akropolis waste in 480 before Christ it again grew up so fast that in the first night after the fire it sprouted two ells high. The sacristans did not keep a record of its growth during the following nights; so we do not know how long this wonder continued in activity. The site near where the divine contest occurred, and where the olive-tree grew, was from primitive historic times decorated with altars and other signs of the sacredness of the place. But in the middle of the fifth century before Christ these old landmarks gave way to a new magnificent temple, whose ruins still stand, and are known as the Erechtheion. Since several gods had been worshipped on this site, it was necessary to provide for all of



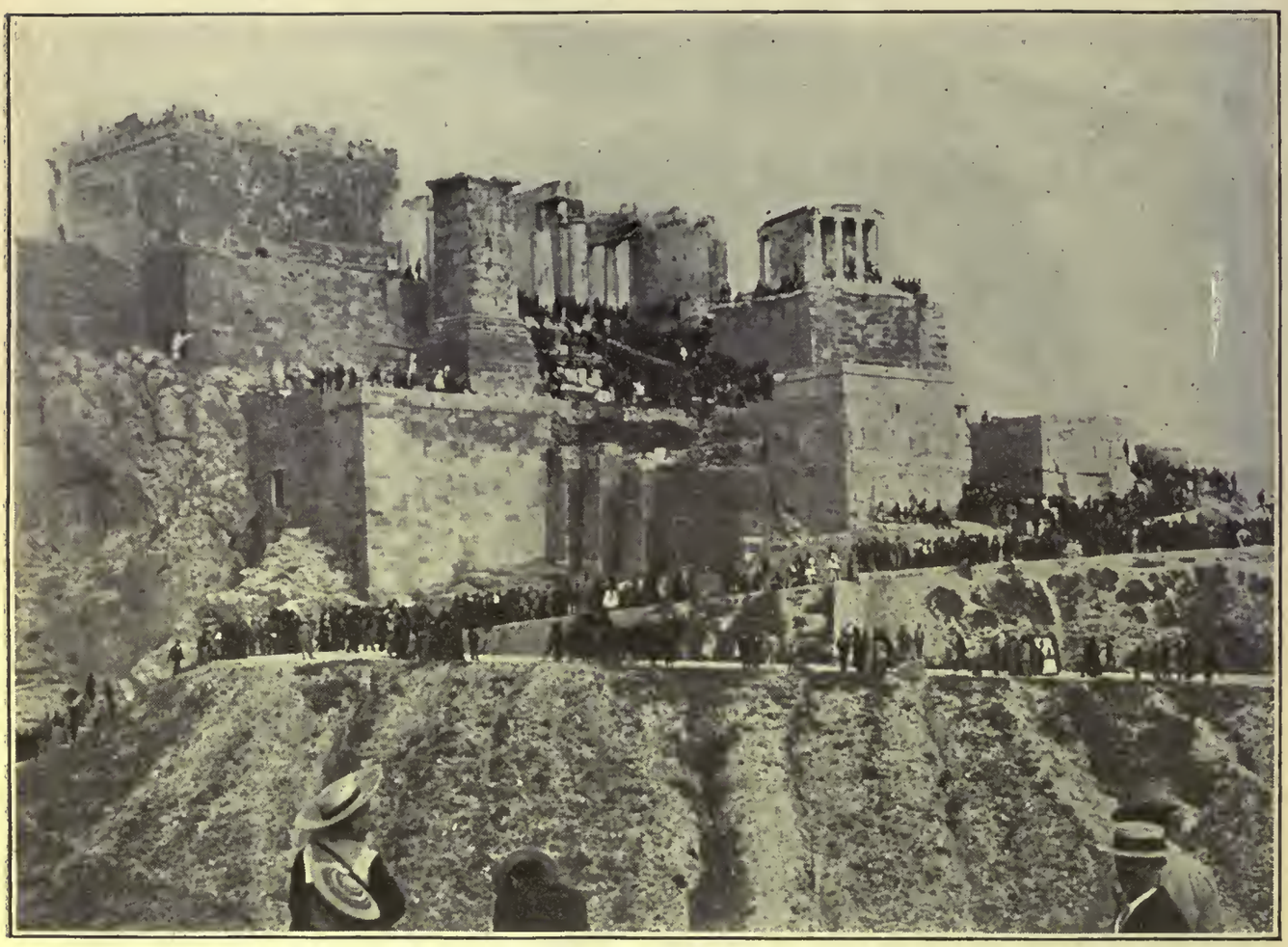
THE KARYATID PORTICO OF THE ERECHTHEION.

them in the new building, and to make the temple a multiplex one, so that each of these various gods might have a nook therein, and a shrine. Accordingly, the Erechtheion was constructed on a very intricate plan, and has therefore been always a puzzle to the archæological investigator. He has not yet finally determined upon what deities were really worshipped in the various apartments of the curious temple, and where each one is to be supposed as having had his shrine. As an artistic architectural composition, however, it is a master-piece, not only in the simple Ionic beauty of design but in the delicacy and accuracy with which the various details have been chiselled out. Ionic architecture has produced nothing finer than the north door of this temple. And a small portico on the south side is remarkable from the fact that the columns which support the architrave have been carved into the shape of comely but muscular maidens, called "Karyatids." They are well preserved considering that they have been standing here in rain and sunshine for more than twenty-four hundred years. One of them was carried off to England in 1803 by the much-abused Lord

Elgin, and now stands in the British Museum. Her original place is occupied among her sister Karyatids by a fac-simile in plaster.

This fire which burned Athena's olive-tree, and destroyed so many monuments of the Akropolis, has indirectly rendered a service to those who study the history of art. For after the Persian soldiers of Xerxes, who had taken possession of Athens and given the Akropolis to the flames, had fled in disorder back to Asia, the Athenians, who were thankful and proud for their two decisive victories at Salamis and Plataeae, immediately set about rebuilding the burnt and blackened shrines. To make a beginning, they collected all the statues that had been injured by the fire, or by the sacrilegious hands of the Asiatic soldiery, and threw them into the hollow places on the top of the citadel, and buried them with a deep covering of soil, in order to thus make the top of the hill more level. These numerous examples of "pre-Persian" statuary were exhumed, and fortunately discovered to be yet in a satisfactory state of preservation when in 1887 the entire top of the Akropolis was excavated. And as we know when these pieces of sculpture were buried, we have a datum which assists us in determining the art-epoch to which they belong; and the year of 480 before Christ must be more recent than the statuary in question. These finds are now kept in a museum on the top of the Akropolis, built expressly for such treasures as have come to light inside of the walls of the citadel.

The Akropolis is an isolated mass of natural rock standing 512 feet above the level of the sea, which is only about three miles distant, and separated from it by a level portion of the Attic plain. The top of the rock is a small plateau, oval in shape, about 330 yards long and 150 wide. It rises about two hundred feet above the average level of the modern city of Athens, which begins at its northern base. The upper half of the limestone sides of the citadel are almost perpendicular. Only from the west end of the hill is ascent to the plateau on its top practically possible. The great entrance gates, or Propylaea as they are called, built in the age of Perikles by the architect Mnesikles, are situated at this western end. And through these Propylaea the crowds of worshippers and sight-seers streamed up to the ancient shrines on the occasion of the great feasts, or in Pan-Athenaic procession. Up to the present



THE PROPYLAEA.—MULTITUDES OF MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN STROLL UP TO THE CITADEL AND WANDER ABOUT THROUGH THE RUINS ON THE TUESDAY AFTER EASTER.

day it is a traditional custom in Athens for multitudes of men, women, and children to stroll up to the top of the citadel and wander about through the ruins there every year on the Tuesday after Easter. This custom is probably no older than mediæval times; but its origin and significance is no longer remembered by the inhabitants.

The top of the hill has ever since prehistoric ages been surrounded by a wall, which, until the invention of gunpowder, made the Akropolis an important and almost impregnable stronghold. This wall has been repaired, or rebuilt, over and over again, in order to remove the damages done by sieges and by time. Accordingly, as it now stands, it represents portions built at least twenty-five hundred years ago, and other portions built as late as during the present century. Fragments of old pre-Hellenic or Pelasgic wall can be seen; sections of the hasty wall stealthily built by Themistokles in spite of the jealous protest of Sparta, shortly after the departure of the Persians in 479 before Christ; additions made by the Frankish dukes of Athens,

beginning in the thirteenth century of our era; later repairs by Greeks and Moslems and Europeans, all can be distinctly recognized.

The surface of the top of the citadel was in ancient times covered with votive offerings, and commemorative inscriptions, and altars to the numerous deities, and statues, and temples, in every available space. It was not only a precinct of holy shrines, but also a museum of art, and a place where the most precious archives of state and religion and public life were kept, engraved on slabs of marble.

Near the entrance to the Akropolis, to the right of the steps that lead up to the Propylaea, is one of the most beautiful gems of Ionic architecture in existence. It is a small temple dedicated to Wingless Victory, or rather, to Athena designated as

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE DEDICATED TO WINGLESS VICTORY.

such. It stands upon the top of a stone bastion twenty-six feet high. Around the upper edge of the bastion runs a low parapet or balustrade built to keep pedestrians from falling over the sides of the bastion, made of slabs of Pentelic marble, and

decorated with sculptures in low relief, of exquisite beauty. Most of these balustrade sculptures are a series of representations of Nike, the winged goddess of Victory, in various poses. One of these representations, wherein the graceful goddess is bending down and arranging the sandal on her foot, is perhaps unsurpassed in simple grace and in the wonderful arrangement of the folds of drapery that hang so loosely but so artistically round the curving outlines of Nike's form.

This temple of Victory is only about twenty feet high, and proportionately small in length and breadth. But its diminutiveness seems really to add to its beauty. From the bastion that supports it the view over the surrounding land and sea is exceptionally glorious. It was from this point that Byron looked out over Saron's gulf towards Parnassos and the Peloponnesos when he was inspired to write the opening verses of the third canto of "The Corsair."

In general the quantity of statuary and inscriptions and other monuments preserved to us from classic times is really remarkable. True it is that the portion preserved is after all only a small part of the original quantity; and, what is more deplorable, it is not always the great master-pieces that have escaped destruction. Here, on the Akropolis, one can see the bases of famous statues mentioned by the ancient writers, but the statues themselves are gone. Only those that had been covered up in the earth have escaped. From the Propylaea eastward along the top of the citadel there are still traces of the route over which the sacrificial processions and all visitors passed on their way to the highest point and middle of the Akropolis, where stood the Parthenon. Either side of this road was lined with multitudes of statues and other votive offerings and commemorative monuments. Their places can yet be recognized by the chiselled flat surfaces in the natural rock, where they stood. Pavsanias, who visited the Akropolis in the second century of our era, describes many of these statues. With the help of his book we can relocate them and mourn their loss. Numbers of the inscriptions, however, and fortunately many very interesting ones, have been found. Some of these inscriptions refer to the building of the Parthenon and the Propylaea, and give reliable information about the way in which contracts were made for the carving of various portions of the ornaments of these structures, and the amounts of money paid to each man for his work.

WINGLESS VICTORY TYING HER SANDAL.—RELIEF FROM THE BALUSTRADE OF NIKE TEMPLE. THE COPY IS BY BROUTOS WITH RESTORATIONS.

Against the east wall of the Propylaea is a short inscription on the base of a lost statue, which tells us that the statue in question had been erected in honor of Athena Hygeia, or Athena the Giver of Health. And curiously enough the base with this inscription is located on the very spot where we might expect to find such a votive monument. For in Plutarch's life of Perikles we read that the Propylaea were built when this statesman

was supreme at Athens, and under his protection; and that one of the artisans, whom Perikles regarded as most diligent and necessary, slipped and fell from the scaffolding or from the building, and lay dangerously ill; and that Athena appeared in a dream to Perikles and prescribed remedies to be used on the injured man. The advice of the goddess was followed, and the man rapidly recovered, and soon was able to gratify Perikles by resuming work. In thankfulness to the goddess, Perikles caused a statue, representing her as "Athena of Health," to be erected on the spot where the artisan had fallen. And this is the lost statue on whose base we can still read the dedicatory inscription.

Conformably to the nature of the old Greek religion, which was polytheistic, a large number of deities enjoyed the worship of the pious. Each locality, however, had certain local deities that were preferred, and received a more prominent worship. This variety of deities often came from the fact that the inhabitants were a conglomeration of different tribes, and each tribe had contributed to the chorus of gods by introducing into it such deities as were peculiar to the tribe before it lost its identity in the amalgamation. Thus, here on the Akropolis in oldest times, the deities worshipped were chiefly Zevs and Earth and Athena. One can still read an inscription cut upon the rock of the Akropolis just north of the Parthenon, which reads "sacred to Gaia the Giver of Fruits," and indicates the place where there stood an altar to the goddess Earth. To these primitive deities came later imported ones, as for example Apollon and Poseidon, who were probably brought here by the immigrant Ionians. Of the three prominent original deities, however, Athena gradually became the supreme one on the Akropolis. To her several shrines were sacred. But the chief one, from the point of view of art, was the Parthenon, where she was venerated under the special appellation of "the Virgin goddess." This *chef-d'œuvre* is so perfect and so grand that it alone would have made the Akropolis famous. It is an immense structure, in the Doric style of architecture, built to serve both as a shrine sacred to Athena and as a treasure-house wherein could be kept valuable utensils and other sacred articles belonging to the goddess and to Athens.

The temple is 228 feet long and 101 feet wide, and correspondingly high. At either end it terminates in an immense

portico whose roof is supported by sixteen massive Doric columns, arranged in two rows, eight in each row. These columns are over thirty-four feet high, and more than six feet in diameter at the base. Each of the longer sides of the temple was also flanked by a majestic single row of similar columns. This colonnade, which accordingly runs round the entire temple,

RUINS OF THE PARTHENON, THE MASTER-PIECE OF THE AKROPOLIS.

supports an architrave adorned with a series of sculptured marble slabs, carved in relief with scenes from four great battles recorded in Athenian fable and primitive history, namely, of the Giants fighting against the Gods, the Athenians and Lapiths against the Centaurs, the Athenians against the Amazons, and finally the Greeks against Troy. But the sculptures on these slabs, or metopes, as they are called, interesting as they are in themselves, deserve the least attention of all the Parthenon reliefs, if considered from a purely artistic point of view. Much nobler and more perfect art is displayed in the figures of the frieze, or long series of sculptured reliefs which adorns the upper part of the temple wall, underneath the roof of the surrounding portico, and encircling the entire wall like a crown. This continuous belt of sculpture represents the procession of

the Great Panathenaea, which every four years came up from the city to the Parthenon. In this procession, as we see it in this frieze, marched high-priests, various other men in authority, virgins of noble family, old men chosen for their beauty, deputations from friendly cities, carrying their offerings to the Virgin goddess, athletes on foot, sacristans leading the animals destined to be sacrificed in the hekatomb, young men riding spirited horses, others in chariots, and finally the people of Athens in festival attire. The purpose of the procession was to place upon the statue of Athena in the Parthenon a new veil, woven expressly for the Virgin by the women of Athens. The procession was a glorious and pompous one, and worthy of the chisel of Pheidias, who immortalized it in this frieze, which, since it encircled the entire temple wall, measured about 477 feet. But one portion of it has been destroyed, another portion is in the museum here on the Akropolis, but the third and longest portion is among the treasures of the British Museum in London, included in the collection known as the "Elgin Marbles." These reliefs of the Pan-Athenaic procession have been regarded as part of the best sculpture of all time. But they are equalled, if not surpassed, by the figures that filled the two gables of this same Parthenon. According to the customs of Greek architectural art, the gables of great buildings were not left plain and unornamented, but were filled with a group of reliefs, or with statues in the round, so distributed as to artistically fill the entire gable, from the middle to the outer angles. Here on the Parthenon both groups of gable sculpture refer to the goddess to whom the temple was dedicated; for in the eastern gable we have a scene representing the birth of Athena, and in the western one the contention between Athena and Poseidon for the tutelary possession of Attika.

EASTER LILIES.

BY GEORGE H. TURNER.

THE lilies of Easter, with hearts of gold,
And petals as white as drifting snow,
Lie dewy wet on the turfless mould
Where perfumed winds of the valleys blow.

A light in the east of a risen day
Falls white and cold on a new-made grave,
But Easter lilies will bloom for aye
Tho' hearts are breaking, and Christ to save!

Lilies of Easter are blooming to-day,
Heavy with perfume and tears of night,
But a lonely grave so far away
Blurs all their beauty and drowns my sight.

Under the lily that's blooming, alas!
In peaceful sleep there's a calm white face,
Smiling to me from the years long past
With a baby's artless, tender grace.

I watch, as the shepherds of old, at night
To see the star of Bethlehem rise,
Whose glory fell on her straining sight
Where lilies bloom beyond the skies.

Her faltering steps are guided to-day
By a Father's hand from doubt and gloom,
Through beautiful streets that lead the way
Where Easter lilies eternally bloom.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.—*Continued.*

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER VIII.

"BON VOYAGE!"

THE scene upon which Father Martin and Stephen entered verged upon comedy, yet its tragic significance was heavy in Stephen's heart; and the priest's unobtrusive study of Mina had not missed the realization that a wilful young soul was in peril.

Poised on the extreme edge of the antique desk, swaying her little feet petulantly, after the manner of a naughty child, Mina, as the men approached, flashed a look of mingled entreaty and defiance towards Stephen,—a pathetic look, since it glistened with girlish tears! Beside her stood the new-comer, Mam'selle,—an appealingly fragile, still beautiful little figure, whose slight lameness and still slighter distortion, evident as she turned excitedly from one auditor to another, were redeemed by her

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life.

perfect grace of pose and gesture, even as her age was idealized by the demi-toilette of mellow lace for which her travelling-gown had been hastily exchanged. Her small, fine features whose delicate chiselling the years had spiritualized rather than marred,—her dainty hands with their bird-like flutterings,—the air with which she carried the physical disability which would have humbled a more self-conscious and morbid nature,—all spoke of gentle traditions. She had flashing dark eyes, and abundant white hair picturesquely contrasting with her still fresh skin. Her manner,—beautifully reverent as she greeted Father Martin,—suggested a dainty and delicate coquetry.

"*Méchante!*" she exclaimed, appealing to the new-comers to stand with her against the rebellious Mina. "To storm because I refuse the impresario that she dance on the stage,—the stage of the public opera!"

"*I* may not dance on the stage, no, not I!" blazed Mina. "But you, *ma tante*, danced upon it,—you, and my dear dead mother! Then why not I, too, since I choose?"

"Because you are not a professional, and never shall be!" impetuously interposed Stephen, with impolitic fraternal severity.

"All the world's a stage, Mina," temporized Father Martin. "Society gives you a wider as well as a choicer artistic field than the profession proper. Do not surrender your rare privilege of selection of your own public!"

"'Society!'" scoffed Mina. "Society is the world of artifice,—not of art! Am I not a professional artist born, *I*, my mother's daughter? She loved the stage,—Mam'selle has told me:—and died of the artist's homesickness! To me, as to her, the glow of the lights, the pulse of the music, the thrill of the great ovation—"

"Are but the surface-charms of a spell whose real strength is of soul, else it falls short of genius, Mina! The theology of art,—that is art's real lore, its inspiration, its immortality! You and I must study art's true science, together!"

"But yes," assented Mina, radiantly, flitting down from her perch like a fluttering sparrow. "I shall discuss art with you, dear my Father, with greatest pleasure! You have the sensitiveness that comprehends! The theology of art! What a beautiful subject! Have I not always maintained that art was divine,—a grace of the spirit? But as for Mam'selle *ma tante*, and this philistine brother Stephen,—"

She finished her sentence with a gesture of disdain; and petulantly evading Stephen's caressing hand, retreated to a distant arm-chair. Her vision of the unknown impresario, of the spell of the footlights, of the haunting strains of the orchestra, of the inspiring applause of the public, absorbed her to the exclusion of any memory of the absent Joyce; but Mrs. Raymond, suspecting Father Martin of contriving his banishment, fixed upon him eyes narrowed by resentful dislike.

"Have you sent your Maintown youth back to his native fields, on the plan of 'snatching a brand from the burning'?" she queried, satirically.

"I regret that the power you ascribe to me is not mine, Imogen. If it were, Joyce would return with me to Maintown, yes; or at least, he would remain in his native New England!"

"You believe in loyalty to traditions, my cousin? Why in his case, more than in your own?"

"The evolution of religious tradition is conversion, Imogen:—the departure from simple social traditions, too often perversion!"

"What a one-sided view of the matter!"

"Truth, however broad, is necessarily single-sided. Only falsehood presents two faces. But to speak practically, my dear cousin, can you deny that the favors of fortune pouring upon Joyce at present are exposing him to the perils of inordinate self-confidence and ambition,—to the temptations of a luxury alien to his heritage,—worst of all, to the lures of romantic goals which he must find, at the end, inaccessible?"

"'Romantic goals?' What do you mean?" she demanded, with suddenly gracious interest.

Father Martin was not politic. In dealing a ruthless blow to her complacent vanity, he antagonized his cousin, and circumvented his own end.

"You are surrounded socially by fair young contemporaries not yet invincibly shrined, like you, in youthful marriage," he said, bluntly. "To some one ingenuous girlish heart among these our audacious Joyce, with his attractive personality and caressing manner, may become as dangerous as premature association with the most alluring type of girlhood naturally must prove to him! On either side, would you wish to be responsible for the heartache of an attachment which you would be the very first to declare quite hopeless, matrimonially?"

"James!" called Imogen, with vengeful intention. She exulted in her power to punish her cousin for his repeated wounds to her self-love. Realizing that through Joyce Josselyn she could stab him to the heart, she resolved that her husband should be the unconscious instrument of her revenge.

"What is it this time, little woman?" responded Raymond, approaching her with pathetic alacrity.

"I refer you to Martin," evaded Imogen, "who wishes to expound to you the conservatism of the Church, socially and matrimonially. The 'divine right of kings' pales before the selective social obligation of the ecclesiastical elect! As for your democratic spirit in exposing young women of position and fortune to the contaminating society of a mere worthy son of the American people,—heresy, my dear Jim, heresy!—Joyce Josselyn, for instance, is decreed, *ex cathedra*, a social heathen and publican! Martin,—the Reverend Martin,—in the interests of Gladys and Mina, dictates his ostracism from the Ranch!"

As Imogen knew well, the traditional effect of a red flag flaunted in the face of a bull was as nothing compared with the result of open profession of social conservatism, defended on any but the moral basis, to the whole-souled, open-hearted son of the far West, superficially Easternized only by accidents of wealth and marriage! Her malicious laugh pealed behind her, as she joined the distant group surrounding Mam'selle.

"The Church is conservative, is it?" queried Raymond, sharply. "Well, I'm down on the class-creed, wherever I meet it; and the cloth does n't Christianize it for me, no, sir! Society with a capital S ought to stand for soul, in church and out; and if it stands for Snob instead, then more 's the pity both for pulpit and people, for they don't know what good society is! Wealth does n't make it, rank does n't make it, but pure women and clean, honorable men do make it; and nine times out of ten, when the right kind of youth goes to the dogs, it is only because pride and snobbery have defrauded it of decent social associations, and that 's the sin crying to Heaven for vengeance, in *my* catechism! When any woman on my Ranch can't sit down on a pine-board, and eat off the same plate with a God-made young man whose life does n't shame its Maker, then I 'm sorry for her, that 's all! A red-blooded young fellow bright enough to make his own place in the world, and good enough to keep his life clean while he 's doing it, is an incomparably

better match for the proudest woman ever born than any club-lounging fitznoodle whose blue-blood too often substitutes both mind and morals! That 's my social gospel,—straight from the shoulder!"

"My dear Raymond," protested Father Martin, "your social sentiments are identical with my own, and my cousin wilfully misrepresented my justified fear lest Joyce reap his harvest before he had sown it! However, it is striking eleven, and if you are to leave by the express, you have no time to waste on the discussion of social problems. I 'll follow Joyce, now, and join you at the station. There is no necessity for his return here. His farewells will be taken for granted."

"Oh, all right, if you prefer it! I told him to turn up, though, you know, and the carriage is around already; but you can take and keep it, and I 'll drive down in the cart!"

Imogen, sauntering back to the pair, smiled inscrutably. She said to herself that clever as Father Martin's little ruse might be, Joyce Josselyn would not leave without one farewell word to her! Her supreme self-confidence assumed an influence over him of which, if it existed, Joyce was quite unconscious. Did her vanity mislead her, or was her feminine intuition correct?

"Say, Martin the Reverend," appealed Raymond, "don't hold against me anything I 've been saying in heat, will you? I was n't pitching into you, but the world in general, you know! Your heart 's all right; but your patrician traditions pull against it; and what an effete Easterner like you wants is a run out West, to rub the rust of puritanical ages off you! Can't you jump on the midnight-train with us, and wire to your Bishop,—or to the Pope of Rome, if you like,—that you 've struck for an extended vacation?"

Father Martin laughed heartily, making his adieux. He had accepted the hospitality of his old home with a reserve, making his early Mass an excuse for sleeping at the Catholic rectory.

"The Vatican would cable its permission for my permanent holiday, without regret, I dare say," he answered. "But my little Maintown parish has a strong hold upon my heart. When this little Mina and I shall have mastered to mutual satisfaction all the perplexing problems of the theology of art, my vacation will be at an end, for the present!"

"I *love* him," exclaimed Mina enthusiastically, as Father Martin departed. "He is what *I* call a *man!*"

"Hush, *chère petite*," reproved the scandalized Mam'selle. *Monsieur notre Père* is a priest of *le bon Dieu!* To speak of him as a man is not *convenable!* And to say that you love him,—*bêbée* Mina,—when is it, then, that you will cease to be but the little child?"

"Leave her a child, dear Mam'selle," interposed Stephen, quickly.

"I too love Father Martin," confessed Gladys. "There is a beautiful name for the priest like him. I think of it always when he is speaking earnestly. It is—'*Alter Christus!*"

"Yes," assented Stephen, thoughtfully. "That is indeed a beautiful name, Miss Broderick. Happy the man who bears it as worthily as Father Martin!"

Gladys gazed at him with suddenly startled eyes. A premonition seemed to flash upon her heart, destined to influence vitally her life and his. Already they were drifting into an initiatory friendship which but preluded warmer emotion! Although Gladys took men very simply, her father's loving comradeship having familiarized her with the masculine atmosphere,—yet Stephen, strong and tender, chivalrous, earnest, and noble-minded, inevitably made his impression upon her; while every day of informal intimacy impelled him nearer the deep waters of conscious love. Hitherto, with the exception of his fraternal devotion to Mina, he had been "a man's man," first and last;—absorbed in Raymond's practical interests, and only in occasional dreamful hours realizing that his soul strained towards higher things. But even as he responded spiritually to Father Martin, so Gladys' gentle maidenhood was kindling him emotionally. New thoughts, sweet anticipations, tender impulses, all began to throng his masculine life; and the divine chord vibrating through the human world sounded its first sweet, tremulous echo in his awakening heart.

"Say, you folks," jested Raymond, significantly, "it's after eleven, and I start on a gallop across the continent at twelve. Excuse a poor fellow for eloping with his own wife for a good-by-kiss, will you?"

As he had anticipated, his proposed elopement was rendered unnecessary by the laughing disappearance of the entire party. He followed them to the door, taking hearty farewells, and threatening Mam'selle with unspeakable vengeance if she suf-

fered his wife to fail the Ranch at the last moment, as she had failed it in former years!

Imogen listened in unsmiling disdain. Her husband's public profession of marital sentiment jarred on her pride and reserve. She was blind to his redeeming virtues, because self-love rather than wife-love still dominated her haughty spirit. With all her proud young heart she repented that she had married, in the imprudent haste of pique, this Westerner whose wealth had been his only recommendation in her fastidious eyes. But, as yet, Raymond had not realized that his bread-craving love was fed only on stones. Idealizing his wife's coldness as the superfine delicacy of the most refined type of gentle-womanhood, he lived in the hopeful faith that her heart must respond to his own as maturity, humanizing the spiritual reserve of youth, should reveal to her manly love's worth.

With the revolt of the primeval man from the artificialities of civilization, in moments when the natural sentiments are uppermost, he pulled the dangling gilded ball that extinguished the lights; and flinging his arm about his reluctant wife, drew her to the open window. The soft air, sweet from the pines, blowing freshly in their faces,—the stellar skies beaming down upon them the silent benediction of a watchful heaven,—the young moon's luminous crescent shimmering beyond the intervening darkness,—seemed to Raymond more harmonious with human emotion than convention's superficial insignia! The fresh purity of his Western prairies was in his heart and primitive soul. There was a mystical sacredness about his love, appealing to his undeveloped higher nature. But no responsive sentiment rewarded him. Imogen resented the fact that all her repulses had taught her husband, at best, only occasional exterior repression; not abiding reserve of spirit.

"Imogen," he whispered, with his lips on her hair, "you will follow me as soon as I wire that the car is scheduled? You will not fail me this time, sweetheart?"

She stirred restlessly. Her face, as the moonlight illumined it, was hard and impatient.

"I suppose I shall be compelled to chaperon Gladys, this first season," she admitted, reluctantly; "but unless she marries speedily, you must transfer her to Mam'selle. *I* cannot be fretted permanently by the charge of a convent-girl!"

"Nor by the heart of a husband, Imogen?"

"You have no time for sentimentality, James. Even now you should be on your way to the station!"

"Then, in this last moment together, tell me what is wrong between us, little woman? Why do you repulse and evade me so persistently? Time should bring wife and husband more closely together! We must get at the root of the evil that is parting and chilling us, instead. Have I offended you unconsciously? Have I been remiss, unintentionally? I know I am only a rough old blunderer; but my heart—and my love—are all right!"

She put up her lips, and kissed him perfunctorily. "Now go, you great baby," she laughed, pushing him from her with tapering finger-tips. "That is my answer to everything—everything! A love-making husband really must not be encouraged! Good-by, *mon ami*:—and '*bon voyage.*'"

"I shall count the days and nights, Imogen! Don't keep me waiting,—don't!"

"My word is given you. I shall go to the Ranch."

"Till we meet, then, dear heart!—God bless you!"

She stood where he had left her, until she heard his friendly last words to the servants, the clang of the house-door, the whirl of the cart down the carriage-road. Then she turned on the lights, and gazed steadfastly into the mirror. A slow smile curled her lips as she exulted in the radiant youth and beauty facing her; but her eyes were disdainful, her pose defiant. She was battling against her fate.

"O you fool!" she soliloquized,—"you young, beautiful, self-ruined fool, to have rushed into a mesalliance with a gilded boor, when if you had waited,—if only you had waited—"

Over her locked teeth her lips were compressed to a fine red line. Her sudden silence was eloquent of repressed regret for propitious possibilities recognized all too late.

"What was superfluous wealth to you," she demanded, fiercely,—"you, Martin Carruth's heiress, that you should have sold yourself for it at the expense of position—of possible love—?"

She threw back her proud dark head, laughing bitterly, derisively.

"Mrs. 'Jim' Raymond," she mocked: "Mrs. 'Jim' Raymond, when to-night you might be my Lady Buckingham, or the Countess de Castlevieux,—or, if love surpassed pride, at least the wife of

some dashing young American Cæsar, born to conquer the world—"

She wheeled about sharply, startled by the sudden apparition of a face smiling over her shoulder. Waiving formality in his haste, Joyce had entered unannounced; but absorbed in her thoughts, Mrs. Raymond had not been aware of his presence.

"You?" she cried. "You?"

She sank into a chair, leaning back languorously, and smiling up at him in intimate silence. The tinted lights gleamed in her uplifted eyes, and shimmered luminously over her firm white throat. Her hands, lightly interlaced on her knee, were as dainty and fragrant as a blush-rose's petals. Their jewels, shimmering like sunlit dews, attracted Joyce's eyes, which lingered on them.

"I have only a moment," he panted; "but I could not go without one farewell-word to you! Mrs. Raymond, my thanks are too deep to be spoken, and I am going so far—so far away! May I—might I—just kiss your hand?"

She smiled indulgently, but her hands did not relax their clasp. On the contrary, they tightened till her rings bruised her tender flesh. But Joyce was blind to the significant gesture.

"What an incorrigible innocent you are," she evaded,—"to fancy a run across the continent a journey of magnitude! Why, I sleep all the way from East to West, like a child in a rocking-cradle. Wait until you start upon a triumphal 'Grand Tour,' as the American Crœsus you can be yet, if you will!"

Welcome as were her flattering words, Joyce looked about him restlessly. He missed a sweetness he had anticipated, and which he regretted to surrender. He was still too much of a boy at heart to conceal his disappointment.

"Miss Morris has retired for the night, I suppose," he said, regretfully. "And Miss—Miss Broderick—"

Mrs. Raymond suddenly sat erect. Her voice sounded hard and unresponsive.

"'And Miss Broderick:'—yes?" she queried.

"Oh, my farewells to her and Miss Morris,—that is all, Mrs. Raymond! My abrupt disappearance was scarcely quite courteous. But of course you know I was under orders! Please express my regrets for me! As for you—"

His eyes wandered from her to her luxurious surroundings.

An older and less vain woman would have recognized that not she, but the world she represented, was enthralling him. There was a dignity, a beauty, a glow and spell about magnificence that thrilled Joyce, as love thrills lovers. He responded to sensuousness,—which is a thing as distinct from sensuality as the blush of youth is distinct from the *rouge* on sale! Splendid environment was to him as sunshine to the flower:—refinement, even as freshening dews, to the artistic side of his temperament! He did not analyze the charm of the priceless tapestries, the gleaming marbles, the sombre busts, the rare old books, the exquisite frescoes, the soft old rugs, the reflecting antique mirrors. He knew only that these were his pulse of life, and that Mrs. Raymond was the living symbol of them! His kindled eyes reverted to her.

"'As for me?'" she smiled, fully propitiated.

Impulsively he sank on one knee beside her. His words, almost incoherent in his excitement and haste, yet rang true with the eloquence of sincere emotion.

"They thought I could go without one word of thanks to you,"—he murmured;—"you, to whom I owe all that I am, all that I can ever hope to be! Education is only the basis of knowledge. College was my intellectual corner-stone, yes:—but you have been the architect of my human life, my mentor in the world! Society, not seclusion, is the university of 'man's study, man!' Without the social initiation which is my debt to you, what should I have been at Centreville but a plodding student, a recluse, a boorish book-worm? Only for you and your husband what would I be to-night, but an humble struggler?—Oh, I have no time, now, to tell you all that you are and have been to me, but do believe that I thank you,—I thank you!"

"Rise, Sir Knight," she smiled; but omitting the gracious touch of hand which would have completed the courtly ceremony. Mrs. Raymond understood the lure of reserve, the abiding charm of aloofness. "You have not another moment to waste," she warned him, rising in turn, with a regretful glance at the clock;—"and you must run no risks—for me! But remember this, that I have befriended you only because of my faith in your power to command exceptional success. My husband can afford to be an idealist,—you cannot, so do not be misled by his admirable theories. Instead, devote every energy

to the race for wealth, first of all! As intelligent worldlings, you and I know that without it you are hopelessly handicapped: and while fame waits upon fortune with obsequious readiness, it is chary of anticipating it, and poor worth goes to the wall! Be material, severely practical, mercenarily selfish! Dreamers will tell you that the service of self is not a noble ideal; nevertheless, yours is a defensible case of 'charity beginning at home'! Only when you have served self well, will you be in a position to serve others! To trample, or be trampled upon, is the choice before you;—to conquer, or to be conquered ignominiously! There is no middle course. Now, this is my warning;—do not sacrifice even the smallest of the many financial chances the West will give you, through any quixotic loyalty to the *Pioneer*. Local journalism has no permanent claim upon you. Your place is among the men who sway the world,—you have a genius for leadership in you! Forge ahead like a hero, and force me to be proud of you. Then,—by way of reward,—"

She laughed luringly as the white hand he had vainly sought to kiss gestured him towards the door. His face flushed as he responded to the subtle challenge. He faced her with a sudden resolute manliness.

"I shall claim my reward," he asserted.

But it was the pride of self-love that inspired his resolution: not the allegiance to which Mrs. Raymond too complacently ascribed it.

"I have given him an incentive," she mused, as the door shut behind him. "He will live to love me—or to hate me—for to-night!"

"*To love or to hate*," ticked the great bronze clock. "*Which, which, which?*"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HOLLAND.

SUBMARINE NAVIGATION.

LONG before our times ancient nations had struggled with the question of submarine navigation, and it is said that Alexander the Great used a machine by means of which it was possible to walk under water. This was doubtless the diving-bell, which consisted of a bell turned upside down in the water, and in which there remained a sufficient quantity of air to admit of a short stay under water. The diving-bell has now been wonderfully perfected, and is used in construction work along the coasts of the sea and in the beds of rivers. Something entirely different, however, was sought for. A real ship capable of moving freely in the midst of the liquid element was dreamed of, but its construction was a conquest reserved for modern times.

The history of all the great inventions has its martyrology, and submarine navigation is no exception to the rule.

Thanks to the efforts and devotion of brainy inventors, the final success has almost been reached. The majority of great nations are in possession of submarine boats in course of im-

provement and nearing perfection, the most interesting of which are those recently tried in the United States and in France.

Mr. Holland is the creator of the submarine torpedo-boats adopted by the American government. At the bow of the Holland boat is a black hole, which is simply the mouth of a real cannon, and not the eye of a Cyclops, as appearances might lead one to imagine. When the boat rides on the surface of the water it is always ready to defend and to attack, and the gun carried can fire shells loaded with dynamite, which cause terrific havoc, a distance of nearly a mile. Once completely under water the little boat closes the mouth of its gun and relies upon its other weapons. There are two other openings, one at

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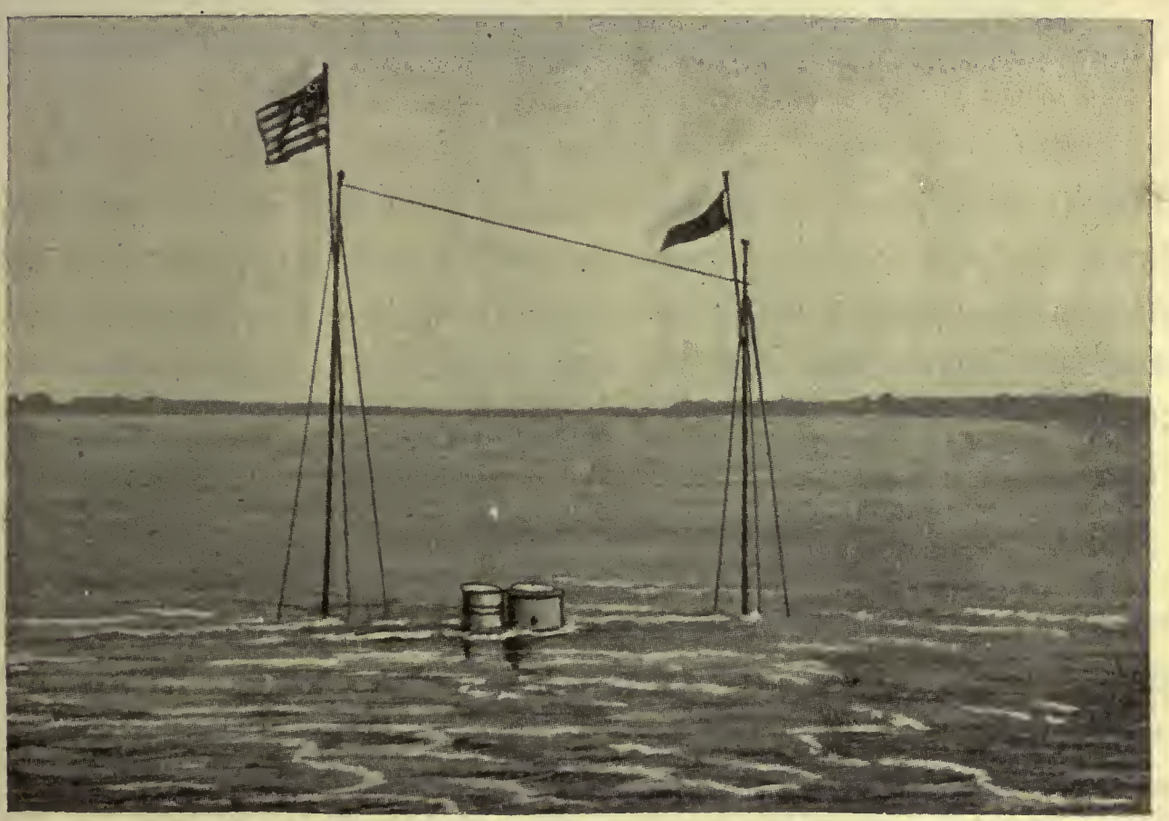
the bow and the other at the stern, through which formidable projectiles can be hurled, and particularly the automobile torpedoes, which are intended to explode under the sides of the ship against which they are mysteriously thrown by the invisible submarine boat.

The *Holland* can ride either on the surface or completely under water. Its back is flattened, and forms a small bridge, where the commanding officer stands when the boat is sailing on the surface; it has also two small masts which can be turned down, and in the centre of this bridge a sort of cylinder may be seen; it is the door through which we are enabled to go down into this curious boat. Raising the lid which closes the cylinder,

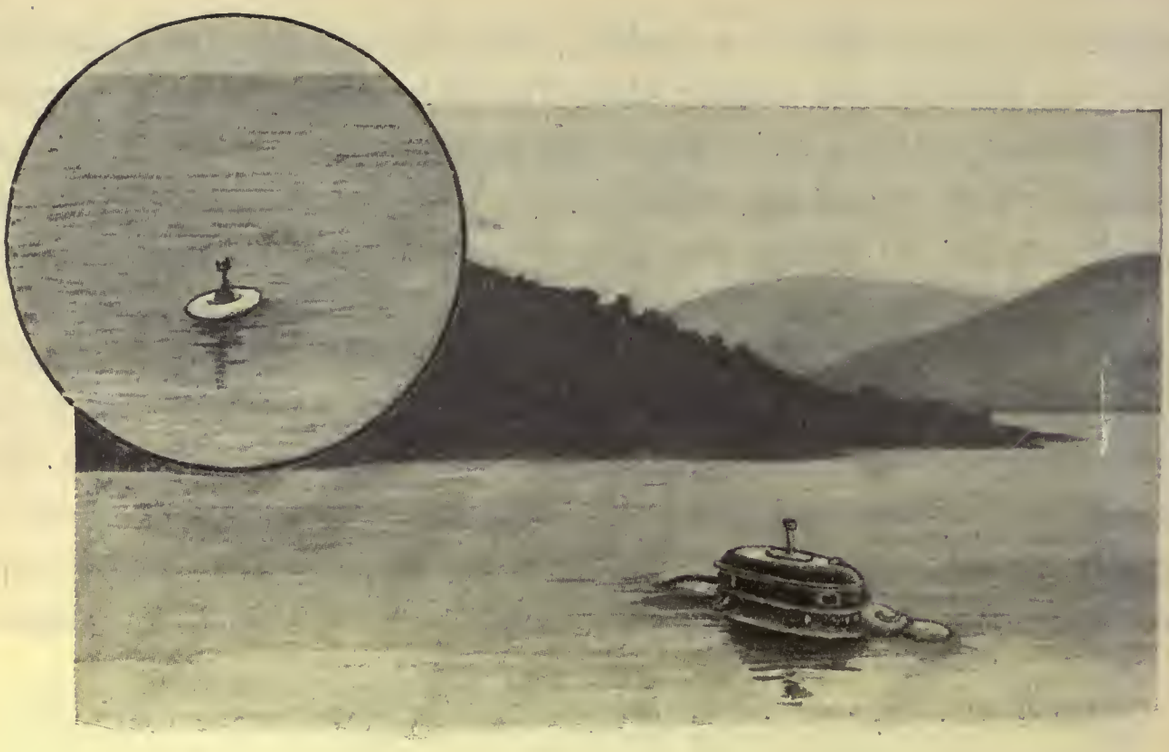
we reach, by means of a ladder, the interior of the submarine boat; in passing we notice that the side walls of the cylinder, or turret, are cut into small glass windows which enable the captain, when standing in the turret, to keep his eye on the outside, either to guide the boat or reconnoitre the position of the enemy.

When the lid of the turret is hermetically sealed, a sensation of being completely imprisoned in this steel hull is at once felt. Then the captain opens the cocks, which causes water to flow into special reservoirs, adding enough weight to the boat to cause it to sink to the required depth. The noise of the water entering into the boat creates a rather terrifying impression.



The view, through the small open windows at the sides of the boat, of the hull going down by degrees causes a feeling of uneasiness, and raises in the mind a doubt as to its ever being able to again ascend to the surface. At first the boat leans slowly to the side, and is soon totally immersed; it moves easily now, the petroleum motor which was doing the work while on the surface being replaced by an electric motor, which turns the spiral screw. But how are we going to breathe? For that purpose reservoirs have been provided, containing a considerable quantity of compressed air.

A sufficient depth has now been reached to prevent the boat being seen on the surface of the water, but allowing the per-



THE GOUBET.

sons in the boat to observe all that takes place outside, as above the turret rises a tube provided with a glass prism which reflects the images of exterior objects, like a photographic apparatus. His eye fixed on this glass, the captain guides the movements of the boat by means of the two governors and the screw. Under such conditions the boat is not moving blindly; even when diving into deep waters the boat can be guided towards its mark, for the captain has taken good care, before the immersion, to note exactly the straight line and the angle made by the boat with the immutable precision of the compass, and all he now has to do is to rely upon the signs of the valuable instrument at his service. When, in his judgment, the required distance has been covered, the captain returns with caution near the surface to ascertain the position of the object he seeks and to figure how much distance there remains still to travel. The sights enjoyed by the passengers of a submarine boat are really marvellous; in a diffused light, which recalls somewhat the appearance of the magnificent ice grottoes of the Alps, shoals of fishes swim by, unmindful of observers, before whose eyes a real submarine garden, offering all the wonders of an unknown land, is stretched out. Under the strange light filtering through the liquid space the twisted sea-weeds assume the most wonderful and graceful aspects.

All these sights divert one's attention and tend to drive away one's feelings of anxiety. The reservoirs which furnish the

air we breathe must be getting empty. The pumps are then pressed into service and discharge the water which has been brought in to permit the descent, and the boat returns to the surface. Should the pumps for any reason fail to work, a weight suspended under the hull would be loosened, and the boat, suddenly lightened, would rise by itself.

Americans have built submarine boats, not only for warfare, but also for the purpose of finding the wrecks of vessels which are buried in the depths of the sea. It is with such an end in view that the boat which bears the name of the *Argonaut* was constructed. One of the oddities of this wreck-searcher consists in the wheels with which it is equipped, and by means of which it moves at the bottom of the sea by revolving upon them; it also carries spikes, claws, and various tools which are operated from the interior of the boat.

France has not remained behind, but, on the contrary, has been among the foremost of great nations in the struggle for the possession of submarine boats. First of all comes the *Goubet*, named after its inventor. It is only eight metres long, with a diameter of less than two metres, and its hull is made entirely of brass. On examining the interior of this minuscule man-of-war, its elegance cannot fail to surprise the visitor; there are, for instance, benches of polished wood to be used as chests, and in which are stored the accumulators supplying the electric current which sets in motion the motor, and, consequently, the screw. The entire crew is made up of three men,

THE GOUBET.

including the captain, who stands on watch in the turret as soon as the lid is closed. The boat goes down, by the ordinary process of forcing water into the reservoirs. At the stern of the boat is the electric apparatus which controls the motion of the screw and the helm, which in the *Goubet* are in one.

The *Gustave-Zédé*, which also bears the name of its inventor, who is a naval officer, is no less than forty metres in length, with a diameter of a little over three metres. It recently made the trip from Marseilles to Toulon without the least accident; its speed under water averages twelve knots per hour, and enables it to come unseen near the enemy's ships, hurl against them its deadly torpedoes, and sail away fast enough to be under cover and safe from the explosion it has itself caused.

Such frightful means of destruction must fill all civilized nations with horror. At the recent Congress of The Hague a proposition was made to forbid, by international law, the use of submarine torpedo-boats. The day submarine boats ceased to be employed as implements of destruction would not be the last of their usefulness. This mode of navigation could render numerous and glorious services in the work of exploring the submarine regions, and thus the progress of science would accomplish not a work of death, but a work of peaceful conquest, a new development of the powers of intelligent mankind.

TO A FIRST VIOLET.

BY J. FRANCIS DUNNE.

LITTLE Beauty, shall I leave thee,
That others may thy sweetness share,
As thou shin'st in new-born glory,
And scentest all the morning air?

Nay, I 'll pluck thee, flow'ret,
And thy sweetness all consume,—
Spiritualize thy every virtue,
And send forth thy sweet perfume.

A NEW ENGLAND CONVERSION.

"ANOTHER story of a conversion! The same old tale probably!" I seem to hear these words as I begin to write.

Then why tell it?

It is the hope that my experience may be helpful to others which induces me to relate how I became a Catholic, for I am questioned on all sides as to what led me to take this step. There are hosts of earnest men and women longing to find the truth, and I would gladly do anything in my power to help even one soul to discover the path which leads to light.

I was born and bred in Boston, in the centre of Unitarianism of the Conservative type, sometimes spoken of as Channing Unitarianism. This was the natural outcome of Puritanism; a revolt against all that was unlovely in that too rigid creed and practice. It was good, sterling stock, that old Puritan New England race, and no finer exponents of Unitarianism could be found. Their creed, however, did not remain stationary, but gradually a new school, or sect within the sect, began to develop, and Liberal or Radical Unitarianism came more and more to the front.

Soon after I became old enough to think for myself and to question the beliefs that I had inherited, I recognized the inconsistency of the Conservative school of Unitarianism. I had been brought up to believe that Christ was unlike any other human being who had ever lived; perhaps even might have had pre-existence; that he was without sin, had performed miracles, that he rose from the dead; and yet—he was not God. I was told, however, that he was divine—and this point was made of great importance—understanding the word to mean partaking of the nature of God, in a way quite different from that of any other human being who had ever lived.

I remember distinctly the first blow which came to awaken me out of my security in this belief. The remark was made to me, "Christ was God, or Christ was man. He could not be divine, and yet not God; the terms contradict each other.

There is not, and could not be, a being neither God nor man." This statement came upon me like a sudden shock, but it seethed in my brain; I could not get away from it; and gradually my beliefs took shape, and I awoke to the consciousness that I was an out-and-out Radical Unitarian. I was confident that Jesus Christ was not God; therefore he was man; and with that conclusion all belief in miracles or anything supernatural in the Bible fell away.

As I look back it seems meagre diet on which to feed a human soul; yet I still had great reverence for the Bible as the most holy book ever written, and for the person of Christ, his perfect life, and his spiritual and moral teachings. In the present fulness of light, it is not easy to throw myself back into the old attitude, and I now wonder how I could have gleaned as much inspiration as I did from the reading of the Bible in those days. I remember having a suspicion now and then that there was not, logically, enough motive power or authority for the highest religious life in the creed that I professed, and that probably much of our religious sentiment was due to a sort of inherited instinct from pious ancestors; but, on the whole, I was happy in my belief. I had such absolute faith in God's goodness and love, and in a future life untroubled by a thought of the existence of a devil or of hell, that it gave me a most comforting assurance that in the end all souls would get to heaven. I felt sure that beyond the grave there must be some punishment for sin, but also a chance to repent and grow better, till the purified soul would be ready to enter into the full bliss of heaven.

I found among Unitarians a very high moral standard and a strong sense of personal responsibility, as each man must live so as to save his own soul, as there was no belief in the redeeming power of Christ's blood.

Besides the lofty standards of morality and the great reverence for Christ's life as the model which we were bidden to strive to follow (and I remember thinking that it could only be an example to man, if he were man; for if God, how could any human being hope to walk in his footsteps?), there was a certain intellectual satisfaction. I found great solace in the thought that our beliefs were consistent with the proved facts of science, and that no supernatural religion could make good such a claim. This confidence was perhaps the one argument which

kept me most firmly anchored to the Unitarian creed. I saw no reason to think that God had supernaturally revealed himself; and as to a belief in the Trinity, I could not imagine how any logical mind could hold such a view. I was, in fact, so firmly fixed in my opinion that it was a contradiction in terms and could not be true, that I came very near being an illiberal "Liberal."

At one time I was much influenced by the preaching of one of the most "advanced" Unitarians, a man with uncommon gifts of oratory, with real love of God, and for his fellow-man, whom he was honestly trying to help onward and upward. This minister was deeply imbued with the Herbert Spencer school of philosophic thought, and popularized mental philosophy from the pulpit. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and this popularizing or cheapening of philosophy for the multitude is one of the most insidious means of sapping religious belief. It puffs up with conceit the listener, who becomes satisfied that he has solved the riddle of the universe; and that it is rather an easy affair after all. Such methods breed the most arrogant self-complacency and they kept me happy for years, for from my lofty height I looked down upon other creeds as hide-bound with the remnants of outgrown superstitions.

And yet, all the time I clung to the beauty of the spiritual and moral truths in the Bible, and earnestly strove to live up to them. So convinced was I of being in the right, that I longed to call to others to come outside their barriers to breathe the fresh air.

Was I really at rest in my inmost heart? No; for I never considered these questions of religion as settled, and I read far and wide everything that seemed to promise me light—largely, however, the writings of the self-styled "advanced school" of thought. Now and then a suspicion did cross my mind that indifference to religion was the natural outcome of all this freedom. We of this generation had the advantage of the religious beliefs of those preceding us, but what would become of the next? The laxity about church-going did not trouble me. I considered that church services were "a means, not an end." Some persons were helped by them, others were not; let the former then go to church, and the latter stay away. There was another phrase which helped to smother any disquietude as to where we might be drifting; it was this: "In New England we have

devout free thinking." True it is that in this part of our country there are many honest souls freely questioning religious beliefs, and in a reverent spirit; though *devout* I can hardly now consider their attitude.

Thus, with my intellectual conceit flattered by this fancy that our religious views were alone consistent with the proved facts of science, and fascinated by sermons preached on that basis by a man of talent, for whose character I had great respect, and with my soul nourished by spiritual truths taken from Holy Scripture (but the supreme value of which I now know so well comes from their being based on supernatural authority), I was cheerful and content.

Without pre-meditation, I took a step which eventually led me into the Catholic Church. *I questioned a Catholic as to his belief.*

Before going further, it may pertinently be asked if this was actually the first time that the claims of the Catholic Church had attracted my attention? and I must say that it was not. Many years before the power of the church as the mightiest institution on earth had impressed me. I realized that I knew little about it, and that at least I ought to inform myself, so I asked questions of a few priests and other Catholics, and pondered a good deal over the matter at recurring intervals, but never went deep enough to get much light. I gained something, so that my newly acquired interest in the church was never wholly lost, but I was soon drawn back into my old beliefs after the most superficial acquaintance with Catholic doctrine; not enough to remove more than a surface prejudice against an institution of which I was surprisingly ignorant, and what seems to me now as culpably so.

My short incursions into Catholic territory had not been wholly fruitless. I had learned a little—pitifully little, it is true—but I had gained a greater respect for Catholics and for their Church; yet I still cherished with a jaunty confidence born of ignorance of the very foundations of their faith, and nourished by a smattering of mere odds and ends of theology, an obstinate belief that their creed was outgrown in the light of modern research.

Just at this time when I was feeling especially happy in my "liberal" views, I happened to meet a friend, who, to my surprise, had become a convert to Catholicism two years before. I

had had more than ordinary respect for his intellectual ability, so when the news came of his "going over to Rome," as the phrase is, my first feeling was one of keen disappointment in him, and I exclaimed, "How could he, of all men, have taken such a retrograde step?"

Many years had passed since our last meeting, when our paths came together once more. Almost my first words to him were: "So you have become a Catholic! Are you willing to tell me how this happened?" Looking searchingly at me, as if to read the motive of my question, he answered with great deliberation, "Yes—if you *really* wish to know."

In what condition of mind was I that day when without warning came into my life the first really marked human influence which put me on the path that in time led me into the Catholic Church? I was in the full enjoyment of a holiday time in Rome; I had not been harassed for two years or more by any special doubts about my own Unitarian stand-point, and was in fact in my most aggressively confident mood. Yet I was honest, and it was in no flippant spirit that I put this momentous question. There was an element of curiosity in it, the desire to find out if any reasonable explanation could be given for what seemed inexplicable. I am sure, though, that it did not flash across my mind for a moment that his statement of the case could unsettle my views in the least; for was not I out in the open, as it were, with beliefs well in harmony with modern scientific thought? Still, it would be at least interesting to find out what had induced him to take this "retrograde" step.

That first talk lasted a long time, and now I can scarcely go back and put my finger on all the points of Catholic doctrine so clearly stated that day that the old sense of security in my belief was disturbed. From that hour I can date the beginning of the revolution which resulted ultimately in my becoming a Catholic: for though my progress was slow, and it was twenty-three months before I could say "I believe," and ask to be received into the church, there was never any really backward step.

In trying to recall what one new point of view was so forcibly put before me that afternoon as to arouse me out of my old-time lethargy, I am sure that it was the explanation given to me of the grounds on which the Catholic Church bases her

belief in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar; that belief cherished by her as so unspeakably precious, as the very centre of her life. I was the farthest away possible from any understanding as to why the Catholic Church held this belief, and thus had a repugnance towards the doctrine, and that scorn which is often most tenaciously clung to when it springs from ignorance. I did, however, try to rid my mind of all prejudice as I listened; and to my amazement I saw at once the strong logic in the reasoning brought forward in support of the Catholic doctrine, which declares that our Saviour meant his words to be taken literally, while the Protestant looks upon them as used in a figurative sense.

In order to be perfectly fair in the matter, what ought one to do first, to get at the proper interpretation of Christ's words? Simply by going back in imagination to the time when they were spoken and joining the multitude, to discover there on the spot what He meant his words to convey, and how his hearers there present understood them.

In the narrative as given to us by St. John, in the sixth chapter of his Gospel, it is easy to see that our Lord had been talking first about faith. Then there is a sudden change in his discourse at the 48th verse when he announces to his disciples: "I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven: that a man may eat thereof and not die. I am the living bread, which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

Did our Lord mean to use the word "eat" to express faith—that is, *to believe in?* The Jews believed in his corporal existence. There he was, standing before them in the flesh. There was no need to emphasize that. In what other sense figuratively could he have meant his words to be understood? The ordinary figurative meaning among the Jews of "eating another's flesh" was calumny: the expression "drinking another's blood" meant a great crime or a great curse from God. Therefore, for the crowd listening, the choice lay between their ordinary figurative meaning and the literal one. Could any one pretend to say that they chose the former? and is it probable that our Lord would have chosen an image especially revolting to his hearers?

What light is thrown on the subject by the behavior of the Jews?

"They strove among themselves, saying: 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?'" They were antagonized by the idea, just as the Protestant is to-day.

What was our Lord's invariable custom when he found himself misunderstood? He explained at once the meaning of his words. There are many instances to prove this: as when he told Nicodemus that he must be "born again," and Nicodemus, taking his words in their literal sense, exclaimed, "How can a man be born again when he is old?" and our Lord replied, "Except a man be born of water and the Holy Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven"—showing that he intended to be understood figuratively. On the other hand, when he said of the dead Lazarus "our friend sleepeth," and his hearers, taking him literally, answered, "Lord, if he sleep, he will do well," and at once Jesus said "Lazarus is dead."

On this occasion, when the Jews were so disturbed at the expression "eating his flesh," did our Lord modify or explain away his words? No, far from it. He reiterated his statement with renewed force, prefacing it with the solemn words—a form of oath—"Verily, verily" (or in the Catholic version of the Bible, "Amen, amen"—the meaning being the same), "I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you: whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed: he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father has sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead. He that eateth of this bread shall live for ever."

Is it to be supposed that Christ meant to speak figuratively when he told his hearers of the fearful penalty attached for non-compliance with his commands?—"Unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, you *shall not have life in you.*" The command has equal force with that when, in teaching the necessity of the sacrament of baptism, he said, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

What was the effect of our Lord's words on the multitude? Did the people believe that he had taken back his words, or that he had spoken figuratively? What became of those who had so angrily muttered against this strange idea of eating his flesh? Did they accept it? Quite the reverse. They turned away in disgust, and "walked no more with him." Did Christ even then call them back, seeing the effect of his words? *No! he let them go;* then turning to his twelve Apostles, asked sadly, "Will ye also go away?" and Simon Peter, the spokesman, instantly replied, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

This explanation made a most powerful impression upon me; yet it was a long time before I was able to accept it, for my brain was so obscured by a tangle of misconceptions of Catholic truth that it was impossible to clear them all away at once. There is no doubt, however, that my conversion to the faith dates from first hearing this explanation of the belief in the Real Presence. I could find no argument whatever against it, and the logic of it held such sway over me that it urged me on to further investigation of Catholic doctrine. The memorable scene at the Last Supper was a solemn reiteration of the same truth, when our Lord, taking a morsel of bread in his hand, said, "This is my body."

During the six weeks that I remained in Rome I was eager in this new search for light, and determined to leave no means untried to get at the truth, while my friend was untiring in his efforts to help me. After those few weeks I never saw him again until I had been for nearly a year a Catholic, but he continued his asisstance by letters. These letters and those of a Passionist monk, an American by birth, descent, and education, were my greatest outside helps, not only for sympathy and counsel, but in guidance as to what to read.

What I gained during my short stay in Rome was of prime importance. I became engrossed in my study of Catholic doctrine, which unfolded itself before my astonished gaze, so that at times there was almost the excitement of original discovery. The openness to investigation everywhere, and the logical explanation ready in answer to all puzzling questions, were perhaps what most surprised me. One bugbear after another disappeared. Where were the dark, secret corners which I had always pic-

tured, into which no one was allowed to peep? I never could find them, though clinging for a long time to the belief that if I searched enough, the warning barrier would be reached; but I have always looked in vain.

All that the Catholic Church asks for is a fair inquiry. Pour light into every nook and furthest cranny, and the more the investigator can see, the better pleased is the true Catholic; for the homely old adage holds good here, "Seeing is believing." A search honest enough to clear away all blinding prejudice is what brings converts into the church.

There was a feeling of excitement during those weeks in Rome. How could it be otherwise? The scales were dropping from my eyes. I was beginning to see that I had been feeding myself largely all my life long on absolute misstatements of Catholic belief. The Catholic Church was not what I had thought it, but something so wholly different that my reverence increased in steady proportion to my knowledge.

People often assert that no one is brought into the Catholic Church by reading, and in one sense this is true, and in another very wide of the truth. It can be a very great help, and it was with me a very important part of the means of conversion. It is an excellent first step. As Cardinal Newman says, we must use our reason to examine the claims put forth by the Catholic Church; but just as human eyesight, no matter how perfect, is of no use without light to see by, so the human reason is helpless to grasp superhuman truth without the aid of supernatural light. Faith, then, is a special gift from God, but ready for all. "Ask and ye shall receive," and that promise rings true to all who ask in the right spirit. Prayer, constant prayer, intimate personal communion with God, is needed. If any human being truly opens his soul to God, and asks him to write his message upon it, there is no possibility of a doubt that he will do so.

I returned to my own country in the late summer, and was singularly alone, never for sixteen months speaking to any Catholic on this subject which had become of such vital moment to me. I was shaken out of my old-time security. This mighty Catholic Church was confronting me with her claim of being the very church that Christ had planted on earth, and given into the charge of St. Peter. Was it so? I would at least find out what the Holy Scriptures had to tell me on the subject. I would

read Christ's words afresh, as if I had never read them before, trying to forget all preconceived notions. I would do my best to get acquainted with St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul, as living personalities, and see what they had to say about it. In this study of the Bible, alone and unaided, but read in this spirit, as if it were a new book, light began to stream in upon me. I soon saw that my old way of reading the Bible had been with distinct ideas beforehand as to what I should find there. The puzzling texts and apparent contradictions I had always forced to fit in with *my* conception of what God must be, as *my* ideal of perfect goodness. Truly such a standard by which to test divine truth is much like making God in man's image.

Merely studying the Bible from this fresh point of view made it come home to me with the force of a new revelation. The claims that Christ advanced definitely for himself and that his disciples made for him, had little in common with the old Unitarian basis of belief. He claimed to be God. His words come crowding to my mind. It is hard to decide which among the many to choose. How vivid that wonderful scene when Christ had told his followers that they had "seen the Father," and Philip asks his Master "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." * Could such an extraordinary request have ever been made to a merely human creature? and the answer, instead of a rebuke to his effrontery, is a gentle reproach that he could have ever doubted; for with a tone of disappointment, our Lord answered, and those glorious words ring out as clearly now as they did nearly 1900 years ago: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, 'Show us the Father.'"

Just one scene more—that memorable one—when to the taunts of the Jews, Jesus replied: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, *I am*." † Those two words of three letters were not those in every-day use, but were the sacred words by which the believing Jew named Jehovah, whom he was not so much as permitted to mention otherwise. What is the meaning of our Lord's words? How can one help exclaiming, with doubting Thomas, "My Lord and my God"? "Blessed is he who has not seen, and yet believes."

After trying to become acquainted with those who had actu-

* St. John xiv. 7–9. † Ibid. viii. 58.

ally sat at our Lord's feet—and with St. Paul, so close to that time—my next interest was to learn about the early church, to find out if at the beginning the Christian Church and the Catholic Church were identical. What do we learn from Polycarp, who studied with St. John? and what does St. Irenæus, his pupil, tell us, who reports from his teacher's lips the words which he had "heard John and the others say"? Everything that I could glean of this early church proved to me that it was the Catholic Church from the beginning. This is not only a matter of history but is written in stone throughout the Catacombs.

When once I grasped this idea that our Lord had founded a Church, and that he had promised to be with it to the end of the world, the victory was largely won. Every inquiry that I made went to prove that in the Catholic Church alone was his divine promise fulfilled. I worked away for months together, over one point and another,—often questions of minor importance or matters of discipline. The confessional, for instance, was for a long time my chief stumbling-block; but when once I made up my mind that our Lord's Church was the Catholic Church from the beginning, even though it took some months before I could come meekly as a little child to our Lord's feet to be taught, I was then well on the right road.

What on earth can compare to the peace of soul when a human being can say, in all humility, with St. Augustine—

"Intellige ut credas verbum meum: sed crede ut intelligas verbum Dei"?—"Understand what I say, that you may believe it; believe what God says, that you may understand it."

The Infallibility of the Pope was never a difficulty to me, but seemed the natural outcome of our Lord's promise. How else could His Church be unfailingly guided by his divine Presence unless there was a mouth-piece whose words human ears could hear? As in all civil governments, an ultimate tribunal is needed to prevent hopeless confusion (as, for example, in the United States a Supreme Court to interpret the Constitution), so if a church has a divine Founder, it must be able to understand beyond the possibility of difference of opinion what that divine Head orders.

In what church alone is found unity? The answer can only be: in the Catholic Church.

Then what did my old plea of private judgment amount to?

Nothing at all! I soon realized that. Not only does individual interpretation of the Bible cause these hundreds of sects, but is a fallacy in itself. It would reduce believers to the comparatively few who are scholars and able to read Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Is truth, then, only for the learned? How about the vast majority of people? How could they save their souls? They must apply to somebody for an interpretation of the Bible. What Church on earth offers the best credentials?

The Protestant sects refer to the Bible as their sole rule of faith. What is the effect of the private, individual interpretation of the Bible? In England alone more than two hundred differing sects, each pointing triumphantly to the Bible, and saying, "on *that* they found their faith." What did St. Peter mean when he said of St. Paul's Epistles "in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are learned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction"?* Even more emphatic is his own declaration: "No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in the old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."†

If the "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," what is man to-day that he dares to challenge their inspired words? Was there ever greater presumption? If the Holy Ghost is in this church, he will be to the end of time as our Lord himself promised. What has man to do but listen to his voice, and obey?

Protestants talk of the Bible as the sole rule of faith. The Roman Catholic Church teaches great reverence for the holy Scriptures, and encourages the reading of the New Testament and much of the Old, and weaves into her myriads of devotions the most important portions of the sacred text, so that there is the most intimate living knowledge of the Bible among her children; yet there is no cry with her of "The Bible *alone*." What was the Christian Church living on before the Bible was written? Our Lord commanded his Apostles to go forth and teach, and to ordain others to do the same; and ever since his command has been obeyed, and the priesthood of our Lord's Church has been a teaching body. How was it possible for the Bible to be read generally before the mass of the people knew

* II. Peter iii. 16. † Ibid. i. 20, 21.

how to read, and before printing was invented? Also, who that studies the Bible attentively can for a moment believe that within those covers is enclosed *all* Christian truth? It is a partial record. This is not only stated plainly, but is constantly inferred. The Epistles are written to certain individuals or bodies of men, in part for special needs of the time, and on the assumption that the religion of the Founder of their Church, Christ our Lord, was taught.

And St. John declares, as we all know, that "there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written, every one, even the world itself, could not contain the books."

Working gradually up the centuries, after satisfying myself that the Catholic Church was our Lord's own church from the beginning, the time of the so-called Reformation was reached. Some abuses had no doubt crept into the church, but a renegade monk who had broken one vow after another and persuaded others to do the same, was not the one called for to bring about reforms. Reformation is not destruction. Luther's plan of reforming the church was to kill it.

In God's own appointed time the necessary means for reforming *from within* were provided, and loyally and effectually carried out. Who that knows anything of the history of the Council of Trent, in session for eighteen years, can fail to acknowledge this?

Step by step, irregular though they often were, I had worked my way along to Christmas-time, twenty months from that day in Rome when I was first awakened out of my old sense of security in my belief, and the point was reached when I could find no argument against the claims of the Catholic Church; and yet I had come to a standstill. It seemed to me that I was nearer believing; yet I had begun *to long to believe.* Suddenly the thought struck me, "Why do I never go to church?" So on this Christmas day I went to Mass. I had no prayer-book, and could not follow the service intelligently, and I came away discouraged. The next day I told a Catholic friend of my difficulties, and from that time the way was made easy for me. She gave me a manual of prayers, and I never missed my Sunday Mass with her. My heart was crying out more and more for faith. Why could I not believe? My head was satisfied, but my heart seemed like a stone. A priest suggested my

making an act of faith, but I always prefaced the "O my God, I firmly believe," with—"I wish that I could truly say."

I asked another priest if it would help me to genuflect before the Blessed Sacrament when I could not yet say actually that I believed that our Lord was there; and he advised against it, and that was consonant with my own feeling of what was sincere.

Thus I went struggling along for three months more, pouring out my heart in prayer for faith; I was often sad and discouraged, wondering if I should never be able to believe. It was a time of keen suffering, but, I now realize, of most salutary discipline. For how many years had I not been completely satisfied with my own conception of divine truth? The blessed day was coming when I was to be thoroughly humbled, when I should kneel at our Lord's feet and ask him to show me the way. I thought that I was asking him then, but I was not as yet humble enough. God alone knew just how long I must kneel there pleading, imploring to see,—before he would give me the light.

Passion Week arrived, and I was asked to hear a Jesuit priest preach at a convent. I was so ignorant of Catholic ways that I did not even know that it was called a Retreat; but most gratefully I accepted this opportunity offered. What those days meant to me it is not possible to express fully. Most attentively I listened, hanging upon every word. I followed with deepest interest the services in the chapel. On the Thursday, with no especial warning, the full illumination came. My soul responded, and I knew that I believed. The next day made me only the more sure; and when on Saturday I went to early Mass, and every one in the chapel received our living Lord in the holy Sacrament of Communion, and I was left alone, the tears streamed from my eyes. I was desolate indeed. Never shall I forget the pain of it. How long must I remain outside? I wanted to be taken in at once. I knew that I was a Catholic at heart, and I did not wish to run the chance of dying outside the church.

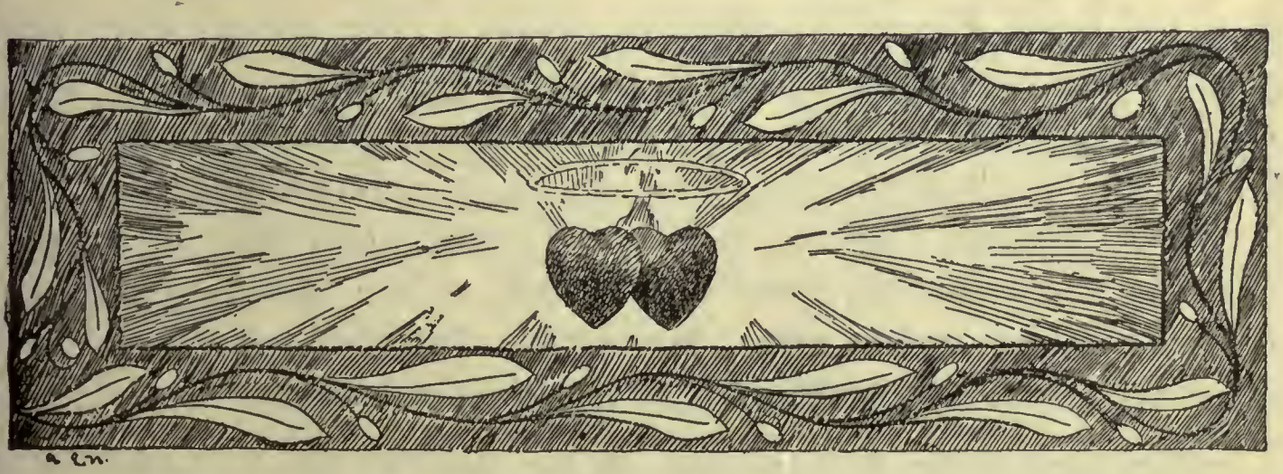
Palm Sunday came, and with what new significance!—and then Holy Week—my first Holy Week in truth. How eagerly I drank in new life, as if I had been thirsting and unsatisfied always. Seven weeks I was under instruction and carefully tested, and every day Catholic truth unfolded before me with greater force.

Although happy as never before during those weeks, yet none the less is that testing-time a painful time. In my own heart I had taken the step and I was a Catholic, and I am sure that there is a special protecting grace over one at such a time, for it is certainly a period of weakness in comparison to the strength which can only come through the sacraments of the church.

No one but a convert can ever grasp adequately what it means *to have been without the sacraments, and then to have them;* the contrast is far greater than that of a ship at the mercy of the winds and waves, anchorless and rudderless, and one with all sails set following unswervingly her desired course. The light of faith is there which shows the way; but one is not in port.

I was quite prepared not to be conscious *at the time* of the full significance of each of the great sacraments of the church, for I had been wisely warned not to expect *to feel* on these momentous occasions, though to some persons God in his infinite mercy grants at such times great consolation; but never can I forget the peace and calm which were mine on that day when for the first time I could truly say "I am a Catholic," or the superhuman joy, the consciousness that at last I was safe within God's own fold. Three years have gone by since I made my profession of faith, and it has been so ever since, and with a new strength and sense of absolute *sureness* which came to me on the day of my Confirmation.

This it is which enables me to say, not as in the old days, "I think this and that": *but now I know,* for I have found truth at last.



1. **Maxwell-Scott:** *Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit;* 2. **Howard:** *The Failure of Success;* 3. **Codman:** *Arnold's Expedition to Quebec;* 4. **Paine:** *The Ethnic Trinities, and their Relations to the Christian Trinity;* 5. **Dutto:** *The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas;* 6. **Sturgis:** *A Dictionary of Architecture and Building;* 7. **Goyau-Lapeyre:** *Autour du Catholicisme Social; L'Action du Clergé dans la Réforme Sociale;* 8. **Devine:** *A Manual of Ascetical Theology;* 9. **Horn:** *Ste. Elisabeth de Hongrie;* 10. **Britton:** *Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada;* 11. **Barry:** *In the Paths of Peace;* 12. **Lang:** *The Mystery of Mary Stuart.*

1.—*Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit,** is a most interesting biography of a zealous servant of God. It can hardly be called a life of Henry Kerr, made up as it is of his journals and letters; nevertheless it cannot fail to impress the reader with the self-sacrificing character of this sailor-priest. During the fifteen years he served in the English navy he rose from the position of cadet to that of commander. Beneath his uniform there beat a heart burning with zeal for souls. In 1867, after weighing the matter well, he applied to the Society of Jesus, and entered the novitiate at Roehampton in September of that same year. At once he became a general favorite with his brother novices. Ordained to the holy priesthood in 1875, he was first sent to Glasgow. Four years later he was appointed military chaplain to Cyprus; the following year vice-regal chaplain to Lord Ripon, Viceroy of India. Five years after he spent a short time in England, and finally, having refused the Archbishopric of Bombay, he was called in 1891 to that work for which he had so often and willingly offered himself—the Zambesi Mission. There he labored until his death in 1895. His was not a life of great deeds such as the world applauds. He was known to but few. He sought but the opportunity to serve God, and the north-star of his life's sea was:

* *Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit.* By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"Then keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee:
Perfection lies in this."

In the navy he was a faithful officer; in the novitiate an obedient student; on the mission, a zealous, devoted priest with much of that earnestness, firm resolve, and prompt action that characterized his ideal in the ministry, the soldier-priest, St. Ignatius.

It is interesting to note that throughout the whole life, in his writings and conversation, the sailor would show himself. He speaks of visiting a monastery and finding "no one on board"; and again in referring to his luggage, which had been delayed, he remarks "it is chasing us astern." But the most striking passage of this kind we find in a letter wherein he refers to the death of his father, mother, brother, and sister, Mother Henrietta Kerr, all of whom died while he was in India; and writes, "I feel I have four more anchors in heaven, and do not intend to let slip the cables."

We heartily commend to our readers this careful, loving work of Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. It is a valuable, instructive story, proving that it is not what a man says which carries the conviction of the higher, the spiritual life, but what he *does* and *lives*. The book contains two portraits of Father Kerr, and a map of the Zambesi Mission, the scene of his last labors.

No doubt it will interest many of our readers to know that while at Cyprus Father Kerr was associated with Father Tyrrell, then a layman and a recent convert to the faith. Several entertaining pages (155–161) quoted from the latter's reminiscences conclude with the following testimony to the favorable impression made by Father Kerr: "Though I never wrote to him or heard from him," says Father Tyrrell, "I always remembered him distinctly and affectionately, as I do now; and I owe more to the impression made upon me by the first Jesuit of my acquaintance, my self-constituted novice-master, and kindest of despots, than perhaps would be fair to others for me to state explicitly."

2.—Lady Howard's object in *The Failure of Success* * is very laudable. It is to show how unhappy and fearful a scourge the

* *The Failure of Success*. By Lady Mabel Howard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Nemesis of conscience may be. With a strong realistic hand she paints the effects of sin. The first step down the broad and easy way brings with it a train of disasters. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, but the children also commit many and grievous ones of their own. Many of the scenes are really distressing. The characters are for the most part devoid of sound moral principle, and the number of confessions are surprising. Rhoda, the heroine, a child of sin, is herself a sinner. But shame and remorse dwell with her, so that with the eloquence of experience she can save another from the hands of iniquity. Her awakening from sin is graphically told, and for the first time the light of peace and virtue come into the book. He that first sinned repents. Rhoda has failed of success, but succeeded in her very failure, and the wind of the sea wafts her home to the man who loved her long and well.

3.—The author of *Arnold's Expedition to Quebec* * died in 1897. His manuscript was revised and verified by Henry C. Chapman.

The volume deals expressly with the march and the campaign of Arnold's column, and is the most thorough and reliable work that we have on this particular subject. The column started from Cambridge in September, 1775. The leaders of the Revolution believed that it was necessary to secure Canada for the success of the war. It was to have been done by immediate action. Montgomery was sent up through the lakes and won Montreal. Arnold, with some 1,200 men, was to march through the Maine wilderness; thence down the Chaudière to the St. Lawrence and Quebec, where he would join Montgomery, and both were to take the famous citadel. Arnold and his men, with a courage that only the most zealous patriotism could produce, marched through the fastnesses of a wilderness, over the "Great Carry"; conquered torrents, overcame mountains, endured hunger and cold, emerged from the forest looking like wild and half-clothed savages; crossed the St. Lawrence, and with incomparable audacity demanded the surrender of Quebec. With Montgomery's force they assaulted the town; but the "Rock" stood firm. Montgomery was killed and Arnold's leg was shattered. Retaining command, he invested the town till General Wooster arrived.

Canada was lost, but the colonists proved to what a temper

* *Arnold's Expedition to Quebec.* By John Codman, 2d. New York: The Macmillan Company.

their souls were trained. Over one-sixth of Arnold's brigade was composed of Irishmen.

Perhaps no campaign of the whole Revolutionary War has been criticised so adversely. But the author has shown that, in spite of difficulties, if all plans had carried—and the plans were feasible—there was more than a reasonable chance for success. The work is admirably written. The charm of a pleasant style is thrown over the skeleton of historical data, and we have found it as interesting as a novel. In Arnold's character there were many unlovely lines; there were also admirable and exceptional ones. We have remembered his base sin, and forgotten his wondrous courage in the wilderness, his heroism before Quebec, his daring at Saratoga. The evil that he did has lived after him; the good has been interred with his bones.

4.—Professor Paine certainly deserves praise for the temerity of his titles and the boldness of his composition. Two years ago he recklessly composed *A Critical History of the Evolution of Trinitarianism*, of which this present volume * is in part a continuation. Yet again it is entirely different. It is an attempt to trace from earliest times the "rational" development of the doctrine of the Trinity. It is evolution in matters religious carried to its wildest excess. The mind of Professor Paine, judging from this writing, gave spontaneous birth to a thesis. He immediately transferred it to the objective sphere of reality, and made the "facts" fit it. His methods are truly unscientific, for if there is a principle admitted by all in the study of comparative religion to-day, it is that similarity is not identity of origin. Wherever Mr. Paine meets with three gods mentioned together, he scents the origin of the Christian Trinity. He confounds and misunderstands the office of mediator. He has not a true notion of Mary's position in the Christian economy. We would call his assertions blasphemous. But in every way Professor Paine needs a more thorough grasp of his subject; a less weighty sense of his obligation to work out a "thesis." We cannot say that his work will shed honor on the study of comparative religion. Its loose methods will rather beget odium for the "youngest of the sciences."

5.—The life of the famous Las Casas,† whom Prescott calls

* *The Ethnic Trinities, and their Relations to the Christian Trinity.* By Levi Leonard Paine. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas.* By Rev. L. A. Dutto. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

"the uncompromising friend of freedom," ought to be of enduring interest to Americans, and of particular profit just now when the Indian question is again before our legislators. Perhaps there is no Catholic in the annals of our history that has been so universally lauded as the heroic Dominican. Las Casas was born in Spain in 1474, and died in 1566. Beginning life as a lawyer, and emigrating to the new world, which had just been discovered, he heard the divine call to a higher office and became a priest. At once he championed the cause of the Indians, who were enslaved, beaten, murdered without mercy by the avaricious Spaniards. The story of that fever for riches and of the first years of Cuba's settlement is a revolting and a dismal one. But we are relieved and overjoyed when we read of the intrepid sons of Dominic championing liberty and the freedom of the native Indians. Las Casas took up their work. A secular priest, he fought the cause of the Indians almost single-handed for years. He was persecuted. He was slandered. He often saw that his efforts were of little avail. He gave up all his possessions to go to Spain to plead the cause of his suffering children. Ferdinand made him "the protector of the Indians," but the rulers of the new world were thousands of miles from Spain and could afford to laugh at her laws. He had enemies among the religious as well as among the laity. To increase his influence and make himself more perfect, he became a Dominican. Before Charles V. he argued his cause and gained that monarch's favor. True it is that to gain his point he advocated African slavery, but he did not introduce it, and much may be said in extenuation of his conduct. Finally he succeeded in having drawn up a set of laws to protect the Indians. He labored again in America as Bishop of Chiapa, but later resigned that see to use all his influence at the Spanish court. "Were we to begin with his sermon on Pentecost Sunday, in 1514, and read all the ten thousand pages which he wrote between that date and 1564, when he made his last will, not one page would be found not written directly in defence and in behalf of the Indians."

The great authority for this work is the *Historia de las Indias*, written by Las Casas himself.

Father Dutto has handled his documents well and carefully. He is honest in stating the facts. He proves that his conclusions are warranted. Though suffering here and there from

slight defects of style, the narrative is written with an attractive simplicity and directness that are most commendable in the historian. This important volume speaks again of an energetic revival of Catholic American history, so splendidly begun by the latest edition of the *Jesuit Relations.*

6.—Volume Third is the last volume of a monumental work on architecture and building.* The two preceding volumes have already been reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. The same careful research, the same scholarly thoroughness, the same high standard of illustrations are preserved here. It is a work indeed which will recommend itself not alone to the "professional" man of architecture and of building, but also to the general student who desires to know how to distinguish style from style, and to speak with knowledge on matters of common interest. The present volume of the dictionary runs from O–Z. It is perhaps more technical and more detailed than the previous volumes, and for that reason may be of a little less interest to the general reader than the other numbers, but not the less valuable. The article on the United States by Montgomery Schuyler ought to be of particular interest to American readers. Mr. Schuyler states that there is no longer a typical American town-house. We are glad to read that he sees some hope from an architectural stand-point for the tall building. They may become, he thinks, a truthful expression of one phase of American life, and form the beginnings of a national architecture.

7.—Two works† have recently appeared from the pens of French Catholic laymen which will bring consolation to the heart of every Catholic who reads them. These authors, men of eminent talent, have caught the fire of the apostolate. Their desire is to see the regeneration of France and of Europe, the triumph of religion, and a return to days of faith. No one who wishes to be informed—and who does not?—of the state of France, that mysterious land of lights and shadows, can afford to let these works go unread. And for us in America who are confronted with the problem of bringing the Church more deeply and efficaciously into the lives of the people, these inspiring volumes have many and important lessons.

* *A Dictionary of Architecture and Building.* Vol. III. By Russell Sturgis. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *Autour du Catholicisme Social.* Two vols. Par Georges Goyau. Paris: Perrin et Cie.
——*L'Action du Clergé dans la Réforme Sociale.* Par Paul Lapeyre. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

8—The latest work * on ascetical theology is large as to its bulk, and colossal as to its incompetence. In fact, it cannot except by a grave inaccuracy be styled an ascetical treatise at all. How a book professing to deal with the spiritual and mystical life can omit all reference to prayer and mortification —the very essence of the life of the soul—must be left to our present author to explain. In one word, this book is a huge mass of citations from various dogmatic treatises, and these citations have all the technicalities of the original, and all the ponderousness of bad translations. We regret to be unable to find anything praiseworthy in all these innumerable pages.

9—The biography of St. Elizabeth of Hungary † is divided into four chapters following the four epochs of her life, namely, her childhood, married life, widowhood, and her life at Marbourg. At the end of the book the author gives an account of her death and canonization. An English translation of this Life would be well received, for there is just enough attention given to the details of events, and to the general condition of political affairs of that period, to make it at once interesting and instructive. This royal saint, who refused to wear a crown of gold because her Saviour had worn one of thorns, should be better known among our people.

10.—Dr. Britton clearly states the purpose and intended scope of his recent Manual ‡ in the opening words of his preface: "The object of this Manual is to present descriptions of the wild fern-plants and seed-plants of north-eastern North America in the light of our present understanding of them and of their inter-relationships, accompanied by citations of their known natural distribution, their habitats and their periods of flowering. The area embraced in this study extends from Newfoundland and Labrador to Manitoba, the southern boundary of Virginia, Kentucky, and Kansas, and the western boundary of Kansas and Nebraska."

It would be a great mistake for any one to look upon this work as a mere condensation of the *Illustrated Flora;* for there are many species to be found in this Manual which are

* *A Manual of Ascetical Theology.* By Rev. A. Devine, Passionist. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Sainte Elisabeth de Hongrie.* Par E. Horn. Paris: Librairie Académique, Perrin et Cie.

‡ *Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada.* By Nathaniel Lord Britton, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

not in the older and much larger work. It has been brought within its present small compass by the omission of figures and judicious abbreviation of descriptions. The species are described nevertheless with sufficient clearness and accuracy.

The amateur botanist will be grateful to the author for preserving in this Manual the excellent keys of the *Illustrated Flora*, which gave it a marked advantage over any of our Eastern manuals, and greatly facilitated the beginner's study of such difficult orders as the *Gramineae*, and such genua as *Carex*, *Solidago*, *Aster*, etc.

The work represents many years of patient study, both of species and their distribution, and it is certainly destined to supplant the manual of Asa Gray, now in common use. For it surpasses this work in that it presents many more species, describes them with sufficient fulness, and opens the way to a knowledge of them by more intelligible and useful keys.

Notwithstanding these advantages this Manual does not merit unstinted praise. It has serious defects which the author could and should have avoided. The citation of literature (at least of the primary reference to the place of the species' publication) would have magnified the value of the work tenfold. Nor would this necessarily have increased its size to any great extent. Instead of printing generic names but once and abbreviating them afterwards—as is customary in botanical works—Dr. Britton has given in full each genus name every time it occurs. This unnecessary waste of space could have been utilized in the citation of literature.

Dr. Britton claims to have incorporated in his Manual the species that have appeared since the publication of the *Illustrated Flora*—in so far as they are understood by him. It seems that he has failed to understand quite a number of species which a man of his position in the botanical world should have understood. This defect is most noticeable in some genera of very common plants. A number of the most prominently characterized species of new violets should have found a place in this Manual instead of a mere acknowledgment in the appendix, with a reference to Pittonia. The genus *Bidens* has shared a similar fate, and eight species within the limits of the Flora have been ignored, except for the statement (p. 1001) that Professor E. L. Greene has proposed several others. He has also failed to understand many well-marked species of *Anten-*

naria, and two of *Rudbeckia*, although he spoke of the paper in which the latter were published as a valuable contribution to the subject. The untenable name Senecio compactus, Rybd., is given in place of Senecio densus, Greene. These and other defects which we have not space to point out lead to the conclusion that this writer's omissions are due to some arbitrary principle of selection—unknown to science—rather than a lack of understanding.

11.—It is most wholesome and profitable in these days of "light" literature to turn to a serious and thoughtful work. Not that Miss Barry's work* is heavy or cumbersome. It is far from that. But she has taken the personal and enduring subjects of life, expounded their value in a pleasing and effective way, and through them pointed to the paths of peace: Courtesy, Perseverance, Character, Kindness, Solitude, and many other allied subjects are treated in short chapters, capped by a fitting quotation.

The papers contain a fund of practical wisdom advantageous for all. The motives assigned for the cultivation of virtue and self-restraint are always good, but they are not always the best. In justice to Miss Barry we ought to say that these chapters were written for a secular journal, and of course her privileges were limited. But in this matter of good conduct the best motive alone is strong enough for man; that is, supernatural—God, His Son Jesus Christ, and revealed truth.

Miss Barry's volume is not to be read at one sitting. To enjoy it, it must be tasted of time and again, and gradually "digested." We have noted one error of reference: Tennyson did not write "Our tainted nature's solitary boast." Our words of encouragement go out to Miss Barry and we trust her pen will not be idle.

12.—New life, it seems, has of late been put into the never settled discussion on Mary, Queen of Scots. The latest contribution to its literature is Mr. Andrew Lang's volume.† It is written extremely well, as we might expect of Mr. Lang. Thoroughness, extreme care in sifting every evidence to date, impartiality characterize it. The work does not strengthen the case of Mary. Mr. Lang enters upon his task without bias, yet he seems to be convinced of Mary's guilt, or partial guilt at

* *In the Paths of Peace.* By Lily E. F. Barry. Montreal: The Canada Engraving and Lithographic Company.

† *The Mystery of Mary Stuart.* By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

least, in the murder of her husband, Darnley. These words sum up his judgment: "Mary, whether she wrote the Casket Letters or not, was, demonstrably, aware that there was a plot against Darnley; she winked at the conspiracy of which she was conscious and let events take their course."

Mr. Lang also is not "strongly inclined" to believe that the Casket Letters were forgeries. With regard to the marriage with Bothwell, though presenting some weighty evidence against, he writes this for Mary: "If Lethington was ignorant of the preparations for abducting her, so may she have been." We know Lethington was well informed in all the doings about Mary's court. Her after-course, however, is not so easily explained, and the evidence seems to prove without doubt that she was not altogether innocent. Mr. Lang has given us vivid portraits of the principal characters about Mary at that time. We must ever remember that she was a woman whose character when she left France for Scotland was, according to Throckmorton's writing to Elizabeth, beyond reproach. She came to a land almost controlled by her enemies, and a more unprincipled, designing, and selfish lot of enemies, as Mr. Lang shows us, it would be very difficult to find. Every student of history has formed an opinion on Mary's guilt or innocence. We do not think that Mr. Lang's work will make any converts, but it is a volume that cannot be neglected by the student or historian of the future. Doubtless it will be productive of more writing on the subject. But the light of heroism and of martyrdom that shone through the years of Mary's later life will always drive away much of the gloom and darkness that mark her days while she was Queen of the Scots.

I.—FATHER ELLIOTT'S LIFE OF CHRIST.*

The burden of the message which the Holy Father gave to the twentieth century was "Come back to Christ," and it was delivered under such striking circumstances and with such dramatic earnestness that it of a necessity commanded the attention of the whole world. It is Christ who has created Christianity, and it is Christianity that has made the modern world. But in an age of material triumphs and of the adoration of the Omnipotent Dollar there is not a little danger of the twentieth

* *The Life of Jesus Christ, embracing the Entire Gospel Narrative, Embodying the Teachings and the Miracles of our Saviour; together with the History of His Foundation of the Christian Church.* By Rev. Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers. Imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York. New York: The Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street.

century man forgetting Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and of substituting for the sweet spirit of religion the gospel of greed and individual exaltation. Leo the Prophet and Seer says there is no healing for the nations but in Christ. There is no solution for the social difficulties that vex us but in a more intimate contemplation of the Man-God, and a closer conformity to his life.

In accord with the message of the Holy Father, Father Elliott has prepared and issued his Life of Christ. It is a notable volume of nearly eight hundred pages. It presents the gospel text in full, registered into the running commentary by the author, and there is a wealth of illustration which serves to elucidate the customs and habits that were in vogue when Christ walked among men.

There are many Lives of Christ. Why another? In the first place, we cannot have too many. If any one of them serves to make the incidents of the Redeemer's life better known and his sayings better appreciated, it has a most important reason for its existence. Elliott's "Life" is unique. It is remarkable for its deep devotional tone. It is notable for knowledge which the author possesses of the spirit of Christ. The wonder is how Father Elliott, who has condensed into a missionary career many years of more than ordinary activity, could find the time to prepare so large and extensive a treatise on the character and spirit of Christ as is given to us in these pages. There are no better evidences of the indefatigable industry of the author, as well as of his tender piety and of his profound religious spirit. The work will undoubtedly create for itself a host of ardent admirers, and it is destined to find a permanent place in the literature of the Redeemer.

2.—AN IMPORTANT SERIES IN PHILOSOPHY.*

With all our hearts we bespeak a wide diffusion in the United States for the series *Les Grands Philosophes*, now publishing by the house of Alcon in Paris, under the editorship of M. l'Abbé Piat. The volumes that have appeared thus far are on Socrates, Malebranche, Kant, Avicenna, and St. Augustine. The purpose evidently before the mind of both the editor and the authors of the series is to give an honest, objective study of the great thinkers of the world, and not to treat them with one eye on a preconceived thesis, which at all hazard, and

* *Saint Augustin.* Par l'Abbé Jules Martin. Paris: Félix Alcon.

at whatever damage to correct philosophical thinking, must be maintained. There is plenty of reason for fearing that in philosophy, where, if anywhere, intellectual honesty ought to prevail, we may be as narrow and as partisan as if the issue were a national sentiment or a political prejudice. At any rate we recently read a review of M. Martin's *Saint Augustin*, in a rather celebrated European periodical, in which the astounding statement was expressed that the genuine sense of the great doctor of Hippo could only be ascertained by the twin lights of Christian tradition and *scholastic philosophy*. The monstrousness of reading Aristotelianism into St. Augustine shows how far the true spirit of impartial philosophy may be degraded.

Now, it is in the avoiding of this distressing devotion to a school or a system that M. Piat's series achieves one of its best distinctions. In the volume we are now reviewing M. Martin discusses with absolute impartiality the philosophy of St. Augustine. He presents us with the great doctor's views on the problem of knowledge, God and God's dealings with men, physical nature, and human society. Possibly the reading of the work will set aside the estimate held by many as to Augustinian thought, and may even startle some by the disclosure of how widely the church's greatest doctor is separated in many important questions from that thirteenth century system now prevalent in our schools. No one can ever have read a dialogue of Plato and a treatise of St. Augustine without having perceived the immense influence of the pagan sage upon the Christian bishop. The latter's theory of abstract ideas, of memory and reminiscence, are peculiarly Platonic. But what has been a rock of scandal to the philosophers who blindly worship a system, has been that part of M. Martin's work wherein he shows how St. Augustine approximates to Kant, very particularly in his theory of time and space. Having looked at philosophical problems so long from one direction that their eyes have become aslant, these men naturally wonder why any one else should care or should dare to examine the question from any other direction. With such men we have been so long oppressed that we give independent thinkers like M. Martin a welcome from our hearts. We sincerely hope that this volume will be read and studied by every Catholic student of philosophy in America.

The Month (March): B. C. A. Windle advocates the establishment of high-class Catholic grammar-schools where they do not exist, and says that they can truly *educate* boys with a view to some form of industrial or commercial life. James Britten writes of the "Grand United Protestant Demonstration" held on the 4th of February. W. F. P. Stockley, in an article on the "Fear of Rome," says that men are afraid of the church because they think her other than she is, and that it is well to teach them not only the essentials of truth but also the appealing power of the accidentals thereof.

The Tablet (1 Feb.): Fr. George Angus recalls reminiscences of the late Frederick George Lee in the days when they were both Anglicans. Publishes a *verbatim* report of the magistrate's decision refusing the summonses against Fr. Gerard, Fr. Sydney Smith, and Fr. Thurston for the offence of being Jesuits. Spencer Jones quotes from letters of Cardinal Newman which show that the latter had not the Jesuits as a society in mind when he spoke of an "insolent and aggressive faction." Patrick Lynch gives numerous reasons for dissenting from *The Tablet's* unfavorable review of *Luke Delmege*. Records the death of the Rev. Frederick George Lee, whose reception into the church was announced recently.

(15 Feb.): Publishes the pastoral of the Bishop of Newport urging Catholics to mutual forbearance and help, co-operation in the church's work and association for public purposes. Fr. Michael Rua, of Turin, corrects the statement of the *Pastoralia*, that belief in the Temporal Power is a condition for receiving the Sacraments in Turin.

(22 Feb.): Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia, in a letter calls attention to F. Hugh O'Donnell's statement that "the President (of the United States) and his cabinet must be as strictly anti-Catholic as if they all had taken the coronation oath." William Murname asks what obligation if any does the question of the Temporal Power

impose on the Catholic conscience. Publishes letters from G. Ambrose Lee and Father Best denying that the reception of Frederick George Lee took place against his wish and without his consent.

The Critical Review (Jan.): Contains a review of Gunkel's *Genesis Übersetzt und Erklärt* from the pen of Andrew Harper, D.D., who comments very favorably on the work, which he believes will upset many current conceptions in regard to the history of religion. The reviewer considers that part of the work which deals with the Book of Genesis as a collection of popular legends to be the most important from every point of view.

Science Catholique (Feb.): P. Fontaine draws further attention to Protestant infiltrations. P. Michel warns theologians against studying history in such a way as to find that the Fathers of the Church held certain positions inconsistent with the dogmas now explicitly taught. P. Biguet cites from and commends "the important brochure which the valiant Bishop of Nancy has just published under the title 'The Perils of Faith and Discipline in France at the Present Hour,'" and which treats of Americanism, New Methods in Scripture, Theology and Apologetics, Ecclesiastical Congresses, and Proposed Reorganization of Clerical Studies.

Études (20 Jan.): P. de Rochemonteix describes the expulsion of the Jesuits from France in 1880, and the way in which all the congregations refused to apply for authorization. P. Capelle sketches the history of the development of the new custom of "automobilism."

(20 Feb.): P. Brucker, referring to the fact that Mgr. Turinaz's recent brochure denounces some prominent and influential French Catholics, among whom was M. Fonsegrive, asks: "Would it not have been possible to reconcile the fair criticism of false doctrine and of indiscipline with a greater regard for some persons who have rendered real service to the church in France."

La Quinzaine (15 Feb.): Victor Giraud discusses the authenticity of the legend in the life of Pascal, which is said to have resulted in his change of life and final retirement to Port Royal. Henri Joly contributes an article on the "Actual State of the Middle Classes." The sixth of George

Fonsegrive's articles on "How to Read the Newspapers" deals with the "Search after Truth."

(1 Mars): Publishes a letter written by Archbishop Mignot commending the calm and respectful answer made by M. Fonsegrive to the accusations of Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy. (M. Fonsegrive's reply is printed in the form of a leaflet by F. Levé, 17 rue Cassette, Paris.)

Le Correspondant (10 Feb.): Augustin Leger, reviewing Mr. Booker Washington's Autobiography, wonders that his lunching at the White House should cause disturbance, and predicts success for the negro movement. P. Klein finds consolation in the fact that Catholics read the Bible more to-day than ever.

Bulletin de Littérature Ecclesiastique (Jan.): P. Batiffol indicates how the penitential discipline of the early church gradually became more indulgent.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Feb.): P. Denis publishes a Preface to his Lessons of the Present Hour, and declares it his purpose to prove, at the risk of displeasing many people, that there must be a reform in the science, education, and policy of priests. A. Germain writes sympathetically of J. K. Huysmans, praises his "Sainte Lydwine," and says it would be wise to let him work in peace.

Revue Chrétienne (1 Feb.): Announces a forthcoming book by M. Sabatier on "Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit."

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Feb.): P. Batiffol finds that the recent controversies on the history of Confession have not revealed any new principle, but show that the church has changed the manner of receiving this sacrament. Dom Mackey's "Saint Francis de Sales' Ideal of a Seminary," published in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, is reprinted in a French translation. Further explanation is given of the new method of apologetic.

Revue Bénédictine (Jan.): D. Chapman considers the episcopal list of Hegesippus. D. Morin studies the liturgical monuments of Aquileia before the Carlovingian era. Investigating the history of the Benedictine General Chapters, D. Berliere describes those of the Province of Mayence.

Revue de Lille (Dec.): P. Lecigne analyzes the sources of the influence and the inspiring power of Mme. de Swetchine. F. d'Hayre says appearances indicate that P. Didon's writings will not live. M. Du Velay praises the Duc de Broglie's work as pioneer in a revival of study of religious history.

Revue Générale (Jan.): Dr. Moeller advocates the establishment of a sanatarium for consumptive soldiers. G. Doutrepont describes the development of literary criticism in France during the nineteenth century.

Revue des Deux Mondes (1 Jan.): M. Leroy-Beaulieu says nothing in the history of the United States is more noteworthy than the new political orientation occasioned by the Spanish War: a determined and efficacious foreign policy is about to be created.

L'Univers (10 Jan.): Pierre Veuillot beseeches the French Catholics to unite at the next election, and by accepting the Republic establish a new condition of things.

(31 Dec.): The same writer declares that the much-talked-of danger of a French schism is a humbug; and, moreover, the existing evils have all come from a disregard of Rome's wishes by certain journals and their supporters.

La Vérité Française (7 Jan.): Criticises the action of Mgr. de Torentaise, who has announced that he will accept no more candidates for Holy Orders until they have passed the academical examinations instituted by the state.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 Feb.): In a review of Mgr. Févre's *Histoire du Catholicisme Liberal*, liberalism is characterized as a "heresy," the like of which has seldom obtained such credit under a crafty and even zealous appearance, and has rarely been so formidably seductive. Three of its leaders were P. Hyacinthe-Loyson, Alphonse Gratry, "the admirer of the stars" and "cherub of the Peace Congress," and Félix Dupanloup, "the great preacher of peace, who passed his life hurling projectiles."

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (Jan.): M. C. de Kirwan considers the question of a plurality of inhabited worlds, endeavoring to show that neither experimental science nor pure reason can give any certain conclusion, and that in any event Christian dogma will not be affected. Dr. Moeller criticises the views which Dr. Surbled expressed

(April) as to the sanataria for consumptives. Édouard Van der Smissen considers the *rôle* of the check in modern financial transactions. M. le Mis. de Nadaillac recounts how in the past century almost two hundred ships, vast sums of money, and numerous lives have been lost in the Arctic seas, although we still know nothing of the North Pole. Édouard Capelle writes of the history and kinds of electric furnaces. M. le Vte. R. d'Adhémar compares the mechanical conceptions of Hertz with those commonly in vogue. P. Thirion, S.J., gives an account of the life and works of Henry A. Rowland, a prominent American physicist who died last April.

Studi Religiosi (Jan.–Feb.): P. Semeria writes against the theory that the Apostles' Creed was composed by the Twelve Apostles. C. Nallino writes on the present tendencies of Islamism, and advocates an attempt at sympathetic appreciation on our part. S. Minocchi describes at length the work done at the Congress of Religions held in Paris during the recent exposition.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Feb.): Elina Vecchi begins an Italian translation of a novel by Mary Taggart. A. Ciaccheri considers D'Annunzio's "Francesca," says that the author never meant to interpret Dante, and that he deserves considerable praise. The anniversary of Verdi's death having arrived, an appreciation of him is published by G. Zaccaginni. E. S. Kingswan comments on the fact that Père Gratry is now being restored to public recognition after twenty-five years of semi-oblivion caused by the intransigeant French press. The same writer, noting a slight alteration in the new French edition of Mgr. Ireland's "Church and the Age," says this alteration was made by P. Klein as a repudiation of the Archbishop's pronouncements on the Temporal Power.

Civiltà Cattolica (4 Jan.): An allocution of His Holiness upon divorce, and a commentary by Father Brandi. A sketch of Tycho Brahe, who, though practically indifferent in religious matters, was in many of his works, theoretically at least, pious and religious.

(18 Jan.): A benediction from His Holiness for the work of assisting the poor nuns of Italy. A description of China from a letter written by Matteo Ricci, missionary about

the year 1585. Commenting upon the history of the early Christian persecutions by P. Semeria—a work remarkable for frankness and honest scholarship—the *Civiltà* makes some criticisms which, though guarded, indicate considerable disagreement with certain positions of the author.

Rivista Internazionale (Jan.): L. di Chiusano considers the recent growth of the science of the philosophy of history. G. Toniolo presents a *résumé* of the contributions made by the various social schools towards solving the labor question. Professor Lorini gives some of the most recent statistics relating to the Empire of Japan.

Razón y Fe (Dec.): P. Ocaña considers a government measure which the liberal press regards as a step toward the expulsion of Religious Orders from Spain. P. Aicardo gives reasons for cultivating the study of the classics. P. Murillo shows the invalidity of pretended scientific conclusions against the Catholic dogmas connected with the beginnings of Christianity. P. Rodeles sketches the history of the Latin-American college at Rome founded by Pope Pius IX.

(Jan.): P. Alarcón draws a picture of the world during the first year of the new century, and it is not a cheering picture. Reviewing Harnack's *Wesen des Christenthums*, P. Murillo gives the author credit for nobility of soul, but finds at the same time a great deal of prejudice. P. Noguer writes on the recent refinding of a Spanish book twelve centuries old. P. Ferreres shows that in Spain and in Latin America betrothals have no canonical force unless made in writing.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Jan.): P. Nostitz-Rieneck considers the mutual influence of civilization and Catholicism. P. Dahlmann studies the ancient Chinese civilization as revealed by recent research. P. Wasmann writes upon cellular life. P. Baumgartner sketches the career of Châteaubriand.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Commission to the Vatican from the United States government to discuss, and if possible to settle amicably, the affairs of the Friars and their landed estates in the Philippines, is another evidence of the saner methods that are now being adopted towards the Church. As we look at the attitude of European governments towards the church we find that the religious orders receive scant courtesy at their hands. They are not considered to have any rights which governments are bound to respect. Their houses are closed at the nod of some bureaucrat, and their aged inmates are obliged to submit either to penury or expatriation. Their revenues are sequestrated, and if perchance any of the religious are permitted to dwell within the sacred precincts of their profession, it is only by mere sufferance, and through the charity of the poor they receive sustenance enough to keep them alive. And all this goes on in so-called Catholic countries—in Italy and in Spain and in France. The American government has the manliness to deal fairly with its people. If it must take property, it arranges the most equitable terms. If it must condemn lands for public use by right of eminent domain, it richly compensates the previous owners.

Some of the European magazines are counting the losses to the faith among the emigrants to the United States and their children, and are blaming the inactivities of the hierarchy here for these losses. A close study of their contentions will convince one that all their statements are grossly exaggerated. There have been some losses here to be sure, but these were in former times when priests were few and the crowds of people drifted far from their influence. The church is now pretty well equipped to do its full duty, and it does it efficiently. There is a higher average of attendance at Mass on Sunday in the United States than in most countries. There is undoubtedly a higher percentage of the Catholic people approaching the sacraments frequently in the churches of the United States than in the countries of the old world. While the prevailing atmosphere is largely worldly, and a spirit of commercialism is rampant among us, still there goes with it a profound sense of religion and a very deep interest in things of the next world. Moreover what religion there is here is not etiolated by the overshadowing proximity of infidel governments. It is vigorous in its nature and is able to maintain its rights.

FATHER THEIN AND DR. FOX.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE:

Under the heading, "Is This Honest?" in the December number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, a writer who wields a ready and caustic pen, the Reverend James J. Fox, D.D., charges the Reverend John Thein, the author of *The Bible and Rationalism*, with wholesale plagiarism from the Abbé Vigouroux's Biblical works, and suggests to him a study of an exposition of the principles which regulate the ethics of copyright. The *Review* of St. Louis for January 23, relying upon the evidence furnished by Dr. Fox, is inclined to think that the "latter deserves the thanks of the Catholic public for having exposed a clerical impostor."

This is hard, very hard upon Father Thein. Indirectly it is pretty hard upon all the reviewers who noticed the book and seemed not to notice the plagiarism. Are all our reviewers unacquainted with the works of Vigouroux, perhaps the most prominent Catholic Biblical scholar of his day? Are they all so mentally inert as to fail to recognize an old friend in a new dress, or if you will, an old friend in disguise? Did the Right Rev. Ignatius J. Horstmann, who knows Father Thein's method of work, give his *imprimatur* indifferent as to whether he appeared or not as a *particeps criminis* in this wholesale looting?

It all seems somewhat strange, but yet capable of an easy solution. We who have some acquaintance with the reverend author, his books and the works of the Abbé Vigouroux, simply deny that the accused priest is guilty of the charge either formally or, strictly speaking, even materially.

Dr. Fox says he knows nothing about the author except what he gleaned from his works. If he knew him he would not accuse him of plagiarism, for, as all his brother priests in this diocese know very well, Father Thein never posed as an original contributor to the sum of knowledge, but simply as a translator and adapter. Some years ago he requested the present writer to overhaul one of his manuscripts, and when we told him that the original would be easier to translate than his version, he immediately offered to send a copy of Vigouroux. No concealment whatever. There can be no question of deliberate guilt.

When the four volumes came for review in *Mosher's Magazine* the absence of a preface was quickly noticed, and thinking that those who did not know Father Thein personally might object to his not acknowledging his dependence upon others, we resolved to warn him in good time. Looking, however, more carefully at the title-pages we found upon all of them this statement: "The present work, under a different title, forms part of a new edition of *Answer to Difficulties of the Bible*, completely revised and greatly enlarged." This seemed amply sufficient to save him from any serious imputation of material or technical plagiarism. Dr. Fox read this, and even examined the preface to the earlier work, and if he had not forgotten, by an oversight, to reproduce the entire paragraph in which Father Thein mentions his sources, we think that the weakness of Dr. Fox's charge against Father Thein would have been immediately perceived. Let the reader judge for himself.

"We do not claim any originality for the present work: its articles are

culled from various authors. The works especially used in the composition of this book are: *Dictionnaire Apologétique*, by J. B. Jaugey; *Les Livres Saints et La Critique Rationaliste*, 5 vols., by Rev. Vigouroux; *La Bible et Les Découvertes Modernes*, 5 vols. *idem;* and Mgr. Meignand's *Le Monde et l'Homme Primitif.*"

Here there is no claim for originality. All the credit is given unreservedly to others. True, the paragraph refers to *Answer to Difficulties of the Bible*, and an uncharitable, hasty, or captious critic might object to its extension to cover another work; but the average reader would regard it as good evidence of good faith. Its value as evidence increases if we reflect that Father Thein could scarcely be simple enough to imagine, even if he were weak enough to wish, that his indebtedness would not be detected. Even if he were so simple and weak, he could scarcely be foolish enough to draw attention on every title-page to the very stores from which he drew his material, and so reveal to some literary Sherlock Holmes the evidence of his guilt. As a matter of fact, the omission of his preface was unintentional. At the last moment he concluded that the work was too large for a single volume, as at first intended. When divided into four, the first one was too small, so an introduction was prefixed. In the subsequent excitement of these important changes and the flurry caused by impatient calls for return of proofs, the preface was neglected, by an oversight, and the mistake unnoticed until too late. The author we think did not worry much over this, because, as he never courted canonization as an original writer, he never dreamed of a devil's advocate.

As to the other points made by Dr. Fox there is but little to be said in opposition. The arrangement is not all that could be desired, nor even, in places, that which might naturally flow from a methodic treatment of the subject; but then it is odd to hear at times what good reasons authors can assign for apparently indefensible doings.

The language is faulty, but the first volume can pass muster. Nearly all the capital sins against the King's English flourish in the fourth volume. By the way, this restriction of habitat should have mitigated Dr. Fox's anger, and consequently his language against Father Thein's "impertinence in attempting to write a book without submitting it to competent revision." It shows that he had a fairly competent reviser for part of his work, and we know on good authority that he entrusted the fourth volume to another, who, however, was evidently a failure. Father Thein has published other works besides his *Christian Anthropology*, and they are all fairly readable. The present writer gave up years ago without revising a page, partly because of procrastination and partly from want of complete sympathy with the method of the work. With some exceptions, we are tired of translations.

Father Thein's version of Shakspere's lines upon dead Cæsar's clay is so droll that we almost wish there were more. How Disraeli the Elder would have gloated over the reading and editing of such a morsel! Mark Twain's retranslation of *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* fades away before Father Thein's Shakspere like the genial Cheshire Cat of Wonderland. Still, though we may "grin" over the bard's metamorphosis, and even wickedly rejoice over Huxley's ill-treatment, who was an able but not fair debater, we are heartily in accord with Dr. Fox's implied views as to the necessity of presenting apologetic or any Catholic literature in good form, so that hostile critics may

not scoff and judicious friends have cause to grieve. When Father Thein's attention was drawn to the awful English in his last volume, he immediately spoke of getting it revised. Doubtless this will, at least it should, be done, and we feel assured that the great publishing house of Herder, which deserves well of the reading Catholic public, will see to it promptly.

Father Thein is not, then, a plagiarist, and though here and there he needs an interpreter, the four portly volumes in question form a very useful and helpful work, and one which can be warmly recommended to all seeking a pretty full and accurate statement in English of the arguments usually marshalled forth nowadays in defence of the conservative position in Scripture. There are some who think that if an exposure had been justified some other magazine would have been more suitable than the widely read pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. However that may be, it is a pity that a man like Father Thein should win such unpleasant notoriety. His industry is to be envied, and his laudable desire to employ well the leisure of a country parish and at the same time to contribute to the diffusion of religious knowledge, should protect him from inconsiderate attacks, at least from one of the household of the faith. We are not questioning in the slightest the motives which urged Dr. Fox to write, and we think the lesson will be a useful one to Father Thein; but we would like to say, with the utmost respect and good nature, that if the Reverend James J. Fox, D.D., had dropped a line to the Reverend John Thein, or to his publishers, he would have received a satisfactory explanation, and then he would have been spared the disagreeable necessity of rebuking and humiliating in public a brother priest.

Shelby, O., February 14, 1902. E. P. GRAHAM.

A CONCLUSIVE WORD ON THE BACONIAN THEORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of The Catholic World Magazine.

SIR: As THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE has printed many communications of mine on Shakespearean problems, will it permit me to say a word on the Bacon Theory, which is again, after another ten years (such appearing to be its exact periodicity), on horseback. (I forbear the obvious pun on "Gallup.")

If I had not long ago, by such lights as were vouchsafed me (for I have never enjoyed the privilege of Catholic scholarship), arrived at the conviction that William Shakespeare was of the Old Faith, I might have been a Baconian myself. But, in the first edition of my "Shakespearean Myth," published twenty-two years ago (page 175), I said, "The recent dissolution of the monasteries had thrown multitudes of learned clerks" (the clerical profession then included lawyers and physicians, and, indeed, all book-learned men) "upon their own resources for daily bread, and there was only one depot for their work."

What I believed when I wrote that, I still more fully believe now; namely, that the thousands of learned men, driven by the cruel edicts of Henry VIII. from the cloisters (wherein they and their predecessors had—alone during the

"dark ages"—kept current and extant the learning of the centuries before them), were to be found in London—and that Shakespeare found them out—and that from them he acquired the material, his use of which sets us moderns groping for the possible sources of his acquisitions. While I trust that my experience of the danger of being too certain of anything in Shakespearean matters may always temper any statements of mine upon these matters, the above is my firm—and so far as I can foresee—unalterable conviction. Thus accounting for the ancient and occult lore in the Shakespeare plays, what remains of the Baconian theory?

Let me do exact justice to the Baconians. However ungallant or misguided their motives, they certainly do dive very deeply into Elizabethan vestiges—environment—folk-lore—contemporaries, contemporary literature—biography and manners. But this very wealth of research proves their undoing. Much learning hath made them mad. If they would, perhaps, search for indicia on all fours with History, instead of embarking on extended excursus to disprove History—upon *tours de force*—they might find quite as fruitful a yield!

To take my own example. I have been for almost thirty years in the thick of the Baconian Theory. I have enjoyed the private ear of Dr. Nathaniel Holmes, Ignatius Donnelly, Mrs. Henry Pott, Edwin Reed, and W. H. Edwards. I faithfully believe that I have read every printed paragraph, pamphlet, and book printed on the discussion *pro* and *con*. And yet, if a Baconian asks me for my opinion, I cannot find, either his leisure or my own, agreeable to recounting this entire experience. I must needs give him the result, only, of that experience. But this he will not accept. He will say, "You push the matter aside. You will not discuss particulars." So what is there to be done but to leave him to his own way of thinking, and leave me to mine?

And will you permit me to ask—supposing we admit as proved, the Donnelly, Owen-Gallup, or any other, Ciphers in all their vastness: What have they to do with Shakespeare?

These Ciphers are embedded (let us admit it for the sake of the argument) in the text of the First Folio; in Bacon's *De Augmentis;* in Burton's *Anatomy*, in Spenser, in Montaigne, in the *Good Frend for Jeasus' sake Forbeare* epitaph: in anywhere else you please.

But the First Folio—the epitaph, and the rest of them, were printed (and it is the printers who must have been the mechanical agents for this "cipher" propaganda) long after the mortal remains of our William Shakespeare, dramatist, lay at rest beneath the pavement of his Parish Church. It is the Quartos which first gave posterity, in print, his immortal lines.

So far no cipherist has taken the trouble to find in them "Biliteral" or "word" or pagination-clued Ciphers!

Sincerely, after a generation of effort to preserve an open mind on these questions, I believe that the explanation to help us out is, in that connection of Shakespeare with the Catholic Church—of which, even without the positive exterior evidence to which I lately called the attention of your readers, we have such a mass of uncontroverted negative internal evidence, as to amount to what lawyers call a "negative pregnant," beyond attack, and so a positive postulate. I am sir, Yours respectfully,

APPLETON MORGAN.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has placed a very low valuation on the work of preachers. According to the report of his speech at the Aldine Association, published in the New York *Sun*, he spoke as follows:

"I would not rob the seeker after books of fiction," Mr. Carnegie said, "but I think that if a man was leaving his fortune for libraries it might be well to fix it so that works of fiction less than three years old should not be included. Imagine the slaughter that would take place in three years! Yet what of a book that does not last three years? It might well cry out: 'If so soon I'm to be done for, I wonder what I was begun for.'

"The longer I live the more I agree with Swift, that the finest furniture of a room is books—even if you never open a book. Shakspere, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne—these are the everlasting flowers of human genius, and I tell you you're in good company if you're only looking at their backs. Let a man just look in books, and as far as I'm concerned I wouldn't give what he gets from them for 999 sermons out of a thousand you hear in the churches."

It would be interesting to know just how many sermons Mr. Carnegie has heard, and whether he regards free public libraries of greater value than the churches in promoting the advancement of civilization. As a matter of fact the love of reading the best books was fostered in many parish libraries sustained exclusively by church funds before his large donations became available. In his plans for the future he might fittingly have arranged to secure the co-operation of numerous volunteer workers whose personal service would be quite as potent as his large wealth. The time may come in some places when the advocates of dangerous theories claiming the power of a majority shall control Mr. Carnegie's bequests and circulate literature for their own destructive purposes. Then the preachers perchance may be called upon to voice enlightened public opinion in condemnation of such false teaching.

President Burlingham, of the New York Board of Education, also took part in the discussion, and requested the members of the New York Library Club to suggest plans for spending about $174,000 this year in the purchase of books. It is to be hoped that he does not share Mr. Carnegie's strange opinion about the value of sermons. He might also find some useful suggestions, if he could bring himself to consult a few of the leading thinkers belonging to churches which are in direct contact with large numbers of ordinary citizens.

* * *

Professor Earl Barnes is now giving in New York City a course of six lectures on the development of the moral nature, under the following subdivisions: 1. The Growth of Personality; Selfishness vs. Altruism. 2. The Growth of Intellectual Accuracy; Truth vs. Lies. 3. The Growth of the Property Sense; Security vs. Stealing. 4. The Growth of Humane Feelings; Sympathy vs. Cruelty. 5. The Growth of a Sense of Law; Regularity vs. Lawlessness. 6. Training of the Moral Nature; Rewards vs. Punishment.

In the outline given to the public there is no indication that Professor Barnes will suggest any course of reading to show that the religion of Christians contains the best teaching on the moral growth of human beings.

* * *

The University Extension Course of lectures given at the Albany High School by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., is attracting much attention. The general subject chosen is "The Individual and the State," which requires an analysis of the elements which go to form the intellectual and ethical life. In regard to the spiritual man as a type of perfect development, Father Driscoll spoke as follows:

"Consciousness bears witness that every waking moment is filled with an object which guides our thoughts, holds our affections, and spurs to action. The explanation is found in the constitution of our nature. The two great faculties of the soul are mind and will. A rational act springs from their harmonious union. The mind points out the way and furnishes the motives of action. The will imparts the moving power by which the act is put into execution. To act with a motive is a sign and a proof of rational life. Thus motive is the reason why our acts combine in a special line for a fixed object; nay more, it is the reason why we act at all. Hence the place and the scope of character.

"Character can be defined, in its initial stage, as susceptibility to motive. In its concrete and actual state, it is the sum of the habits and tendencies which make up our individual lives. Habits are formed by the repetition of like actions, under the influence of like motives and principles. A constant mode of action lends color to life, and marks one as different from another. The cultivation of character, therefore, is at basis the cultivation of mind and of will. A rich imagination presents a wide range and variety of objects which are apprehended as desirable. The closer the mind comes to truth, the more exact is our judgment of the good and of the beautiful, the more fixed the determination and the more complete the control of the feelings—the higher and nobler is the course of conduct.

"As there is no human action without motive, so there is no effective life without ideals. They are the promptings of our better nature, inciting to what is true and beautiful and good. In childhood and maturing years, when the mind and heart are more open to impressions, they stand out vividly on the mental horizon and impart the enthusiasm so characteristic of youth. Placed by revered hands before the eager efforts of the child, they serve, like the lens, to gather the varied streams of activity and harmonize them into an ever uplifting and ennobling unity. The aspirations and stirrings of a life reaching back to earliest childhood, increasing in vigor and definiteness as the years turn into youth and manhood, taking color and affected to some extent by the circumstances of our condition, are like stars which guide our footsteps and incite us ever onward. Here is found the meaning, the depth, and the perfection of a life. Happy he whose ideals can never be completely realized! Thus only come consistency, energy, and progress.

"The development of the mind with the presentation of true ideals is not enough to form the perfect man. The aims and resolves must be put into effect. A strong and resolute will alone is the mainstay and motive power of a

good life. Hence the importance of self-reliance, of self-control, of courage, and of sustained labor. By steadfastness and fidelity to our purposes and convictions we shall face trial, difficulty and danger, and shall emerge from the conflict stronger and better men. In our inner life a unity and harmony reigns somewhat like the physical order which prevails in the material universe.

"Personality is often used as a synonym for character; yet there is a difference. The term, character, is applied to our rational nature, the elements of which are intellect and will, and is employed to signify the sum-total of our acquired habits. Personality, however, implies something more than rational nature; it designates the distinctive element, which constitutes our nature in its actual existence; it imparts to the rational nature a principle by which this nature has the control of its own acts, is *sui juris*, and as a result is held accountable or responsible. Illustrations of this distinction are had in rhetoric and in civil law. Nevertheless, since the habits of our rational nature belong also to the person, the terms are closely allied.

"Conduct is the expression of character. Manners refer to the peculiar way in which we conduct ourselves, especially in intercourse with our fellowmen. Manners, as well as conduct, are self-revealing, or self-concealing. To be true, they should be in accord with our thoughts and feelings. As such they are the reflection of a refined and noble nature."

Besides giving scholarly lectures, Father Driscoll has written two books on God and the Soul worthy of a place in any choice library, which are now much in demand on account of some words of praise from Mr. W. H. Mallock. The careful perusal of these books would enlarge and enlighten Mr. Carnegie's benevolence and prepare his gifted mind to appreciate good preaching as a permanent factor in the world's welfare. M. C. M.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE with this issue begins its seventy-fifth volume, and with a pardonable pride it may look back over the thirty-seven years of its career. The seventy-four volumes that represent the work of the Editors during the last third of a century constitute not only an exceedingly useful storehouse of the best Catholic thought, but they are a measure of the hopes and opportunities of the Church in these United States during this most eventful period.

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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:
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O Full of Grace! O Flower of Snow!
Untouch'd by stain of Adam's guilt;
O House of Gold, by Wisdom built
For His own dwelling here below!

THE

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY EDMUND B. BRIGGS, D.C.L.

IT is exceedingly difficult for any one to speak with accuracy of the state of affairs in the Philippines unless he has been on the spot and has made an intimate study of the conditions. Since returning from the Philippines the writer has been so frequently requested by friends to publish something of his impressions gained while there that he has decided to submit a few observations.

THE CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES.

To begin with, it must be remembered that the natives of the islands are Orientals—that is, their habits of life and of thought are radically different from those prevailing among Occidental peoples; and it is not fair to judge them by the standards of Europe and America.

They have no conception that "public office is a public trust," or, indeed, that it has any "*raison d'être*" other than the emolument of the official.

When we speak of Filipinos, it means, in the island vernacular, Christians, whether Tagalogs, Visayans, Ilocanos, or what not; the Moros are followers of the Prophet, and the Pagans are designated only by the names of their particular tribe, as, for instance, the Igorrotes of Northern Luzon.

The Filipinos are not savages. They are not only Catholics

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but devout, and passionately devoted to their religion; but it will not do to measure their Catholicity by that of an Irishman or an American. Of dogma most of them know little, and apparently care less; ceremonial is the main thing; and this is much mixed with survivals of pagan superstitions and practices; still, it is well to remember that these people were savages when the Spanish Friars took them in hand; and that the civilization to which they have attained is not the American civilization of the nineteenth century, but the Spanish civilization of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that there they practically stand to-day.

The Filipinos are not stupid—far from it; and in the matter of illiteracy they compare favorably with the people of old Spain. Many thousands of them can read and write, many hundreds are highly cultured; and all are intensely anxious for education. This does not apply, of course, to the Moros and Pagans; and the savage Negritos are out of the equation.

The Tagalogs are the most numerous, the most intelligent, and most important of the Filipino tribes; and they, through the "Katipunan," have been the "head, front, and centre" of the insurrection, from its first inception under Spanish rule.

It is a mistake, a great mistake, to compare them intellectually, for instance, with carabao bulls.

The Filipinos are not only intelligent as contradistinguished from educated, but they are universally polite, normally orderly, and nervously sensitive. Such brash "rowdyism" as can be found in any American city nowhere exists among them. They are most affectionate in their family relations, are natural musicians, and are gifted with artistic tastes of no mean order.

In fine, with equal opportunities, they would stand on a par with the Japanese, except in the matter of industry. The Filipino is not industrious; he is distinctly lazy.

The Filipino is neither inherently bad nor radically vicious; but is, leaving out the cultured few, three hundred years behind the age.

The Moro is a Mohammedan of the age of Saladin; and the savage is—a savage.

THE WORK OF THE SPANISH FRIARS.

So much has been said in vilification of these men, so much as to their alleged immorality, so much as to their alleged

"robbery" of the confiding natives, that it is only fair to take a glance at the other side of the picture.

Doubtless individuals among them did fall from grace; unquestionably they did acquire wealth; certainly "Katipunan" hates them; and peradventure they are an anomaly under American rule. A glance in retrospect is not amiss.

When the Friars first went out to the Philippines, of the four great classes of human society the islands contained but two, viz.: savages, subsisting by the chase, and herdsmen. Of husbandmen, with fixed habitations, there were none. Hence, the first step in the title to land, title by occupancy, had no existence. No man owned a foot of land for his very own.

The savage hunters, and the wandering herdsmen, had no form of civil organization of a higher type than that of the tribe; and science teaches us that, while the germ of civil life exists in the family, and progresses in the clan and tribe, those forms of human organization are more economic than civil; and that civil society, distinctly as such, begins where the tribe leaves off, and the personal loyalty to father, patriarch, chief, becomes merged in loyalty to city, state, nation—a moral entity. Chop logic, play upon words, as we may, human society, in the civil order, is vastly different from human society in any other phase. The Friars found the natives of the Philippines ignorant of the art of agriculture, devoid of the concept of individual ownership of land.

By precept and example, they taught them both; and that there are fertile tracts of cultivated lands in the islands is due to the Friars. In the Philippines as in America, yea, as they had done in Europe, after the barbarian deluge, these men of God taught by their own example—they labored in the fields; and the natives were taught by them, not only how to cultivate the great staple crops, rice, cane, tobacco, hemp, cotton, but the very idea that there could be such a thing as the husbandman's individual estate in the soil, rather than the tribe's right to hunt over, and the tribe's right to pasture cattle upon, the forest and the plain!

Well may Governor Taft testify that the title of the Friars to their lands is legally "unassailable!" Not only were they the earliest proprietors, but they positively carried with them to the islands the first notion of private ownership!

Yet, notwithstanding their unbounded opportunities; notwith-

standing the fact that, for three hundred years and more, they were the keystone, the base, the apex, the entire superstructure, of Spanish power in the Philippines, the Friars own, to-day, less than one-tenth of the cultivated lands in the islands! How much have the missionaries, and their families, left to the natives in Hawaii?

The Filipinos, the Mestizos, the Moros, the Pagans, some ten millions strong, live and subsist upon the soil of the Philippines. Where are the Kanakas the missionaries found in Hawaii? Daily, for four long weeks, in Manila, the writer listened to threats—threats of American officials, civil and military, that the Friars should be despoiled of the lands of which they had "robbed" (?) the Filipinos; but Judge Taft says their title is "unassailable"; and Ide and Wright, at least, are honest men, and capable lawyers. Besides this, the rights of private ownership are solemnly guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris: even if the Congress has neglected, so far, to provide an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, from the Insular courts—a most lamentable dereliction of "plain duty."

And so, from agriculture to the simple mechanical arts, from Paganism to Christianity, from barbarism to a quaint, old-world civilization, from the tribal relation to an exceedingly "paternal" sort of quasi-civil, politico-military government, the sum of education, the sum of development, the sum of progress, the sum of administration, rested upon the shoulders of the Friars. From the council of the governor-general to the pettiest detail of village life, the hand of the Friar was everywhere; and Spanish *policy* kept it there, in spite of the efforts of a hundred years to be relieved of the burden. The fat pickings of the customs, the rich judicial and notarial "honoraria," were in the hands of Spanish civilians; the "loot" ravished by violence went into the pockets of the soldiers of Spain. Beyond these, the Friar was, will he nill he, directly or indirectly, in charge of all. His part it was to act, or advise, in the direct "squeezing" of the poor peasants; his to bear the odium, and the hate!

And then the crash came.

"KATIPUNAN!"

So much has been written concerning this secret society that it is not worth while to discuss it extensively in this paper. Suffice it to say that, of Chinese, or rather, Mestizo conception,

in its origin, it first aimed at the Friars, then it went into the political arena, set up the alleged Filipino republic, and was its soul, substance, life, and guide. It still exists, although shorn of its glory in many provinces; and it is hard, indeed, to estimate its membership. Its basic principle is *murder!* It has decreed the extermination of the white men in the islands; it controls the marauding operations of the ladrones, just as it controlled the doings of the insurgent government; it levies taxes (the writer was told by merchants in Manila that every bale of hemp pays a tax to Katipunan); it exercises the power of life and death, whenever the American soldier is out of sight; and it is better served than government, for its vengeance is swift and sure, like unto that of Maffia. It dooms to death and torture, not only the native who accepts office under the American government without its previous authorization, but him also whom it suspects of leaning towards the Americans, together with his family; and it is the brooding terror of the great mass of Filipinos. Of its dangerous might we have positive evidence in the enactment by the commission of the celebrated "treason and sedition" act of November 4, 1901.

Now, the writer does not approve of that law; he was in Manila when it was enacted; and it was then roundly denounced by all the American lawyers in that city, not directly in office.

Nevertheless, the mere fact that three men so eminently good, so eminently just, so disinterestedly devoted to the well-being of the Filipinos as are Judges Taft and Ide, and General Wright, should deem it either necessary or expedient to enact so tyrannical a statute is, of itself, the very strongest proof that those men have no faith in their own expressed belief in the early pacification of the islands. From August until December the writer was constantly with officers and enlisted men of the army, during much of the time with civilian employees of the government, during part of the time in daily association with natives and European residents of the islands; and, in all that time, from not one of them did he hear an expression of opinion to the effect that the Filipinos are, in a mass, or in any considerable proportion, now one whit more reconciled to American rule, or one degree less obedient to Katipunan, than they were on the day the so-called "republic" was "proclaimed" at Malolos! It was Katipunan then, it is Katipunan now, the only difference being in the outward manifestation of the same thing;

and the fact is that the entire Tagalog population is one vast conspiracy against American rule! How any intelligent man could have lived in Manila, in October and November last, have been a witness of the undeniable official "scare," and entertain any illusions on this score, surpasses human understanding! Why not look the truth squarely in the face?

THE FUTURE OF THE ISLANDS.

Between the roseate optimism of Judge Taft, and the gloomy pessimism of a discontented army; an optimism shared by not one civilian official with a salary of less than five thousand dollars per annum, a pessimism mainly the result of a strong disinclination to "let go"; it is a difficult, but not impossible, task to formulate an impartial judgment.

To begin with, it is a radical error to form a concept that the ten or twelve millions of islanders constitute a homogeneous mass. That mistake largely characterizes the Congressional debates, even on the part of the supporters of the administration; and is responsible for most of the confusion of ideas.

Apart from the crafty Mestizos (mixed breeds) there are three great distinct classes, Filipinos, Moros, and Pagans; these, again, are subdivided into distinct tribes; and, so far from anything like homogeneity between Filipino and Moro, Moro and Pagan, tribe and tribe, there are deep and inextinguishable hatreds. Even among the Filipinos, the Tagaland, the Maccabebe, the Visayan and the Ilocano, are hereditary foes. In the old days, their normal state was that of war; and, but for the control of the white man, they would be at it to-day, "hammer and tongs," kris and bolo.

Of natural cohesion, of national spirit and aspiration, they have absolutely none.

With the Moros we have had no difficulty. They are ruled by their hereditary chieftains (Datos), under the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan of Sulu and Mindanao, and, as the English do in the Straits Settlements, and the Dutch in Java, we have found it easy to make friends of the chieftains, and to induce them to carry out our policy, without friction. In fact, the nearest we have come to trouble with the Moros arose out of the very proper refusal by the military authorities of an offer of the Sultan to levy three regiments, go up to Luzon, and "wipe out" the Tagalogs.

The Pagans present no more trouble than do the Moros. Either they remain within their mountain fastnesses, or, like the Igorrotes of Benguet, they hate and dread the Tagalog far more than they do the white man.

The difficulty has been, and is, entirely with the Filipinos, and, here again, solely with the Mestizos and Tagalogs.

CIVIC COHESION A NECESSITY.

Are the Filipinos capable of maintaining a stable, just, free civil government among themselves? If he believed they were, the writer would unhesitatingly advocate the policy of "scuttle," and at once. This, not half so much on behalf of the Filipinos, as for our own safety, and on behalf of the white men in the islands. He has seen enough of the high-handed brutality of military practices, of the unmitigated despotism upon white men of our uncontrolled, irresponsible civil "officialdom," in the islands, as to welcome any relief from the intolerable conditions now masquerading under the name of "American" methods! Unfortunately, to the development of political life, of a civil state, there must come from within some sort of civic virtue, some sort of civic cohesion; and of these, among the Filipinos, there is none, unless, indeed, Katipunan may be called such. Civil life is, in its essence, a determination from disintegration and death; whereas Katipunan, itself, is a hybrid importation from China, the spirit of which is *murder!*

The Spaniards deprived the Filipinos of their ancient tribal organization, and gave them absolutely nothing in its place; unless, indeed, the Friar may be said to have taken its place; and just how these poor people, who have exercised no sort of self-government for centuries, not even of the crudest tribal sort, can be declared fit to set up a civil state on their own behalf, is incomprehensible to any sensible man who has visited the islands. It may do for home consumption, with an eye single to the political "main chance"; but as facts are, it is "an iridescent dream." There is no such thing as a Filipino nation, there is no such thing as a Filipino people, there is no such thing as "the people of the island of Luzon," although there are a lot of people in Luzon, and many peoples in the Philippines.

Doubtless, there are a sufficient number of intelligent, edu-

cated Filipinos to set up a fifteenth century despotism, and to maintain fifteenth century order among the Filipinos, if we "scuttle," if Europe keeps hands off, and after the throats of all the white men in the islands have been duly cut; and, doubtless, in the general shake up Aguinaldo and his set would gain control; but there are international obligations upon us which preclude the scuttle, or even the hope of a successful protectorate. What must needs be done must needs be done by us, unless we sell the islands to a strong power, and conquests do not move backwards.

THE TRUE SOLUTION LIES IN INTRODUCING "THE RULE OF LAW."

Practically, to a man, the military officers believe that a return to absolute military control, for fifty years or so, is the only possible solution of the problem. If this be so, God help the Filipinos, God help the civilian white men in the islands, God help the future of our own home institutions!

The higher civil authorities are unanimous in the belief that, while military despotism is a bad thing, the solution lies in a transfer of despotic power to the civil administration, and that, what with the Department of Public Instruction, so far effective only as a top-heavy bureaucratic machine, and a numerous and constantly increasing set of Departments of This and That, plus an obstinate retention of all the worst and most tyrannical features of the European continental system of "*droit administratif*," that beautiful system which makes the government and its officials non-suable before the ordinary courts of law on the initiative of private men, somehow or other, in some occult and unexplained way, American institutions are going to diffuse themselves over the islands, and shed their benignant rays upon the Filipinos, not to mention the poor devils of whites who are "enjoying" American rule. A pretty sort of American rule, truly, where the civilian cannot, in districts where the civil courts are sitting, sue out his habeas corpus against an arbitrary arrest by a military order, where a soldier cannot be haled before the ordinary courts for a common assault and battery, where the civil official cannot be brought to book in an action of "trespass" or "case" for an arbitrary excess of his authority!

No! American institutions, American civil liberty, and Eng-

lish institutions and liberty before them, did not grow out of the "*droit administratif*," but out of its opposite!

And the Americanization of the Philippines depends entirely, in the judgment of the writer, upon our introduction there of the opposite of the "*droit administratif*," to wit: "*the rule of law*"!

Save for the fact that military rule in time of peace is inherently bad and vicious, it does not so much matter whether the executive administration in the Philippines is confided to military or civilian officials. The real *crux* lies in providing a legal means of vindicating every private right, of redressing every wrong, whether the insular government or its officials be involved or not; not only by the employment of the great writ of right, the habeas corpus, but by the ordinary actions of the law, at the suit of private men, and with appeals from the insular courts to the Supreme Court of the United States! Let there be an enactment by the Congress to this effect; and the courts and the lawyers will do the rest, as they did it in England and in America!

The introduction of the "rule of law" is the true and only solution of the problem.

"Officialdom"—civil and military—will oppose it, for the possession of uncontrolled power is sweet to man; but until it is accomplished, neither the arbitrariness of the sword nor that of civilian civil bureaucracy will bring peace and order, liberty and loyalty, to those beautiful islands!

Washington, D. C.

REFLECTIONS FOR ORDINARY CHRISTIANS.

STIMULUS AMORIS.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

MANY of us, fairly well minded, of pretty decent lives as the world goes, but conscious of what the Psalmist considerately calls "unknown sins," care a little, when we think of it, for what God thinks of us.

We *do* believe in God, in His laws, in His church. The world-to-come is a reality, however distant,—and the judgment; and the right and wrong of things. We *modify* our lives somewhat accordingly; "put up" with some restrictions, and conform to some prescriptions natural and divine, of conscience, general ethics, human society and religion.

On the whole, we are pretty well satisfied with ourselves. We get along without a clamorous sense of "breaking" anything. *We break nothing.*

Oh! the infinite shades in that nothing. But let it pass.

Suddenly, or slowly, through reading, or hearing, or *living*—some way, there come home to us phrases, echoes or shadows of a higher life; or at least higher regions of thought, of meaning, purpose and judging. We stop to consider, to delve a little deeper; we think a little longer on the serious things and the true things which all this implies.—Perhaps as you do now.

We have read or heard strange things, extreme, extravagant things, about religious truth and duty. But they had no effect, and left no impression because they did not really seem to concern us. 'Twas for Sinners or Saints—and both with a big S.

Well this is for neither of them. It is for us.

The books are full, all holy writings are full, of what seem hyperbolical statements of the love of God towards the individual soul. We balk when we glance at the Canticle of

Canticles. Who dares read it? Why, extracts from pious books about the excesses of God's love, from lives of the Saints, their sayings and writings, even from dry treatises of theology, stagger us, or would stagger us if we did not pass them by as not meant for us at all.

True, no doubt—in a way: because good people could not lie, not altogether falsify like that. But it does not *touch* us, for it cannot possibly be intended for us in the real sense which the words apparently convey. Even poetry holds more reality, hits nearer to actual facts, speaks more home-driving truth to us. Or, it is all poetry, symbolism and mysticism. Not *our* business anyway.

Let us investigate. Oh! not with make-believe shaking of curtains, like children afraid to draw the curtains back in the dark; but earnest, practical, common sense looking into the assumed hiding places.

God loves us. Wonderful are the phrases in which His love for every soul is stated. It is presence, and grace, and complacence. It is mercy and sympathy and rejoicing. It is thirst and longing and sacrifice; wishfulness, passion and union; pursuit, admiration and exultation. It is love, and its ecstasy and devotion; in every form, in every tense, in every figure, in every desire, in every effort, in every fact, in every word, breath, aspiration, power and enticement.

Language has no exaggerations, life no experiences, hope no expectations, that God's love is not stated to adopt and to imagine to win each individual soul—to win us.

Do we believe it?

What commonplace people we are, at the best. And we know it—especially of our neighbors. We need not go deep to believe it, form rash judgments, be harsh critics, or hold pessimistic views. Silence is our best charity for others; and it is simply mercy for ourselves.

And we do such ordinary, mean, commonplace things, live such commonplace lives. There is no romance about those lives—except, perhaps, some moments condensed in a few tears. There is no halo about us, our aims and our deeds. Truly, where are any lineaments of beauty or allurement hidden in us?

We would not fall in love with ourselves, if it was somebody else.

And yet God loves us. Stupendous fact. Well, we do long to be loved, and we take it kindly. And if our emotion could be made visible at the moment when we are really conscious of being loved, why we might for that instant almost seem lovable.

Wondrous transformation. It almost brightens an ugly face; it almost warms up an ugly soul. A soul that is loved, and feels it, must begin to glow a little with the native heat and light of its spiritual nature.

And is not that what happens in a way when God loves us? We become lovable if we were never so before.

Now that is one thing. Well may God love us, with the very light of His love shining in our face.

But that is not enough for us who know that He knows our very bones "which He made in secret"—not enough to make us understand and accept the exorbitant things to be true, accurate and real, which we deem mere pious exaggerations. Let us see farther.

Might it be that our very commonplaceness, our weakness, has a charm, an appealability of its own? And our poor little goings and doings—toddling like children trying to walk; our little glimmerings of sense, and of some things that are true and fair and of good report; our wishfulnesses, little clouds of velleity, towards higher and better things; our mere capacity to be made some day and in some way to partake of them;—these, all these, which might perhaps only make an angel weep: *not so* with the good Lord who made us as we are, and "who hateth nothing which He has made."

Let us take courage; courage in our very infirmity and helplessness. Such as we are in nature, we are after all the work of His hands—the children of God.

That is another true thing, and a title.

But still further, and to the very heart of the thing we seek. Beyond our weakness, our origin and our title; beyond the faint reflection of our great Maker; beyond the very lineaments of His Christ, in our human nature, however deformed in us; and the price paid for us, and the hopes made for us; and all the great, holy and high truths and motives given for God's

love of us; beyond the inconceivable mysteries of God's own nature, and the essential compulsoriness, so to speak, of His lovingness; beyond all these:—*the glorious words are true,* every syllable of them, in full force and fact, on the very face of our nature, poor as it is. We have a soul, little as it is; we have intelligence, if it be a spark; we have a will, a heart to love back with, however feebly yet freely; however hazily yet wittingly; even if almost pulseless, yet consciously.

We *can* love, and *give love*—create, give birth, give rise to, launch into being, into the universe of God, back into the bosom of God, that wondrous thing, that ineffable thing, that thing in itself lovable, called *love*—the glory and free gift of a free and intelligent personality. And to the eyes of the infinite Power, the infinite Wisdom, the infinite Love, that evoked from nothing this new thing, this personality, this answerability of being, is it not a lovable and a lovely thing, to which He can confide and does confide His own love? Is it incredible that the Infinity which cannot be bankrupted should lavish endearments upon this miracle of Its own effecting?

Oh! Eternal, Infinite, and Perfect Lover—*Deus-Caritas, Deus-Bonitas*—God, whose name is Goodness and Love—do we rob Thee of any glory if we say in our imperfect way that, of Thyself and for Thyself, Thou couldst not otherwise than love us?

Help our helplessness and incapacity to love Thee back.

Yes, the Scriptures and the saints speak to us a true thing, they tell a true fact to us and for us—nay, they cannot express in human words and adequate senses the unutterable longings, the wishfulness and tendernesses—the secrets of the heart of the Almighty—the suspirations of the Infinite Spirit for the soul brought forth by the power of His Divinity, by the breath of His Word, the flame of His Love;—that soul able to yearn back for its God, *and to give Him love for love.* A life, and all of it tears of transport and adoration, were a mere sigh in answer.

"Thou hast made our heart for Thyself, O Lord, and it can know no rest till it rest in Thee."

MAY-DAY IN OLD ENGLAND.

A STUDY.

BY NORA RYLMAN.

ONCE on a time, when I was a little child, I was passing through an old, old town at Maytime. It had been raining; there were rain-drops on the petals of the spring flowers—on the pale, rath primroses, the stately auriculas, and the soldier-like tulips; on all the summer heralds, in fact.

The arc of promise spanned the sky; the ancient, time-worn buildings looked what country folk term "freshened up."

All was fair and beautiful. One felt that "summer was a cumin in," as Chaucer puts it.

Down the road came a moving mass of greenery, all decked with flowers and shaped like unto a beehive; round it danced men and women, twirling tambourines, singing May songs. It was "Jack o' the Green," with his courtiers; it was a bit of Old England, merry, Catholic, Tudor England, sandwiched as it were into modern life. When I think of this scene my thoughts go backwards, backwards.

I see the timbered houses, with tall May-poles in front of them; the rosy children carrying sticks of the wood, with nose-gays tied to them; the fireplaces full of green boughs; the churches all fair with sweet woodland blossoms, and the statues of her who is Mother of the Creator crowned with the loveliest of the blossoms! . . .

And I hear sweet voices singing hymns in honor of Mary; pilgrims, carrying offerings to her shrines; young mothers name-ing new-born babies after her in great temples, sweet, cool, stately, dim. . . .

Let us for a moment leave the hurly-burly; let us imagine ourselves in that England in which the "O Salutaris" used to ring through the narrow streets.

It was in Maytime (if I remember rightly) that Archbishop Thomas à Becket came back from banishment in France to his see of Canterbury, and made that famous triumphal progress to his own cathedral city.

The poor, the halt, the oppressed were glad to welcome him whom Cæsar hated! Lazarus entreated his blessing; Rizpah found consolation in his benignant smile. Children strewed blue-bells, primroses, cowslips before him.

The mule of the man before whom loomed martyrdom trod on flowers. And, when he had witnessed a good confession and been raised to the altars of the Church, Maytime was a season in which hundreds of pilgrims flocked to his shrine. Merchants and nobles, kings and princes, men from green and pleasant places, and from outlandish parts over sea, all had something to ask of the good St. Thomas. And numbers came in May, when the hedges were in leaf and the merle and mavis sang.

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain and Harry Tudor came to it, side by side, in loving amity.

And the old chroniclers tell us, also, that he "went a-Maying with Queen Katrine." Even in the eyes of the non-Catholic, the pre-Reformation Henry, scholarly, kind, genial, the husband of *one* wife, kneeling before the shrine of the purest of Mothers, keeping innocent woodland feasts, must be a more noble figure than the post-Reformation Henry, the wine-bibber, the lascivious, toying with wanton women, watching the smoke of martyrs' pyres.

There was no Maytime for Henry the Eighth after he left the church: "only a horror of great darkness and of desolation."

One of the most famous shrines in England was that of Walsingham in East Anglia (that eastern seaboard wherein the Franciscans first settled). In faithful times there was "The Crownin' of Our Ladye of Walsinghame." The country-folk brought garlands, and crowned the noble statue over the gateway of the abbey. Surely Heine's lines from "The Pilgrimage to Kerlaar" apply also to *these* pilgrimages:

"The Mother of Christ at Kerlaar
Is crowned and robed to-day;
To-day she must succor many,
For many have come to pray.
Many came hither on crutches
Who since the dance have led;
Many can play the viol
Whose fingers before were dead."

The fisher left his creel and asked the "Star of the Sea" to guide his little boat; the monarch prayed her to guide him safely through life's tempestuous sea.

Mothers in sandstone and rubble cots told small Hal and Joan of that Virgin, who was also our Ark; and in Mary's joy all rejoiced.

In that old world town of which I have already written stands a red sandstone building, with hooded windows and gabled front.

I am sorry to say that Longfellow's lines in reference to the sometime house of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, apply to *this* house also:

"And this house is now an ale-house
With a nicely sanded floor."

But it still bears its old title of "The Pilgrim's Rest."

In past times it was an hostel for pilgrims, and its oaken staircase has been trodden by hundreds of weary feet.

"Where are they now, those pilgrims?
Crowns for the faithful, for weary ones rest."

Ah, let us hope that these old Maytime palmers have found the crown and the rest "that remaineth" in the House of Eternal Rest, have beheld the Mother of Jesus crowned with stars, have gazed on the Beatific Vision, and been satisfied!"

TWO CAVALIERS IN THE PAN-ATHENAIC PROCESSION FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON, BY PHEIDIAS.

THE AKROPOLIS OF ATHENS.*

BY REV. DANIEL QUINN, D.D. (*American Archæological School, Athens, Greece.*)

THE wonderful productions of the chisel of Pheidias and his associates no longer exist in their original perfection. And to understand their present condition one must recall the history and fortunes of the Akropolis and the Parthenon.

From inscriptions which have been preserved on the Akropolis, and from other sources of information, we conclude that the Parthenon was begun 447 years before Christ, when Athens was in its highest glory and prosperity, and when Perikles autocratically governed the state and its affairs. In ten years it was completed sufficiently to receive the statue of gold and ivory which Pheidias had created for it, and accordingly we learn that in 438 before Christ the Athenian people came for the first time in festal pomp to place the new veil upon this new master-work. After Athens became a Christian city, the Parthenon was converted into a church. Additional doors were cut through the walls, and at the eastern end a large semi-circular apse was built,

* See the preceding issue for the first half of this article.

so that the altar might be located therein. As a Christian church the Parthenon, by a certain unpremeditated fitness, was made sacred first to "Divine Wisdom," and later to the Virgin Mother of God. Thus the noble virgin goddess of Hellenic idolatry became the forerunner of the great Virgin of the Christians. As a Christian church, it was naturally selected to be the cathedral of the city, and the bishops of Athens took up their residence near it on the Akropolis, perhaps in the Propylaea. A valuable list of the names of these bishops has been preserved to us by the fact that it was customary in the tenth and eleventh centuries to record their death in graffiti inscriptions on the inside walls and on the columns of the Parthenon. These records are still legible to the practised eye of the specialist.

But the Akropolis in the middle ages was not merely a residence for dignitaries of church and government, and the site of the holiest temples of the city. It also served as a stronghold, and a residence for the soldiers, for it had reverted to its ancient condition of fortress. This was unfortunate for the works of art. In the year 1687, the Turks, who then were masters of most of Greece, occupied Athens, and had a garrison in the Akropolis. An invading army of Venetians, under the celebrated Francesco Morosini, marched into Attika, and laid siege to the citadel. From a deserter the Venetian engineers learned that the Turks had stored their powder in the Parthenon. Accordingly an attempt was made to throw a shell into it, in order to thus destroy the enemy's supply of ammunition. Unfortunately the German artillery-man, who undertook to execute these orders, succeeded finally; and a shell, which entered through the roof, blew up the store of powder, and converted the pride of Athens, the Parthenon, into the magnificent ruin which it now is. After the deed was done, the noble old Venetian Morosini wept over the devastation which he had felt forced to create. It is more sad to recall this destruction of the Parthenon from the fact that the mischief was all in vain, since Morosini did not succeed in liberating the Athenians except for a few months. In the following year his army had to evacuate the Akropolis and Athens, and the inhabitants again fell under Turkish control.

Long before this untoward event the Parthenon had undergone two celebrated transformations, in addition to the one

already mentioned, of its conversion into a Christian church. For in the year 1204, Athens became a portion of the provinces of the Crusaders who had taken possession of the Byzantine Empire, and these Crusaders established the Latin rite in Athens, and converted the Parthenon into a Catholic cathedral, with a

THE AKROPOLIS AS SEEN FROM THE BOULEVARD OLGA.

Latin archbishop and a number of canons. While under this western control, the government of Athens often changed hands, and many were the standards that successively floated from the turrets of the Akropolis, French and Spanish and Italians taking their turn in the ownership of the city. But in the year 1456 the Florentine duke of Athens surrendered the city to Mahomet II., and soon afterward the Parthenon was converted into a Moslem mosque.

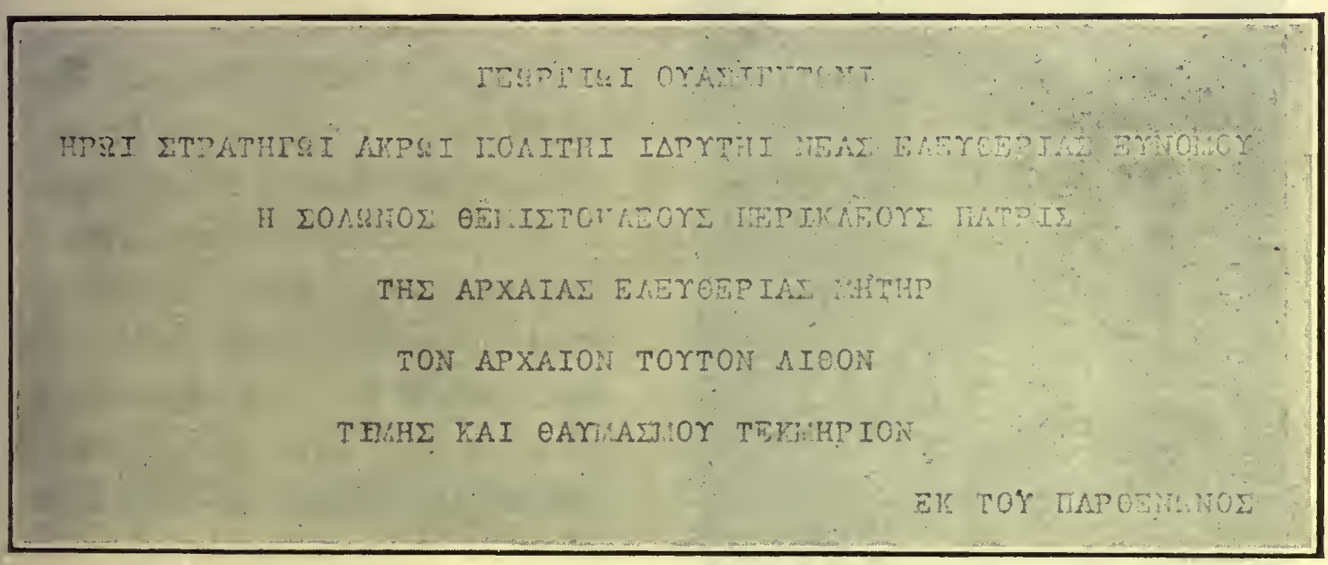
In the war for independence which began in 1821, in which the Greeks succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Turkish dominion, the Akropolis was doomed to suffer again. It is for these successive reasons that all the buildings, and notably the Parthenon, are no longer in a state of good preservation, but rather in one of magnificent ruin. Most strangers who visit Athens and remain for any length of time, take pains to visit the Akropolis by moonlight. Then, in the dimmer and kindlier light, the wreck of time seems to make a duller impression on

the senses, and only the indescribably soothing influence of the larger details of the monuments in their perfection is felt. Especially fortunate is the stranger who chances to visit the Akropolis when illuminated by the soft but profuse light of the moon of August. For of all the year, at this time is the moon of Attika most bright.

When Alexander the Great, who though a native of Makedonia, justly claimed to be a Greek by blood, and therefore looked to Athens as to the centre of his nation, gained his first effective battle in Asia on the banks of the Granikos, he remembered the tutelary deity of the Akropolis, and sent three hundred suits of armor to be dedicated to her as votive offerings. From this booty, twenty-six shields were selected by the Athenians and hung up on the architrave of the Parthenon. The shields have long since disappeared, but the places where they hung are still recognizable, on the front and rear of the temple. Between these shield-marks, there may be seen a number of holes bored into the marble stones of the architrave on the front of the temple. It had long been the opinion of specialists that there must have been an inscription here in large letters of bronze covered with gold, where these holes are, and that the holes had been made in order to fasten the bronze letters to the marble blocks. This conjecture served as a starting point for a young archæologist from America, Dr. Eugene Andrews, now Curator of Antiquities at Cornell, who by means of most ingenious reasoning and skill discovered what the various letters were which once constituted the inscription, and thus with no other data than a lot of auger-holes succeeded in reproducing for us a sufficiently interesting Latin inscription. It does not refer to Alexander and the shields, as we might have been inclined to suspect, but commemorates the Roman emperor Nero, whom the government and people of Athens wished to adulate by placing his name on the Parthenon. The world of Phil-Hellenic historians would perhaps have preferred to find some more glorious name on so glorious a monument; but research has no respect for preconceptions or prejudices even when praiseworthy. For us it is a matter of pride to know that the reading of the inscription is the achievement of an American investigator.

In the year 1854, the Greeks, out of gratitude for generous assistance rendered by America in their sufferings during their

war for independence, selected a block of Pentelic marble from the Ruins of the Parthenon, and after inscribing on it a suitable inscription in classic Greek, written by Perikles Argyropoulos, then a member of King Otho's cabinet, sent it to the United States to be built into the Washington monument. In consigning the stone to the care of Mr. King, the American consul at Athens, Mr. Argyropoulos said: "Greece has never forgotten the noble sympathy manifested towards her by the American nation at the time of her revolution. Full of gratitude and of friendship, she has always watched with the deepest interest the wonderful progress which has been in every respect achieved by a people to which she feels attached by the most



INSCRIPTION ON THE MARBLE BLOCK FROM THE PARTHENON, BUILT INTO THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

indissoluble ties." And in his reply to Argyropoulos, the Secretary of State at Washington, Mr. Marcy, wrote: "The announcement of this noble present, accompanied as it is by tones of friendship so emphatic and so acceptable, cannot fail to be highly appreciated by the President and people of the United States." The interesting affair is narrated in detail by Mr. Felton in his book on Ancient and Modern Greece.

In antiquity the Parthenon was not indeed the most holy shrine on the Akropolis; in point of sanctity it yielded to other sacred precincts near the Erechtheion. But as a work of art, and as the pride of the city, it ranked first. Being sacred to the Virgin Athena, it naturally contained a statue of this goddess. And like the temple, the statue was the most celebrated one in Athens, although not the most revered. It was the handiwork of the master-sculptor Pheidias himself, and was one

of his most famous creations. It was a colossal statue, more than forty-five feet high, and made entirely of gold and ivory, the drapery being of gold, and the face, hands, and feet of ivory. To guard against robbery, the gold was put on in such a way as to be removable, and thus capable of being weighed whenever such action might be deemed necessary, so as to prevent loss by stealing. According to the historian Thoukydides, the amount of gold employed was valued at forty talents, or about fifty thousand dollars.

ARCHAIC STATUE OF THE PRE-PERSIAN PERIOD FOUND ON THE AKROPOLIS.

What the final fate of this statue was, we do not know. It seems to have remained safe in the Parthenon for about nine hundred years. The last mention of it as still being in its original position, is made in connection with the Platonic philosopher Proklos. Proklos came to Athens from his native town of Constantinople in about the year 430 after Christ, and took up his residence near the south side of the Akropolis, below the Parthenon. Athens had already become Christian, but Proklos continued to be an enthusiastic worshipper of the vanishing paganism. The Parthenon was still sacred to the ancient cult, and the gold-ivory statue still remained unmolested. But Zosimos the historian narrates that Proklos had a dream in which he dreamt that the "lady of Athens," as he calls the statue of Athena, appeared to him and informed him that she was about to abandon the Akropolis and the Parthenon, and requested him, as one of the last of her worshippers, to prepare his house to

receive her. The manner in which the dream is narrated supposes that the statue was yet in the Parthenon when Proklos sojourned in Athens. It may afterwards have been brought to Constantinople, as a later Byzantine writer states. One thing at least is certain, that it has surely not been preserved anywhere. An object of so much value in bare gold could not survive the numerous plunderings which the old civilized world was subjected to. It is only a wonder that so valuable a work survived so long.

On account of its fame as a work of art, scholars have always desired to know what the statue must have been like, and even a few have vainly hoped to see it reappear in some of the fruitful excavations that have been made in and near the Akropolis. In December of 1880 a telegram went out from Athens, and flashed all over Europe in a twinkling, causing more excitement than the tidings of a new war. The telegram stated that the Athena Parthenos of Pheidias had been found. Unfortunately the news was in a great part untrue, for what was really found is merely a small copy of that famous statue. The copy is not in gold and ivory, as was the original, but in Pentelic marble. From the name of the lyceum near which it was found, this small statue is commonly known as the "Barbakeion statuette." Its value consists in the fact that, being a replica of Pheidias' master-piece, it gives us some notion of the form and pose of the original. This replica is itself no excellent piece of work. It is, however, quite pretty. It is about three feet four inches in height. The goddess is represented as standing upright, resting on the right foot. Her features are full and rounded. She has a matronly appearance indeed; but it must be confessed that the form is somewhat heavy and without decided expression. A study of the technique of the statuette shows that it was made in Roman times, and possibly in the age of the Emperor Hadrian. The copyists of that period were not careful to reproduce in their copies all the details of the original. They even felt at liberty to introduce numerous petty variations. Accordingly although in general this statue gives us a notion of the shape and pose of the original, yet it cannot serve as a trustworthy guide in details. Fortunately there have been found also other replicas of the Athena Parthenos, which although not so good as this "Barbakeion statuette," are yet useful in increasing our knowledge of the original, and in cor-

ATHENA PARTHENOS.—THE "BARBAKEION" STATUETTE.

recting some notions that we might erroneously form from this statuette alone. The Barbakeion Athena now occupies a prominent place in the National Museum of Athens.

In addition to the old classic buildings on the Akropolis there was built during the successive ages a number of Byzantine, Frankish, and Turkish structures, some of them historically interesting, and most of them picturesque. But the severe determination to rid the Akropolis of all that does not belong to classical antiquity has caused the archæologists to tear down all these later structures. Whether this action is justifiable or not, is not a decided question; but it satisfies the demands of the stricter classicists. At any rate, the Akropolis, crowned with its ancient walls, flanked with the ruins of the theatre of Dionysos and the music hall of Herod, as well as by sacred grots and shrines, and by the hill of Ares where the Apostle Paul first spoke to the Athenians, with the beautiful city of new Athens stretching out to north and east of it, and with the noble ruins of the grand Parthenon standing on its very highest point, is a sight that no man ever forgets, and every one desires to see again.

Athens, Greece.

A Garden Legend.

THE HAWTHORN'S BLUSH.

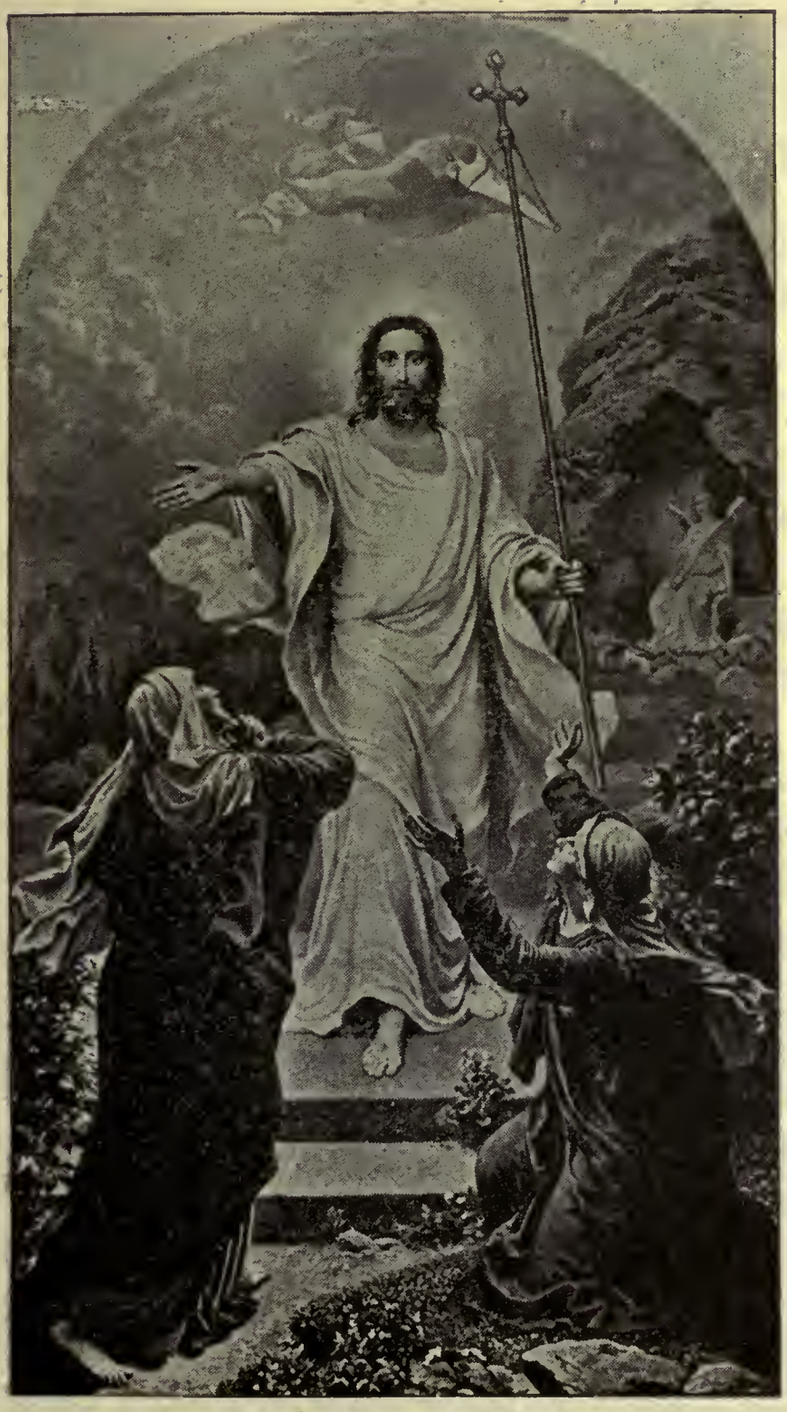
BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

ARMS of welcome wide outspreading—
Fragance breathing far—
Dropping blooms a lustre shedding
As of drifted star!
This the hawthorn—sacred grafting
From Judean tree—
Irish winds, its perfume wafting,
Croon its history.
Tree and bird and bee have listened
To its story there,
Of how first its snow-wreaths glistened
On our earth and—where?

'Twas in Afric's desert dreary,
Torrid day was done,
And a maiden-mother weary
Hushed her Infant Son.
Cot nor tent was none to save them
From the chill and dew:
Angels, in whose care GOD gave them,
Closer round them drew.
One, above the white sand bending,
Breathèd softly, See!
From the barren earth ascending,
Mary's shelter-tree!
Leafy branches intertwining
Arched them overhead,
Petals fluttered, soft and shining,
For the Infant's bed!
So, each eve their course abating,
Joseph saw, and smiled,
Mary's tree of shelter waiting
For the wondrous Child.
And those hands, unseen that carried,
Set the hawthorn down,
Where at length the exiles tarried
Far from Nazareth's town.

Happy Nazareth later knew it:
In its garden place
Peering sunbeams filtered through it
On the Christ-Child's Face.

Long years passed; its blossoms shimmered
'Mid the nights of gloom,
When the seraphs' watch-lights glimmered
By the MASTER'S tomb.
There, as forth outstepped the Risen,
Lo! His garment's hem,
Trailing from the gloried prison,
Touched the hawthorn's stem.



BY THE MASTER'S TOMB.

Wherefore Christ's disciple wrought it
For a staff of need,
And to Saxon land he brought it
With his Master's creed.
Glastonbury's sacred thorn,
Crowning Saxon hill,
Blooming every Yuletide morn,
Speaks of Joseph still.
Erin's Patrick prized its whiteness
So, a sprig he bore
Adding to the blossomed brightness
Of his island's store.
Mary's shelter—swift its spreading
Thro' her loyal isle,
Sweetness on its pathways shedding,
Emblem of her smile.
Here, the stately altar decking—
There, the wayside shrine—
Now the green of graveyards flecking:
Still the snow-blooms shine!
Still the hue of dedication,
Wears the Virgin's May;
Still their due of veneration
Erin's children pay!
But in lands where ingrates turned,
Slighting Mary's name,
There the blossoms' fair cheeks burned
With the glow of shame.
And the crimson stays, in token
Of a flower's distress
Over pledges basely broken
And man's faithlessness.

Ah! but praise to Patrick's keeping,
Mary's Thorn still,
Paler for a people's weeping,
Crests the Irish hill!

CONCERNING THE LIFE OF CHRIST

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

KEMPIS opens his famous treatise on the spiritual life as follows: "*He that followeth Me, walketh not in darkness,* saith the Lord (John viii. 12). These are the words of Christ, by which we are admonished that we must imitate His life and manners, if we would be truly enlightened, and delivered from all blindness of heart. Let it then be our chief study to meditate on the life of Jesus Christ."

To Christians grown to maturity the life of Christ should be as familiar as the little catechism to first communicants. The four Gospels are the primer of the Christian life. Guided by holy Church, the Catholic learns from them the maxims for daily conduct no less than the foundations of faith. Imitation of Christ, simply doing as He did, is our rule of life. The highest motive for any act of virtue is that our Saviour did it. Pure and simple imitation of Christ is perfect reason, perfect virtue. Therefore to learn the life of Christ is the chief study of every intelligent Christian.

A well written Life of Christ will be a notable aid to the performance of this duty. It should contain the history of our Saviour from beginning to end in the very words of the inspired narrative, and together with that such explanations as are needed to fill out an account so brief as that of the Gospels, and such reflections as are necessary to exhibit the divine tradition of the Church and the opinions commonly adopted by approved Catholic writers.

The origin of Christianity is in the history of its Founder. The life and deeds and teaching of Christ is His religion. And so must be our personal life; it will be Christian according as it is modelled on the life of Christ. Hence the study of His life is the chief mental occupation of His followers.

* *The Life of Jesus Christ, embracing the Entire Gospel Narrative, embodying the Teachings and the Miracles of our Saviour; together with the History of His Foundation of the Christian Church.* By Rev. Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers. Imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York. New York: The Catholic Book Exchange.

That which converted the pagan world to Christianity must convert sinners taken, one by one, from vicious courses, and it must hold them fast to their amendment—namely, the knowledge and love of our Redeemer. As humanity was renewed in the ages of persecution, so must sinners be now regenerated. At the time when the race of man was most in need of redemption, at the opening of the era of the Cæsars, Jesus was born. Then began a moral and intellectual revolution so marvellous as to have become the single claimant for the first place in all historical study. It is Jesus Christ and His religion. A force at that epoch grasped the human race the like of which had never been known before. Christ reversed man's entire life, gradually and inevitably transforming him, all his ideas, principles, beliefs, morals, and customs, both social and political. Virtue and wisdom, theretofore but feebly appreciated by even a few superior souls among the gentiles, known, and that dimly, only to a single group of oriental tribes in Palestine, became a universal heritage, the birthright of slaves as well as philosophers, attainable without price and almost without effort by all humanity. So were nations and generations of men sanctified.

But the work of Christ is also personal. From man to man he goes, teaching, exhorting, entreating, by word and by example, and by every influence human and divine. Now, to read His life is to be taught by Him, His Spirit working meantime in a hidden way, till by the union of the outer and inner testimony the vilest blasphemer is first silenced, then convinced, finally sanctified and enraptured.

No book, to be sure, can sanctify a man. The Church of Christ is the divinely appointed instrument of imparting faith and hope and love, even of giving Christ Himself. She is the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; the elevating and redeeming of men is through organic union with Christ in His mystical body, the Church, and she would endure and prosecute her work successfully in saving souls if all the books in the world were burned or had never been written. But it pleased Her Founder to give her the evangelists, whose inspired writings, mightily assisted by St. Paul's epistles and the other parts of the New Testament, are ever in the Church, ever under her eyes, or clasped to her bosom for preservation from the defilements of fanaticism and scepticism. The Church teaches Christ's life and doctrine in all her public and private ministra-

tions, and imparts His Spirit in her Sacraments. To be a Catholic is to be a pupil in God's school, whose whole curriculum is the teaching of Christ and Him crucified. And from the beginning of her career she has expended her energies with no other end in view,—to build our hearts and minds into an edifice of knowledge and love of Jesus Christ.

History tells us in the most melancholy pages ever penned of the incredible corruption of morals among the Gentile nations at Christ's coming, vices being sanctified by identification with gods and goddesses as numerous as those who were made to stand for virtues. In the intellectual order there was at that period an almost total collapse of human sufficiency. Man did not know his own origin or destiny, or even the right and wrong of daily conduct. There was a hopeless and universal state of doubt as to all religious truth; the "What is truth?" of Pontius Pilate being the despairing cry of guileless souls or the bitter scoff of guilty ones. Is it from such annihilation that a new reality of truth and virtue shall spring into existence? Shall a theory of evolution explain a sudden transformation from death into life? The ancient moral and social world was not developed but was demolished by Christianity, and so effectually demolished that it requires the novelist to recast its environment by the aid of his imagination. Who destroyed the pagan world of delusion and wickedness? Who created the modern world of truth and virtue? Could it have been chance? Was it evolution? But the old order was imperatively set aside root and branch. No! it was not man, nor circumstances, nor the evolution of intrinsic tendencies, nor anything else, that swept away the pagan misery, but only the Man-God Jesus Christ, and that moral and doctrinal force called Christianity, a force wholly new, free, superhuman, personal: Jesus of Nazareth and His Church.

What history says of mankind in general is told by devout men and women of their personal experience. The elevating and purifying influence known as the Christian Inner Life, is neither a development of native virtue nor that of even the highest human gift. It is the coming of the God-Man personally, the infusion of His Spirit. "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." As an aid to this interior regeneration the reading of Christ's life is of great importance. To read the Gospels is to learn of Christ in detail, and from inspired writers.

Add the comments of holy men, and the living force of the written word is given its most fruitful activity.

The clergy are always reading and studying the life of Christ, and are set to do it daily by the Church's law. The laity are earnestly invited to do likewise, not only by their pastors, as in the Third Plenary Council, but by all the suggestiveness of the public offices of religion throughout the ecclesiastical year. No passionate craving of the human heart ever equalled the longing to know Jesus, once a glimpse of His divinity and His love has been obtained—to adore Him, to obey Him, to be made one with Him in perfect love. This yearning is fed by the study of His life: the tenderest sympathy, the sweetest joy, the most heroic self-devotion, the highest wisdom, all beginning with the deepest sorrow for sin on His account. All of humanity's noblest achievements and endowments are given us by Jesus of Nazareth, and by consecration to His service are returned to Him as to their rightful lord.

Divine and Catholic faith is nourished by the use of a well prepared history of the Life of our Lord. Devout reading of the life of Jesus quickens our interior perceptions, clears the intelligence, reveals not only the teaching from on high, but the Teacher. Faith thereby secures an unshakable certainty of conviction by an increase of intuitive knowledge. By reading of Christ one acquires a condition of mind called by the Apostle "having the mind of Christ." He becomes a familiar figure in our thoughts and dominates our mental forces. The author and finisher of our faith is Christ. To read His life is to help our struggles against unbelief, to strengthen our hold on the principles of His religion.

Faith, hope, charity; knowledge, confidence, and love are the entire life of the renewed man. It is in Christ's company, meditating about Him, keeping with Him in His joys and sorrows, partaking of His humiliations and His triumphs, that we are helped to be like Him. "Was not our hearts burning within us whilst He spoke in the way and opened to us the Scriptures," said the two who met him on the way to Emmaus. Next to our sacramental union with Christ comes that of reverent communion with Him in the perusal of His life.

Whatever intensifies our union with our Saviour is of supreme importance, especially in these days of worldliness and of polite sensualism. The sweetness of repentance, and afterwards, while

battling with dangerous surroundings, the fortitude of weakness, must be in the interior familiarity of the soul with Christ. "I can do all things in him who strengtheneth me." No man has ever adhered to the teaching of the Son of God and earnestly endeavored to obey His precepts, but that he felt himself enlightened, and at times inflamed, with an influence far above his best natural capacity. This is shown not only by the martyr's heroism and the superhuman benevolence of the Sister of Charity, but also by the pauper's patience and the dullard's wisdom, especially by the repentant sinner's abounding yet cautious confidence. The daily reading of the history of the Incarnate God can be made the best supplement of the pardoning and healing influences of confession and Communion. It would be the highest form of prayer, it would be the best armory of our weapons against temptation, the sweetest solace in moments of discouragement.

The *Life of Christ* which has been recently published was written with the purpose of spreading the love of Jesus Christ among the people. The chapters are short, and, accompanied as each one is by the sacred text of the Gospels, well adapted for use as points of meditation, the "composition of place" being amply provided by excellent pictures distributed through nearly every page. For the same reasons the work is well adapted for preparing sermons. The Gospel history is given word for word, interspersed in different type through the author's comments and reflections. He says in the Preface: "The writer hopes that the book will help the reader to understand and appreciate the divine narrative. He has closely followed the most generally used Catholic versions, and on disputed points has adhered to the commonly accepted views. Another advantage is in the use made of the modern art of pictorial illustration. The book is full of pictures, so numerous and so carefully selected as to make a Life of Christ by themselves. The publishers have been aided by skilful artists, and have reproduced the contributions of Christian art best calculated to aid a devout realization of our Redeemer's mission." And he adds that this Life, "besides giving our Saviour's history, affirms and proves the doctrines He taught and delivered to His Church, whose divine authority, whose sacraments, and whose incorporation into a living body are all fully explained."

It is to recommend this book as a missionary force that we conclude our remarks. And in this respect, fortunately, the study of the life of Christ is urged by the highest authority in Christendom. We quote from the concluding paragraph of Pope Leo's magnificent Encyclical on our Redeemer, written at the opening of the new century: "It is rather ignorance than ill-will which keeps multitudes away from Jesus Christ. There are many who study humanity and the natural world; few who study the Son of God. The first step, then, is to substitute knowledge for ignorance, so that He may no longer be despised or rejected because He is unknown. We conjure all Christians throughout the world to strive all they can to know their Redeemer as He really is. The more one contemplates Him with sincere and unprejudiced mind, the clearer does it become that there can be nothing more salutary than His law, more divine than His teaching."

MUTE MOMENTS.

WHEN purest joys or deepest sorrows
Fill us to the brim with feeling,
When in the soul's most secret chambers
Supremest seems the heart's appealing—
Then, cruellest stress of our estate,
We lean there inarticulate.

Wordless are all our highest senses,
Mute our moments most fraught with meaning;
The glow which to the full intenses
Our times and moods—some wondrous screening
Keeps, whilst we dwell above the sod,
A secret between us and God.

Ah! only when, in Heaven only,
The spirit from the flesh is free,
Then, surely then, the pent-up music
Will hymn its final ecstasy;—
And many a mute one all lifelong
Will burst divinely into song.

A. R.

IS THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES DESIRABLE?

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

THE question which gives caption to this article is an open one, and at present a burning one in Catholic circles. Many Catholics of position and experience, both cleric and lay, oppose the movement of federation, and see in it the possibility of danger to Catholic interests throughout the country, while others of equal prominence and ability strongly support it and hope for its speedy accomplishment. Agitation of the question seems, therefore, to be proper, for by agitation and examination the arguments of both will be gradually sifted and federation taken finally from the realm of discussion.

In itself, federation certainly seems to be desirable. The same principle which brings Catholics together into societies makes toward bringing the societies themselves together. If Catholic societies are desirable—and no one doubts it—the union of these societies must also be desirable. Catholics come together into societies for religious, social, and charitable purposes. Constant experience has taught the beneficial effects of these societies. They make the Catholics of a community known to one another; they promote the cause of religion and charity by their very institution and laws, by the force of example, by the constant stimulus of organization. They perform effective work in time of sickness and death; they develop the social side within Catholic lines; they strengthen the hands of the priest; in general, they give power and dignity to the whole Catholic body.

Now, it has been found advantageous to amalgamate Catholic societies of kindred constitution and purpose into State and National organizations, and no one has objected. In fact, it was inevitable that, springing as they did from a common principle, they should seek unity and develop State and National organization. These organizations nourished and maintained different objects, aims, and purposes in their institution. With one, it was directly fraternal help; with another, it was total

abstinence from intoxicants; with another, patriotism and feeding the fire of love for the "old land"; with another still, the moral, social, and intellectual development especially of the young. But there was one common cause that all loved, and loved beyond everything else—our holy religion. All aimed at promoting its welfare and spreading its sacred influence. This common cause is the strongest bond. It makes common ground for the noblest sacrifice and effort.

We are living in an age and a country of wonderful unification. Nature has uncovered her secrets to bring men closer together. The lightning's flash has bound the ends of the earth together; nay, the wings of the wind now carry our messages. The voice that sounds in New York is heard in its very tone in San Francisco. Each morning, like a mighty snow-storm breaking over the land, the newspapers fall with their despatches and comment into the homes and hands of the people. Space is annihilated and we are all one community, throbbing with the same thoughts, the same feelings, the same impulses, energies, and ambitions. Amalgamation under such conditions becomes almost a necessity. Societies, swayed by one supreme thought, afire with one intense ambition, are bound to pour their energies into one common channel, to express their views by one common voice; in other words, to federate. The conditions of our country have already federated the Catholic societies. The force is there—dormant, pent-up, breaking out fitfully. It needs direction more than cultivation. It is clamoring for result instead of vainly wasting itself. Instead of broken ranks, confused columns, federation is the solemnity and majesty of a mighty host marching ever forward with steady tread and perfect discipline.

If there is work that Catholic societies can do for the good of religion and the welfare of the church, will not that work be more effectually done by a federation of these societies? Will there not be more unity in the work, and therefore more decided result from it? Will not the interest in it be more general? Will it not be more intelligent and constant? There is an impression among some that the chief scope of the federation is to be mere protest against certain injustices. But is there not positive work to be done within the church's horizon in our land, and work that may well be fathered and prosecuted by the united Catholic societies? Have the Catholic laity no mission

in this great country? These questions almost answer themselves. But if the federation did nothing else than bind together the Catholic organizations of different nationalities into a mighty Catholic unit, a great force always at the disposal of the church authorities, what a blessing it would be! Gradually a thorough Catholic spirit would leaven the whole mass, and the source of many scandals and running sores be dried up in the church. Then who can tell what great questions may arise in our country in the future?—questions that perhaps only a federation could adequately grapple with and answer.

But the fearful ones see danger ahead in this proposed federation. They declare that it is the kindling of a conflagration which it will take years to extinguish.

The birth of all great movements is surrounded by spectres. There will always be voices of fear and protest and warning. And it is well that this is so, for this conservative element constitutes a healthy restraining force. They serve to curb and steady a movement; they purify and strengthen it; they are the crucible from which the pure gold must come. They object that the federation will develop antagonism to the church, and this antagonism will find its vent in a revival of the A. P. A. or some similar agitation. They declare that the whole movement will be misunderstood—will be looked upon as an attempt at the ostracism of our fellow-citizens. The federation of Catholic societies will be the Catholic A. P. A., and as such will be condemned and repudiated by the people. In its train will follow anti-Catholic exaggerations in the thoughts and feelings of the masses, and these be expressed in the political and social banishment of Catholics.

These prophets have little trust in the good sense and fair-mindedness of their fellow-citizens. There is no reason why the federation should be misunderstood. It does not burrow in the ground and avoid the light of day. It acts in the open. It trumpets forth its purposes and the means to accomplish them. To compare it with a vile association of evil-minded and secret-plotting bigots is, to say the least, uncalled for and unjust. The channels of information are a-plenty; the American public is fair and discriminating. We can leave our cause in their hands and rest assured of a righteous judgment. The federation aims at making men better Catholics and better citizens. Its purpose is to give effectual aid to religion and charity and good

order by Christian and constitutional means. If we must suffer in such a cause, our sufferings are our glory; but we fear no such event.

But is there not danger of this movement drifting into politics? Are there not scheming politicians always ready to take advantage and reap personal profit? We are well enough off now, and might not this federation become a storm-centre and spread disaster on every side?

There is some truth in these objections, and these possibilities lie before the movement. But the malady in this case will produce its own cure. If the federation is not kept clear of politics it will droop and die. And the same objection holds good against any body of men, any society in our land. Politics with us is like a plague, and there is no telling where it will break out. We Americans carry with us everywhere our intense interest in the government of our country, always kept at burning heat by the newspapers. No matter what we start at, it may turn into politics. A man came to me with a sick-call one day. What is the matter with the patient? I asked. Well, Father, he caught a cold, but it developed into *delirium tremens.* We develop into politics just as strangely. The federation must abstain absolutely from partisan politics. It has no reason to enter them as such, and when it does, it is becoming the tool of designing leaders. But there is a distinction between politics and partisan politics. The latter is a mere scramble for offices and power; the former concerns itself with principles and lies within the domain of morals. Certain political measures are unjust or immoral. A vote for them is a vote against conscience. A vote against them is a vote for truth and right. The federation is not meant to palsy the hand that casts a freeman's ballot, nor will it discard this great instrument of redressing wrong. In certain grave contingencies the federation should advocate and use this great constitutional means of protecting its rights and redressing wrong. It is the American way of doing things. The ballot is the proper and legitimate expression of the people's will, as it is the bulwark of their rights. Here federation simply means courage enough to demand our rights; patriotism enough to seek them by constitutional means; honesty enough to accept the responsibility of our demands. The American people will respect the federation more for fighting for its rights than for whining over their loss.

But neither the higher ecclesiastics nor the rich laity have given support, or even countenance, to the movement for federation. Is it not rash to move without their sanction and active co-operation? The archbishops of the country are the judges of questions that arise in the church. They have displayed characteristic wisdom in refraining from active participation in the movement. The desirability of federation seems as yet to be an open question. They will neither approve nor condemn, but leave all, as is usual in doubtful matters, to the exercise of that freedom which belongs to them. Later, when the movement has ripened and taken shape, they will speak with no uncertain accent.. The rich Catholics are too busy making money or spending it to take any interest in federation. *Noblesse oblige;* but *richesse,* well, that is different!

Finally, what form should the federation take? Upon what lines should it organize? Perhaps its desirability may be involved in these questions. The tendency at present is to follow State boundaries—to make the federation a league of organized States. The natural and logical method is to unite the different national organizations. The "State" method will entail double work—the upbuilding of State and National organizations. Ohio alone of all the States seems to be organized, and that imperfectly. Moreover, the "State" method will arouse the antagonism of the national organizations now in existence. It makes the federation look like an entirely new organization willing to absorb all the others. It serves to break down and destroy the peculiar objects and lines of their institution. It may put the local society at variance with its national organization, and thus sow dissension and disunion. Federation on its present lines will be a national patchwork, made up of various odds and ends. Already some of the great Catholic orders are taking alarm and holding aloof from the federation. But the "State" method is hardly yet more than a suggestion; it has not even the doubtful dignity of an experiment. It will take time and much thought to launch a movement of such magnitude as the federation. But so readily have the Catholic masses taken to it, so eagerly has it been discussed, that it seems bound to come. May wise as well as willing hands guide its inception!

THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN FRANCE.

BY C. M. BARKER.

THE Church of France is in mourning; her conquests of more than fifty years are being trodden under foot; she is near being where she was when three-quarters of a century ago Lacordaire, Montalembert, and others began fighting for her rights and privileges. In all this we see a page of history repeating itself; but the repetition takes place under circumstances other than those which trammelled the action of the French Church during the early decades of the past age. Then, that church, rising out of the blood-tinged mists of the Revolution, and, with a sea of Voltaireanism around her, was cutting her way to solid moorings. Now, having gained solid ground, she is being thrust back upon shoals and quicksands. The religion-haters too of to-day—the forgers of anti-Christian laws—are different from those with whom Frédéric Ozanam, Montalembert, and Lacordaire had to deal; they seem to be fiercer and more in earnest.

When in Paris, in 1841, a noble-looking priest, with tonsured head, and wearing the black and white habit of a Dominican, ascended the pulpit of Notre Dame a daring stroke was made. The priest was Henri Dominique Lacordaire. His presence on the occasion was a protest, a throwing down of the gauntlet in favor of religious liberty, an attempt to win right of way in France for his fellow-religious expelled by the Revolution. He was where he was in defiance of the letter of the law, for statutes were against him as was also public opinion.

King Louis-Philippe, watching events from his palace of the Tuileries, sent word to the Archbishop of Paris to the following effect: "*Monseigneur l'Archevêque*, if there is a disturbance you shall not have a single National Guard to protect you."

The archbishop was allowed to have his way all the same. From his place in the sanctuary, though with something like trepidation at heart, he calmly watched and waited as Lacordaire ascended the pulpit and spoke.

By a stroke of genius, and, at the same time, by one of those bursts of eloquence that can only come from a man who loves with an impassioned and almost superhuman love, the orator won his hearers to his cause. In that hour he opened the way for the return of the sons of St. Dominic to France.

Monseigneur Affre, meanwhile, was silently rejoicing. This Archbishop of Paris had carried the day. This scene, though belonging to the past, is full of actuality for the present-day reader.

Like the civil power with which Monseigneur Affre had to contend, the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry of the hour has its grip on Catholic liberties; but, on the other hand, the Archbishop of Paris of to-day is less free to resist this grip than was his predecessor of Louis-Philippe's time. Were Cardinal Richard, in the present state of things, to attempt to do in the case of a Jesuit—the Rev. Père Coubé, for instance—what Monseigneur Affre did in the case of the Dominican Lacordaire, he would raise a storm about his head that would not subside in a day.

In the present religious crisis in France every pulpit in the country is closed, not only to Jesuits and members of other orders and congregations that have come under the ban of the law, but to any priest, now secularized, who may have once belonged to one of these orders or congregations. In truth, if we except the worst days of the Reign of Terror, when the churches were closed and priests and nuns were thrown, tied together and bleeding, into the Seine, at no previous period has religious liberty in France been so ruthlessly and unjustifiably attacked.

The attack is not the less real because it is purposely rendered as covert as possible, and because things here outwardly appear to go on much the same as usual.

The moment is critical for the religious destinies of France. Nursed into religious life and growth as this country has been by the religious orders and congregations, it could in case of necessity do without these orders and congregations; but what it cannot do without is a certain amount of religious liberty in the matter of education.

The return to the university monopoly system of education of the first half of the last century threatens to plunge France, at no distant date, into a modern paganism. We say more: inevitably this state of modern paganism awaits France unless the present ministerial tables are overturned by the next elec-

tions, or unless some unforeseen upheaval occurs to upset the present order of things.

With numbers of Frenchmen denied the rights of citizenship, and with state education compulsory on those who are to serve the state in the army, in the navy, or as civil functionaries of any kind, and that education being of necessity godless, it is easy to see how this country is becoming unchristianized to the core. There are no longer at the *lycées* chaplains with even nominal work to do; and youths, before entering these *lycées*, are expected to leave their prayer-books behind them. State functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, dare not show their religious convictions, if they have any; nor, with safety to their position, can they allow their wives and daughters to do so.

The following fact, which came under the notice of the present writer, will serve as an instance of this. A few days ago a lady wrote from Paray-le-Monial requesting that a religious publication to which she was subscribing should be sent to the address of a friend of hers, giving as a reason that were she to receive it through the post her husband's position as that of a civil functionary might suffer in consequence. Was not the President of the Republic called to account by more than one French newspaper for having a Mass celebrated in his private chapel of the Élysée on last All Souls' day?

All this belongs to the dark side of the picture. There is another side. It is that there is a French clergy full of young blood and fresh sap, and ready to go out towards a people far more responsive to a growing religious sense than mere Frenchmen or Frenchwomen of even one generation ago. This difference, too, enters into the difference of surroundings to which we alluded when we said that in the present persecution of the church in France a page of history was repeating itself.

The French people of to-day are far from being steeped in Voltaireanism and indifference, as they were in the early days of Montalembert and Lacordaire. Apart from rabid anti-clericals and religion-haters among them, who form a good nucleus to themselves, it is true, they are rather permeated by a growing religious sense and a growing need of religious belief. This is noticeable in many ways, but especially in art and literature and in the churches.

The Paris churches this Lent were calculated to give a good

idea of the pulse of the church-going public. Certain of these churches were all but filled with men serving as an especial target for able sermons and conferences.

What a contrast this with the state of things existing here say fifty years ago, when, as is said, men in general seldom or never went to church! It is true that a shadow was over the church's action this Lent, certain well-known figures among the Lenten orators of the capital being missing, and others being led to hide their lights under bushels in order not to attract notice.

On the other hand, secular priests were to the fore full of energy and enterprise, and sparing no pains to bring as many Frenchmen as possible into God's ways and at the foot of God's altars for their Easter duties.

The subject of Catholic apologetics was treated in more than one pulpit, including that of Saint-Roch. There a series of contradictory conferences was given by Abbé Lautil, the brilliant "Pierre l'Ermite" of the Paris newspaper the *Croix*, and Abbé Poulin, one of the vicars of Sainte-Clotilde. Abbé Lautil was the apologist; his fellow-*conférencier* did the part of "Devil's advocate." The object of the conferences was, with revelation set on one side for the moment, to prove, historically, and by line and rule, that the text of the four Gospels as we have it to-day dates from apostolic times, and that the very variations of form to be met with in its different versions do but prove its integrity as a whole.

Neither the importance of the subject nor the brilliant manner in which it was treated suffice to explain the hold it had on the vast audience that at each conference listened, riveted for an hour and a half, filling the church from end to end.

The truth is, this interest in the New Testament on the part of a mixed Paris congregation, nominally of men, belongs in a measure to the newly-awakened religious sense to which we have alluded.

Not the least marked of these signs of this awakening is the prominence given to what pertains to the Gospel of Christ. Unprecedented fact! Has not Paris just had a Gospel Congress in her midst?

In this tendency to a wave of religious revival, tinged as it is with a modern spirit of its own, we see woman taking a place which as woman the Latin races have hitherto persistently

denied her. To prove our point we have only to look back to Abbé Henri Bolo, in the pulpit of the Madeleine this past Lent.

This former vicar-general of Laval, in the course of a series of brilliant conferences, entertained his hearers on the subject of woman. He spoke of her as Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, writes of her. He showed her to have been redeemed—emancipated from the thraldom of other ages—by Christ and by chastity. He showed the marriage tie to have been instituted by the Founder of Christianity in order to protect woman, and to tame man. "But," said the orator in one of his most successful outbursts, "there is something more beautiful even and nobler than Christian marriage. This something is virginity." To this hidden force Abbé Bolo did not hesitate to ascribe what is most luminous in the world of thought at the present day, and most Christ-like and prolific in action.

With, in a religious sense, so much good working material at command, there seems to be at the present time in France a wide field open for a Catholic apostolate. But one thing is wanting in this direction; that is, liberty of conscience and liberty of action. The word liberty is inscribed in large letters on French churches, as on all other public buildings in this country. Might we not say, with Madame Roland: "O Liberty, what things are done in thy name!"

Paris.

ST. GENEVIÈVE MARKED WITH THE DIVINE SEAL. *(Puvis de Chavannes in the Pantheon, Paris.)*

ST. GENEVIÈVE, THE MAID OF NANTERRE.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

"ST. LOUIS, St. Geneviève, and Jeanne d'Arc are quite as much a part of French history as are Voltaire, Danton, and Napoleon," said a French writer, and the little Maid of Nanterre, simple as was her parentage, was a great factor in the life of the French nation.

Born in the tiny village of Nanterre, Geneviève was a shepherdess among the picturesque valleys hidden among the hills

where Mont Valerian frowns down upon a grazing district, famous even in *la belle France*, land of verdant meadows,

"Fair and fragrant in their sun-kissed vales."

When she was but seven years old St. Germain, the holy Bishop of Auxerre, passed through Nanterre *en route* to Britain, and amongst the crowd which thronged about him to receive the episcopal blessing was the Arcadian maid and her parents. No sooner had St. Germain seen "la pucellette" than her piety and future saintship were revealed to him.

"Thou desirest to become the hand-maiden of the Lord?" he asked. "Then wear this symbol," and he hung about her neck a coin marked with the cross.

Very beautifully has Puvis de Chavannes depicted this scene in his painting, "St. Geneviève marked with the Divine Seal." One of the mural paintings of the Pantheon, this is an exquisite piece of art and one pregnant with devotion. The artist has caught the true spirit of the scene and transferred it to canvas with a brush glowing with life, yet with the softened hues which always mark his touch. St. Germain, a stately figure attended by St. Loup, leans toward the little maid, with tenderest blessing in his very attitude; and upon his ascetic face—the face of the true ecclesiastic—an expression of fatherly sweetness. Before him stands the little saint, clad in a simple white frock, one hand upon her breast, her earnest little face, framed in soft brown hair, raised to the bishop's with a lovely expression, demure, thoughtful, half wondering, half wise.

Very fine are the figures in the group gathered around; the straight draperies are quaint, the faces for the most part like those of the French peasantry of to-day, ugly but interesting. A mother holds up her baby to be blessed, a little child clasps her hands in prayer, and in the distance a sick boy and a little beggar are being led up to the bishop. But aside from St. Germain and "la pucellette" herself, the most striking figures are those of the child's father and mother, who stand behind her in striking attitudes. The mother, mother-like, quick to believe, with clasped hands raised to her face, gazes at her child with awe and wonder. The father, man-like, seeking his wife in the stress of any emotion, grasps her hand as he stoops a little forward, his expression and amazement not one whit tinged with incredulity.

Legislative Library Ontario

THE PANTHEON IN PARIS.

The background of the painting is charmingly rural, with trees, fields, and a landscape which breathes

> "A stream of tender gladness,
> Of filmy sun and opal-tinted skies;
> Of warm midsummer air that lightly lies
> In mystic rings,
> Where softly clings
> The music of a thousand wings
> That almost tone to sadness."

Vaguely outlined are the walls of Nanterre, while the Seine flows through the fertile pasture land and grave Mont Valerian gazes down upon the whole Arcadian scene.

The chastened hues of the painting seem to indicate approaching night, and so faithful to nature is the portrayal that one seems to hear

> "The river's rippling monotone,
> The low-voiced chants of zephyrs lone
> That swing like censers through the halls
> By leafage arched, with leafage walls:
> The long hum of insect song,
> All seem to woo the shades along
> The golden rim of even-tide."

Tradition tells us that even in childhood miracles followed the path of St. Geneviève. Her mother being struck blind—some say because she boxed the ears of her little daughter—her small saintship prayed fervently for a year and nine months, and her mother's sight was restored. Some chroniclers insist that St. Geneviève refrained from praying for her mother for a year and nine months as a just judgment upon her parent for slapping her, but that would have been too humanly revengeful to be believed of so sweet a little maid, and we prefer to think that she prayed at once, but was heard only after patient waiting.

When she was fifteen years old, St. Geneviève vowed to consecrate herself to God; but, like a dutiful daughter, remained with her aged parents till their death, caring for them tenderly, her days spent in the simplest duties of home. Her life seems to have sped on in quietude and peace in the valleys of Nanterre, and Puvis de Chavannes shows her again as a maid in a beautiful picture, "St. Geneviève at Prayer."

His work combines refined and poetic thought, a quick and happy seizure of all dramatic possibilities, and the mediæval atmosphere with modern impressionism.

In this painting of St. Geneviève some peasants have chanced upon her as she knelt praying before a cross under the shadow of a tree. A charming French landscape forms the background, with stately trees against a pearly sky, sheep grazing upon a hillside, two stalwart oxen yoked to a plough, lazily chewing the cud, and over all the peaceful tranquillity of rural life. The plough-boy gazes awe-struck at the kneeling saint, a marvellous figure all in white, girlish and almost pathetically slight and delicate-looking. Her brown hair gleams golden

under a halo, her face, the same little earnest face of the former picture, is not beautiful but very sweet. It is the face of one who has been much alone—a solitary wood-wanderer, learning from communion with blither things than men, with a beauty of Nature as though she must have

> ". . . Wandered far
> With Spring for guide,
> And heard the sky-born forest flowers
> Talk to the wind among the showers,
> Through sudden doorways left ajar
> When the wind sighed."

She is very attractive as a child and maiden, this French *paysanne*. Later in life "stern-visaged duty" has left upon her features an impress of repression, ennobling yet rendering less soft and gentle the strong face; but as a girl praying in Nature's temple she is very attractive, and recalls the beautiful lines:

> "Her hair is the dark of an autumn night,
> Her brow is the moonbeam's pallid light,
> Her voice is the voice of the wind and wave,
> When the breeze blows low and the ripples lave
> The feet of a wooded mountain hoar,
> Rising on southern storied shore.
> The breath from between her hallowed lips
> Is the breath exhaled from a rose that sips
> The dew on a lucid April day,
> Soft as the spring, as summer gay.
> On the grass-blade wet there lie the tears
> Her eyes have shed for our hopes and fears;
> Her eyes—her eyes—the infinite depths
> Of the holiest Heavens where God He keeps
> All that is beautiful, good, and true;
> Her eyes are the infinite Heaven's blue,
> Gazing in sad serenity
> On restless, frail humanity."

Aside from the maiden's figure, the prettiest thing in the whole picture is the darling baby cuddled close to its mother in a pose natural as it is graceful, while the peasant mother

raises a hand as if to hush the childish cry lest it break in upon the reverie of the saint.

At the death of her parents St. Geneviève went to live in Paris with an aged aunt, and in that—even then—gay city she

ST. GENEVIÈVE CALMS THE PARISIANS FRIGHTENED AT THE APPROACH OF ATTILA.

led a life of such holiness that many venerated her as a saint, while others thought her a hypocrite and her piety a sham.

The Devil himself tried to disturb the little saint's serenity, and at night when she said her prayers he blew out her candle. But faith was her tinder-box, and the angels never left her to the powers of darkness, though Satan used huge bellows to extinguish her taper. She held up her candle, miraculously

relighted, in the very face of the fiend, and he fled howling as evil flees from the light of the world.

Legend tells us also that one dark night a storm overtook St. Geneviève and a party of friends on their way to St. Denis and blew out their torches, without which travel in ancient Paris was well-nigh an impossibility. St. Geneviève prayed fervently and, lo! an angel descended and relit the flambeaux in answer to her request for "Light, sweet Saviour Christ, light in our darkness!"

These legends of the saint have frequently been reproduced in art, having been favorite subjects with the artists of the middle ages. One of the most noteworthy paintings of the legend of the candle is that at the door of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, a remarkable picture both in conception and execution.

The little shepherdess of Nanterre has something in common with Jeanne d'Arc, though the realm of "la Pucelle" was more temporal than that of "la Pucellette." When Paris was besieged by the Huns under Attila, in 451, it was the prayers of St. Geneviève which saved the city. The people, terrorized and frantic, were ready to flee away, leaving all their possessions to be the prey of the barbarian hordes; but St. Geneviève stopped them, crying: "Forsake not your homes, for God has heard my prayer! Attila shall retreat!"

One of the mural paintings in the Pantheon in Paris illustrates this stirring scene. A wild and frightened crowd of peasants throng about the stone steps of the convent, upon which stands the saint. Her figure, clad in soft robes of purest white, is outlined against a dark doorway. White-robed maidens crowd in the background, torches in their hands; beneath, the calm waters of the Seine flow toward the sea.

The saint's face and figure seem almost inspired. She is not a pretty woman; her face is hard-featured, almost stern, yet there is a nobility, a holiness, the earnestness of a high purpose in the countenance which ennobles the plain peasant features until the prettiness of a less rare soul seems insipid and tiresome when compared with the expression of St. Geneviève's marvellous character.

One wonders not that the fears of the turbulent crowd were quelled, for there is dignity and calm in the mien of this noble woman, as she stands with one arm extended, palm outward, to calm the fears of that raging *mêlée* beneath her. She is an in-

spiring figure, alert, resolute, dignified, her whole mien that of one whose feet

> ". . . have passed
> Thro' the divided camp of dreams,
> As one who should set hand to rouse
> Her comrades from their heavy drowse,
> For only their own deeds redeems
> God's child at last."

In the immediate foreground a superb dog strains at his chain as if his master's fright had communicated itself to him. Half way up the stone steps a young man crouches at the saint's feet, and beyond her the sea of heads and arms and hands appeals to her, every posture showing the fright and anxiety of the superbly conceived and executed figures.

When Childeric invested Paris, St. Geneviève commanded that the boats be sent up the Seine for aid, and the barges were brought back loaded to the brim with provisions.

This story of St. Geneviève's feeding the hungry is the origin of the *pain bénit* held in St. Étienne and other Parisian churches. The Blessed Bread is a large *brioche* given by the parishioners, and brought into the church during the offertory. Gaily decorated with flowers and lights, it is carried in procession by the acolytes, sprinkled with *eau sainte*, blessed, and returned to the sacristy. There it is cut and the pieces distributed about the church. It is a feast after the order of the *Agape* of the early Christians, and is an exceedingly pretty ceremony in honor of the Maid of Nanterre.

The fame of St. Geneviève spread far and wide, and at the taking of the city she was treated with great reverence by Clovis. Through her influence Clotilde, the wife of Clovis, was converted to Christianity, and the first Christian church erected.

St. Geneviève died in the year 511 A. D., and the scene of her death has been marvellously depicted by Laurens, a modern French painter.

Reclining on a huge bed is the aged woman, upon her face a strange expression, almost of joy, to

> "Leave the misty capes and vales she trod
> For the glad sunshine on the hills of God."

In the throes of death she raises her feeble hands to bless the

DEATH OF ST. GENEVIÈVE. (*Laurens.*)

people about her, a crowd of sorrowing creatures, men, women and children. A friend of the poor was St. Geneviève, and the poor are not ungrateful. They throng about her, eager for one word or one glance from the dying woman. A baby is lifted high to catch a glimpse of her, a child clings to its mother in grief, women weep and strong men sob. Such was the death of the Maid of Nanterre, whom all Paris loved and lamented.

She was buried in the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul. The original church of this name was founded by Clovis at the saint's request in honor of his victory over the Visigoths in the plains of Vorillé. Clovis died before the completion of the church, but Clotilde carried on the work, and it was the burial-place of both sovereigns. At the tomb of St. Geneviève many miracles are said to have been performed, and among them is credited the cessation of the great plague called the *mal ardent*, which

plague devastated Paris in the reign of Louis *le Gros.* From this fact a church called "St. Geneviève des Ardents" was dedicated to her, but this was swept away in the maelstrom of the Revolution.

When the Normans overran France the monks took up the

CARRYING THE CASKET OF ST. GENEVIÈVE THROUGH THE STREETS. (*Maillot.*)

body of the saint, and hid it carefully away in a wooden box until the country was at peace again.

The devastating finger of time was laid upon the church in which the saint rested until, in the reign of Louis XV., decayed

and half ruined, it was destroyed to make room for the Rue Clovis. All that to-day remains of the fair old abbey is its beautiful tower and some stone fragments of the crypt that once contained the sepulchre of holy and regal persons.

The bones of St. Geneviève were preserved in a gorgeous portable shrine which was carried in procession through the streets of Paris whenever danger threatened the city and the Parisians desired the intercession of the Maid of Nanterre.

Maillot has a superb picture of the procession in olden Paris showing "La Chasse" carried through the streets of the mediæval city—a picture, aside from the sentiment, valuable as giving a carefully studied historical sketch of the period. Every figure in the painting would seem to have been studied carefully in detail to instil into it something of the life of the times. In the foreground walks a man-at-arms, with short sword and pike, dressed in the heavy mail of the period—a veritable swash-buckler, all swagger and dash. Behind him a barefooted monk reads his prayers; another, said to be Erasmus, is clad in a dark cloak; a nun leans from a balcony. There is a bishop in a gilt mitre, an abbot in a white one, while monks, priests, soldiers, *bourgeoisie* and Jean Crapeaus of all sorts and conditions throng the canvas, each form instinct with life, while the gables and pointed roofs of the old city by the Seine form a quaintly striking background.

"La Chasse," executed by order of the Abbot Robert de la Ferté-Melon, in 1242, was wrought by that cunning goldsmith, Bonnard. It contained one hundred and ninety-three marks of silver and seven and one-half marks of gold, while kings, nobles, and *bourgeoisie* vied with each other in contributing superb gems for its adornment. Maria de' Medici crowned the front with diamonds, and Germain Pilon sculptured a fine group of four women in wood standing upon a marble base to support the reliquary.

This piece of sculpture was all that was saved in the Revolution of 1793, when the *Chasse* was melted and the jewels sold to feed the red caps of the Revolution, while the saint's bones were burned on the Place de la Grève. Fragments of the stone coffin which had originally held the relics of the holy maid were preserved and taken by Père Amable de Voisins, curé of St. Étienne, to that church.

This quaint mediæval church, built upon a hill which rises

THE CHURCH OF ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT, PARIS.

from the Seine south of Notre Dame, was considered in the fourteenth century to be of great beauty, and to-day its tower smiles down upon busy Paris as serenely as though it had not seen wars and rumors of wars, bloodshed and carnage. Its interior is very stately, and the tomb of St. Geneviève, richly enshrined and radiant with the glow of the ancient stained glass windows, is a work of art rare and beautiful.

The chief monument to St. Geneviève, however, is the "Nouvelle Église de Sainte-Geneviève," or the Pantheon of Paris. This beautiful church is one of the most perfect existing specimens of Grecian architecture. The building is said to owe its existence to Madame de Pompadour, who persuaded Louis XIV. to build it after the king's illness at Metz, from which he recovered upon appealing to the patroness of Paris.

Soufflot was the architect, and the church is situated at the end of the Rue Soufflot, its superb basilica rising aloft against the blue Parisian sky like the dome of some great temple of old. Within the walls lie many celebrated dead. The tombs of cardinals are beside those of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire, while Mirabeau and Marat, whose lives so widely diverged, in death lie closely together.

How many vicissitudes this old church has seen! The Constitutional Assembly of 1791 turned it into a Temple of Fame, removed the cross and added the inscription, "Aux grands hommes, la Patrie reconnaissante."

Napoleon made the building a church again, but ordered it to be preserved as a burial-place for officers of the Legion of Honor, senators, etc. With Louis XVIII. was restored the old inscription,

"D. O. M.
GENOVEFAE SACRUM,"

but the second republic lowered the cross, and the church was used as a hospital in 1848. Restored again by Louis Napoleon, the red flag of the Commune waved over the Pantheon from March 26 to May 24, 1871.

Within the walls of the Pantheon are many paintings of St. Geneviève, those of Puvis de Chavannes being the best known, and a superb statue by Guillaume. In this the saint is represented as standing gazing heavenward, a lamb at her feet, a great cloak wrapped about her face; the face of a peasant, but sweet, holy, resolute; such a face, indeed, as one could easily picture as belonging to that noble woman of the people, Geneviève, Maid of Nanterre.

SISTER THÉRÈSE, A CHILD-CONTEMPLATIVE.*

BY REV. JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

THÉRÈSE MARTIN, the writer of the book now before us, may be described very fittingly as a "child-contemplative." Born at Alençon, on the second of January, in the year 1873, she entered Carmel at the age of fifteen, and died some nine years later, on the thirtieth of September, 1897. By the direction of the Superioress, she wrote an account of her own life; and after her death the volume was published, first in French, and then in English on both sides of the Atlantic. The first French edition appeared in October, 1898, and, it being exhausted by the following February, a second edition was prepared. At last accounts the volume had reached its tenth thousand, and translations had been made in five languages, including German and Polish. The English translation is circulating with marked success; the book, therefore, is one likely to convey its lessons to a great host of souls in many different quarters. This present review has been prepared with the hope of increasing the number of those who are instructed, consoled, and spiritually uplifted by the narrative of Sister Thérèse's life.

True, other souls have entered Carmel in tender youth and died in the springtime of life with baptismal innocence untarnished; and they are lovely, all of them, with a loveliness that delights the guarding angels and is contemplated by God with everlasting joy. The history of any one of them would be helpful and full of charm. But there is something about the life-story of this young girl that distinguishes it from any other book with which our readers are likely to be acquainted; and unless the indications are very misleading, it has an inspiring message for a vast number of souls. Indeed, it seems to be

* *Histoire d'une âme, écrite par elle-même.* Par Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus et de la Sainte Face, religieuse Carmélite (1873–1897). Imprimeur-Librairies de l'œuvre de Saint-Paul: Paris, Bar-le-Duc, et Fribourg (Suisse). Pp. 491. Prix 4 fr.

The Little Flower of Jesus: Being the Autobiography of Sister Therese of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face, Carmelite Nun. Translated from the French "Histoire d'une âme." By Michael Henry Dziewicki. Pp. 294. Price $1.60. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers; London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

providentially adapted to meet a grave want of our day, none the less real because, in great measure, unappreciated.

SPIRITUAL WANTS OF OUR OWN DAY.

Perhaps never before, since history began, have religious problems agitated minds more acutely and more universally than at the present time. And in no other age, perhaps, with equal opportunities for its spread, has the Church's spiritual teaching been less efficaciously presented than in our own. Truly when we reflect that the founder of Christianity is identical with the God who fashioned the human soul and created its tendencies and possibilities, we find it hard to understand why human progress is not more nearly coextensive with religious progress; why Catholicity in the twentieth century is still so far from having won all men to the worship of its ideals. It is not alone the partial failure of the plan of world-conquest which puzzles and saddens us, nor yet the rejection of divinely sanctioned ethics by so large a portion of mankind; but even when considering the internal status of the Church, we are constantly set wondering at the comparatively narrow spread and the comparatively mean results of that sublime spiritual teaching which God has imparted and the Church preserved, for the ennobling of mankind. To such questions as, Why are Catholics a minority? and Why are saints so rare? some sort of answer can be contrived perhaps. But, Why is prayer poorly understood by us? and Why is spiritual ambition uncommon? and Why are so few souls trained to ascend, or even encouraged to aspire to the heights of unitive love?—these are questions that we listen to in silence and in shame.

Is there not some truth in the affirmation that, partly at least, such shortcomings are due to our misconception of those principles of perfection which have been insisted upon most of all by the great mystical saints? And further: may it not be said that the danger of a mistake in this matter is almost inevitable when an age is so far out of sympathy with the contemplative ideal that even the faithful themselves, becoming infected with the prevalent spirit, exalt social service to be the test of a perfect life? In any event, existing conditions apparently prove that to convince the world of the truth of our dogmas, is to leave the world still base, unless also we impart and it accepts the traditional Catholic teaching on perfection.

As for ourselves, we may be strenuous to a fault in building churches and cleansing cities; but, until we have begun to cultivate the life of prayer, we remain alien from the mind of Christ, we are not yet "the Kingdom of God." Testimony on this point, that possesses unusual weight, is that given by Father Hecker, himself an eminently successful promoter of religious activities, and a missionary whose apostolic zeal knew no limits. He gave such witness as the following to his estimate of the mystical ideal and the contemplative life:

"We can become holy by contemplation alone, but not so by mere activity."

And again, during his latter days of forced inactivity: "I should deem it a misfortune if God should cure me of my infirmities and restore me to active usefulness, so much have I learned to appreciate the value of my passive condition of soul." *

It is not altogether inexplicable, therefore, that so little is accomplished in our generation; that there is no greater earnestness and no larger success in the pursuit of spiritual perfection. To-day, in great measure, "mystical" literature has passed out of use and even out of knowledge. Most of the grand old treatises have become inaccessible; their names are unknown, their methods and teachings unfamiliar. The simple freedom of a Saint Gertrude, the temper of mind fostered by the writings

* From unpublished MSS. Father Hecker's love of the contemplative life and of the works and teachings of the mystics is occasionally lost sight of by friends as well as by critics. It surprises some not a little to find that St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross are community-patrons of the Paulists. Then, too, Father Hecker's esteem of the contemplative orders was manifested practically in various ways. One instance of it is to be found in his attitude toward the two poor Clares who came to this country in 1876 for the purpose of establishing their community here. Amid their numerous trials they received continual consolation and encouragement from Father Hecker, as is recorded gratefully in their published narrative. The same book contains various letters of his to these nuns, and in one of the letters occurs the following passage: "It now rests with you to make the beautiful flower of divine contemplation take root in the virginal soil of the church in our young Republic. I cannot conceive a nobler design, a greater work, and one fraught with more precious fruits. It will be my constant prayer that God may give you the grace of receiving the spirit of your holy foundress, St. Clare, and that you may be the nucleus of gathering together those souls on whom God has bestowed the vocation of contemplative life. There are those who believe that our century, and above all our country, is antagonistic to this kind of life; as to the forms of its expression, this may to some extent be true. But my most intimate conviction is, that not only the gift of contemplation is necessary to these, but God will not fail to bestow this grace on certain elect souls in our day, and precisely among us. It is the only counterweight that can keep this headlong activity of our generation from ending in irreligion and its own entire destruction." —*The Princess of Poverty: Saint Clare of Assisi and the Order of Poor Ladies*, p. 298. By Father Marianus Fiege, O.M.Cap. Published by the Poor Clares of the Monastery of St. Clare, Evansville, Ind., 1900.

of a Saint Gregory or a Blosius, a Saint Catherine or a Caussade, too often is replaced by a devotion to drill; and people learn to distrust everything that lies outside the beaten track where travellers can be assisted by guides who mark out each step of progress, and direct each movement by rules—as could not be done so well were souls to give themselves up without reserve to the action of Divine grace.

VALUE OF SIMPLICITY.

So much as to defective propaganda of the sublimer teachings of Catholic spirituality. Another kind of obstacle is the prevalence of a certain disposition that is coming to be regarded as the inevitable curse of a highly complex civilization—namely, lack of simplicity. Simplicity, as St. Thomas reminds us,* can be understood best when we consider that it is so named because opposed to duplicity. It consists in aiming at the same thing outwardly by act and inwardly by intention; it implies honesty, truth, sincerity, absence of calculation. Now, any such virtue as this is rendered exceedingly difficult in social conditions which both multiply our selfish interests and intensify the sharpness of our struggle for existence. "Simple" is a word akin to the word "primitive," indicating a similar type of character, and equally adapted to a primary stage of progress. In more highly developed society, to be simple endangers our being secure; hence progress breeds a habit of mind which looks upon concealment as a necessity of existence, and regards simplicity as a mal-adaptation to environment.

Men of wide experience in dealing with souls tell us that the lack of simplicity is a serious, if not a wholly fatal, defect in the spiritual life. Now, simplicity is always in danger of banishment whenever we develop great anxiety for our own interests; for then we are led to study concealment, to be apprehensive about the expediency of manifesting each intention or desire. All this makes for the forming of a habit of constant and possibly morbid introspection; and this in turn involves abnormal self-consciousness and hyper-timidity. In this way, paradoxical as it seems, our bold, self-assertive life begets a character incapable of high spiritual achievement and indisposed to lofty aspiration. *O Beata Simplicitas!* In its absence we are ever busy with the contemplation of self, and consequently

* *Sum. Theol.*, II. IIae., q. 109, a. 2 ad 4.

are driven to shrink back fearfully from God; whereas, those who are simple of soul look far away from self and lovingly repose in the contemplation of God.

If there is one great sublime truth breathed out of Sister Thérèse's pages, it is this: that the soul of a saint can be the soul of a child. The frank manifestation of her innermost consciousness is made as a child would make it. When the awful dark of the obscure night closes down upon her, we see her face still turn in childish trust toward her Heavenly Father, present though hidden. If disheartening imperfections rise to remind her of the menacing strength of sin, she runs like a child to nestle lovingly in her Saviour's arms. This is her abiding characteristic: the stamp of the childlike is upon her concept of perfection. There are souls who like eagles soar open-eyed toward the dazzling brightness of Infinite Being; this one is rather like a modest dove at the feet of the Child Jesus, pleasing him with the sight of its chaste beauty.

CHILDHOOD OF "THE LITTLE FLOWER."

But it is time to give some description of Sister Thérèse, if we are to illustrate the lessons she teaches. The garden where this choice flower grew up and blossomed was one of those rare family circles possible only among Catholics. In youth both M. Martin and his wife had longed to enter the religious life; but God ordained otherwise. Finding vocations to the married state, they led holy lives in the world, being blessed with nine children, four of whom died in infancy, while the other five all became nuns. Evidence of the remarkable spirit of the family appears in the fact that before his death M. Martin, without manifesting the slightest opposition, saw three of his daughters become Carmelites, among them the idol of the home, his "Little Queen," Thérèse.

A most precocious child was Thérèse, with an astonishing power of observation and a memory faithful enough to permit the later recording of many touching incidents of her babyhood. The frank sincerity of the nun's recital as she recalls her earliest childish recollections has a rare charm; it is utterly lacking in anything that approaches affectation. We see the tiny maiden as she really was—a petted family darling, with a strong little will of her own, a love of being noticed and praised, and a temper that could make her scream and stamp furiously when

her wishes were crossed. But soon her soul began to reach out longingly after the nourishment it had been created to live upon; and her watchful Father in heaven provided graces in rich abundance. The shelter of a Catholic home, the instructions and the virtuous behavior of a pious family, the inspiring example of the older sisters—all contributed to shape and form this precious spirit which God had chosen to be his own throne. At her first confession she wishes the priest to know that she loves him with all her heart, because she speaks to God in his person; and on the way home she stops under a lamp to see how her beads look now that they have been blessed. During the Corpus Christi procession she observes with innocent delight that some of the rose-leaves she has tossed have fallen upon the monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament. In her sixth year she hears the first sermon that she understands—one on our Lord's Passion, and being deeply impressed, becomes thenceforward very attentive to sermons in general. Each night she goes to bed with her sisters' assurance that she has been a good girl and pleased God, and that all the little angels will hover around her—as "any other answer would have made me cry all night long." * One sees with ease how deep and tender was the natural love in this heart about to be glorified with choicest graces. She was full of sweet poetry, too; stars and flowers and sunsets thrilled her. The majesty and roaring of the sea gives her a lively sense of God's almightiness, and sitting upon a lonely rock as the sun goes down, she fancies her soul a pretty white-sailed boat in the trail of golden light left on the waves by the setting sun, and resolves "never to turn aside from Jesus, but steer swiftly and in peace, straight on to the shores of Heaven." †

GROWTH AND RELIGIOUS VOCATION.

Thus page by page the reader is permitted to watch the gradual unfolding of this little flower's beautiful petals, so far as they ever really unfolded; for, to the end, it was never more than a tender bud, with a fineness of texture and a delicate fragrance apt to disappear in a larger growth. It is essentially the soul of a child that we see—a soul that is still a child's even after deep, serious thoughts have come and stern suffering

* Page 27 of the English translation, from which all our quotations will be made.

† P. 33.

is encountered, and the priceless immunities of infancy have been exchanged for the sublime privileges of the saint. "Child-like" is the differentiating note of Sœur Thérèse's spirituality, and the characteristic that renders her story so inspiring and so comforting for those who feel they can never be more than children. She is a child in freedom, in frankness, in pretty fancies, in self-forgetting, in obedience, in fearlessness, in transparent innocence, in simplicity, in ardent and uncalculating affection. The spirit displayed on the morning of her First Communion, "that first sweet kiss of Jesus to my soul," * is the spirit that dominates her whole life, accompanying her through the trials of her novitiate, remaining with her during wonderful visitations of divine grace and precious moments of union, and never forsaking her even when her soul goes down into the dark shadow of the mystical valley of death. She converses with her dead brothers and sisters concerning the sorrows of her exile and her wish to rejoin them in the everlasting land, with the same affectionate simplicity exhibited in praying to the saints, or in telling her dear Jesus of her trials and her desires.

At the age of thirteen came what she calls her conversion; which means apparently that a hitherto babyish sensitiveness was finally overcome, and the little Thérèse attained to a maturity and strength of mind which fitted her to meet sharp trials bravely and successfully. She was encouraged to communicate several times each week; she gained light and strength from spiritual reading; she became especially intimate with her sister Céline, and they received mutual assistance from the exchange of thoughts and affection. "Our conversations were very sweet. Sitting in the evening upon the prospect tower, we used to gaze up into the deep blue sky, strewn with golden stars; and signal graces were then strewn down upon us." † So it was with her at the time her well-Beloved began to direct her steps toward Carmel. There is a picture of Thérèse at this date, made from a drawing by her sister Céline, and it tells the same story as the pages of the autobiography—a sweet child-soul ripening into that perfection which is bestowed by virtue rather than by length of days.

* P. 53. † P. 72.

LIFE IN CARMEL,—AND DEATH.

When fifteen years old she was admitted to Carmel, whither two of her sisters had preceded her. On account of her extreme youth, her entrance was effected only after persistent struggle against many obstacles, and by means of a resolution quite beyond comprehension in a child of her years. The story of her convent life is simply told. Novitiate trials tested but did not weaken her fidelity. Steadily she pressed forward in the path of prayer, advancing daily toward closer and closer union. So edified was the community at her saintly life that before many years she was entrusted with the office of training the novices in the Carmelite vocation. In 1896 the Mother Prioress of Ha-Noi, Tonquin, begged that "the angel of the novitiate" might be sent to her, and Sister Thérèse expressed an ardent desire to go. But God willed that her career should be neither long nor richly endowed with external achievements. That same year the approaching angel of death had sent his warning. The following passage tells with what pathetic joy she learned that her exile was soon to be over:

"All through last year's Lent I was stronger than I had ever been, and until Eastertide I kept the fast strictly, my health never showing signs of giving way. But in the first hours of Good Friday morning—I remember the time with great gladness—Jesus gave me to hope that I should soon be with Him in heaven.

"As I had not the permission to watch at the sepulchre all night, I returned to our cell at twelve o'clock. As soon as I laid my head on the pillow I felt something liquid that came up into my mouth; I thought that death was at hand, and my heart nearly burst with joy. But having put out our lamp I mortified my curiosity for the time, and fell asleep quietly. When I heard the signal for rising at five o'clock I found that what I hoped for had come to pass; on going to the window I saw that our handkerchief was all stained with blood. O Mother, I was happy! My Beloved, I was persuaded, had on that anniversary of His death sent me a first, faint and far-off call to tell me of His coming and my future bliss.

"With the utmost fervor I attended the choir, and then hastened to announce the glad news to you, Mother. I felt neither exhaustion nor pain, and without difficulty got leave to

end Lent as I had begun it, sharing with my sisters all the austerities of Good Friday in Carmel, without any mitigation. They never had seemed so delectable to me; I was in ecstasies at the thought of Heaven." *

In the following year, 1897, Sister Thérèse died, leaving the community grief-stricken at the parting, but confident that a saint had been among them, and that, true to her vocation, she would still assist them by prayer more abundantly than she could ever have done by visible, external means.

A SPIRITUAL LESSON FOR CHOSEN SOULS.

Really, as we close her story, we are conscious of having undergone an unusual influence. Each page is replete with a holy simplicity, each word as far beyond criticism as the confidences of a babe. Not improbably other ages have dispensed with the slower processes of official investigation in cases like this, and quickly canonized such a one into a popular patron. As things go now, though, it is unlikely that she will ever be accorded public recognition; she will remain, where she loved to be, in the obscurity proper to "little souls." Yet God's loving Providence has ordained that the world should not lack a memorial of her, and the present volume of her writings forms a book very precious to those who seek encouragement and enlightenment in the life of prayer. And perhaps we may turn with profit to the consideration of some of the lessons she has communicated to us. The beginning of this paper intimated in a general way the points upon which these lessons bear. Now, however, it will be possible to indicate some of them with more precision.

It is merely insisting upon the extension to the spiritual world of a principle universally valid elsewhere, when we say that the main reason why more is not accomplished in the spiritual life is that more is not attempted. And for the most part we attempt little because we are unacquainted with the immense possibilities God opens up to us. Only the exceptional person ever comes face to face with the question, "Should I practise meditation?" and only the very extraordinary character ever realizes the possibility of aspiring even higher than this. Nor will people ever be likely to aim high in prayer, until they have attained to a confidence of soul which is as the con-

* P. 148.

fidence of a child, unreserved, constant, exhaustless. The child dares anything, hopes for everything, relying not on personal ability but on parental love. The child considers intimacy as a right, and fears no rebuff from the heart whose affection it relies upon. This boldness seems to spring spontaneously from the utter absence of self-consciousness; and in most cases it disappears as the child grows in conscious life and gains fuller knowledge of external realities; its absence being the first sure sign that the child has lost that charming simplicity, that uncalculating affection, that singleness, directness, and openness which render the little one so admirable a picture of the human soul in its state of primeval innocence. Such in most cases are the phenomena that accompany growth. Yet from some souls simplicity never departs; and these we recognize as being always children in purity, in frankness, in generosity, in power to win the affection of others. These, eminently, are souls fitted for contemplative prayer, for they are capable of loving God with that unique strength which accompanies concentration of purpose—a characteristic of children who, whether singing, or playing, or coaxing, work with such singleness and devotedness that they exhaust themselves, forgetting alike their own helplessness, the passage of time, and the gaze of the critical or the friendly observer; or again pout, speak aloud, and put questions with the same delightful ingenuousness. Such souls are not unknown among us; every priest discovers them. Too often he finds also that their rare gifts have not been made the most of for the attainment of their sublime end, perfect union with God.

In the person of Sister Thérèse souls of this kind will find a real model. They will perceive her supreme confidence of spirit, and how admirably it contributed to work out her perfection. They will learn, too, how she met and overcame the usual difficulties encountered in progress towards the life of union, temptations against faith, keen and continued suffering, the sight of irritating and unsuspected faults, weariness of spirit, an absolute lack of sympathetic and efficient guidance.

A LESSON FOR THE LESS FAVORED.

But, besides these favored ones, many other less gifted souls can be helped by the study of this life. A vast host of persons who lack these precious special predispositions for contemplation can still do much to fit themselves for it. If there be within

the reader any timid aspirations for unitive love, this book will intensify and multiply them; if a single desire to learn the means of attaining to such love, he will be given many points for meditative study; if the least good-will to correct weaknesses, he will learn how to undertake a far more successful struggle than he has hitherto waged.

It is this less favored type of soul, no doubt, that is most common, at least nowadays; souls with many drawbacks to progress and yet with the desire and the underlying capability of great achievements. These have a good prospect of success if, after once obtaining a clear view of the goal, they employ their intelligence to study the situation and develop a mighty will to use all possible means of gaining ground.

Now, one of the reasons why these souls fail to make more satisfactory advance is frequently their distressing consciousness of poverty and littleness. This would not hamper them if it were accompanied with joyful confidence in the richness of God's mercy; it harms them greatly if it makes them introspective, hesitating, and fearful. Their chance of salvation, as Blosius teaches so emphatically, lies in their looking away from self and toward God, in remembering that if they are nothing, He is all. Sister Thérèse is a model for them. It was her joy to be little and obscure; and she did not aim less high on that account. Few girls with her lowly opinion of herself would venture to struggle against numerous obstacles for the sake of entering upon a life ordinarily considered beyond the power of any but the strongest and best. Yet her simple confidence made her go straight ahead with the utmost reliance on God and with a lively hope that He would perfect her. "Mine is only a tiny little soul," she says, "yet, I do not despond."* And again: "Little though I am, I still may hope."† Nor does this confidence, in any sense, spring from the consciousness of sanctity; simplicity could tolerate no such motive of conduct as that. Had Sœur Thérèse been a Magdalen, her conscience "laden with every imaginable crime," she would not have possessed "one whit less confidence."‡ So she declares; and we cannot help believing her. Did not the Magdalen herself amaze the Apostolic Twelve with her sublime assurance based on trust in that measureless Goodness, whose true lovers cast away fear?

* P. 190. † P. 145. ‡ P. 200.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR ALL.

How many, again, are discouraged because unable to perform heroic penances. These will be consoled to learn that Sister Thérèse "had not the courage of those great ascetics accustomed from their childhood to the greatest austerities. My penance consisted in breaking my will, keeping back a sharp word, doing little services without display, and many other things of that kind." * We learn elsewhere of her practising penances such as these: To refrain from peevish complaint, when "on sitting down to paint, I find that my brushes have been meddled with, or that a ruler or a penknife is missing"; † to remain quite still and peacefully to endure the proximity during prayer of "a sister who continually rattled her beads or some other thing"; ‡ to assist all seeking help, and yet never to do this "for appearance sake or in the hope that my services will be repaid"; § to remain unconcerned when a sister, "whilst washing the linen, continually sprinkled my face with the dirty soapsuds"; ‖ to answer instantly "when some one rings for us or knocks at our door"; ¶ and to treat a person who was utterly disagreeable in every way with such gentleness that one day "she said to me good humoredly: 'Sister Thérèse tell me now, what you find in me to attract you so? I never meet you but I see your face light up with a smile,'"—and this because, "when about to give her a sharp answer, I used to smile pleasantly, and turn the conversation into another channel." **

All this makes a story both worthy and capable of imitation; and suggests a method of daily mortification that is apt to be very effective and quite difficult too, although at hand to every one. If any of us have need of greater purification by means of greater suffering, we may rely upon Providence to send it to us, as he did to Sister Thérèse, whose last years were full of physical pain and spiritual desolation. Even then her invariable method of meeting trials was the resolute maintenance of a buoyant, joyful spirit; and so constant was her cheerfulness that most of those about her had no idea of the extent of her suffering.†† In all this, again, we discover a temper of mind which it is within the power of all to cultivate to a very considerable extent.

* P. 107. † P. 162. ‡ P. 189. § P. 164. ‖ P. 190. ¶ P. 252. ** P. 166.

†† See the Preface to the French edition by Sister Marie de Gonzague.

A POINT ON PRAYER.

Another instructive trait in Sister Thérèse, and one that will endear her to many souls, is this, that she could make little use of a set formula of prayer. As a child at home she would go into a retired spot and think of God—a practice which, though "I did not then know it, . . . really was a meditation."* During her last illness, it happened once that while praying she was asked:

"What are you saying to our Lord?"

"Nothing," she replied; "*I am only loving Him.*"†

The following passage, perhaps, will help to give an idea of what she conceived prayer to be:

"Except the Divine Office—which, unworthy as I am, I say gladly every day—I do not choose my prayers out of books. Their number bewilders me, and their beauty makes it hard for me to choose. I cannot say them all, I am unable to make a selection amongst them; so I do like little children who have not learned to read, and simply tell the good God what I want. He never fails to understand me.

"For me, prayer is an outburst of the heart, a glance upwards to Heaven, a cry of gratitude and love uttered in affliction or in gladness—or, in short, anything that raises the soul to God. Sometimes, when my mind suffers so much from dryness that not a single good thought occurs, I just say, 'Our Father' or 'Hail Mary,' very slowly. I need no other prayers; these suffice, and are a Divine food for my soul."‡

All this encourages us to believe that sometimes an inability to construct formal meditations may indicate an adaptation to a much simpler and perhaps loftier kind of prayer. Neither are we to be disheartened altogether at experiencing a distaste for pious literature, since we find Sister Thérèse recording that for years "all spiritual reading has palled upon me. Even the most beautiful books repel me; I read them either without understanding, or without going into their meaning. The only exceptions are the Holy Scripture and the *Imitation*, in which I find hidden manna, genuine and pure."§

SISTER THÉRÈSE'S STRENGTH OF WILL.

In many ways, then, Sister Thérèse very encouragingly dif-

*P. 51. †P. 234. ‡P. 180. §P. 139.

fers from that exalted ideal which, being prohibitive of hope, takes the edge off ambition and puts an end to striving. Her successful pursuit of perfection is calculated to lead us to think that perhaps there may be some hope for us too. We may succeed, perhaps, even though we lack traits possessed by more fortunate souls. But what Sister Thérèse had in rich measure, and what is an absolutely necessary element of progress in prayer, is a single purpose strongly pursued. It is noteworthy in the lives of all the saints generally, how indomitable was their resolution. Even the gentlest, like St. Francis de Sales and St. Philip Neri, were no exceptions. Nor is Sister Thérèse built on different lines in this respect. Progress in prayer implies triumph over many and mighty obstacles; and when grace has done all its share, there remains much that can be done only by a resolute will. The necessity of such a will is insisted on by spiritual writers as simply absolute, as literally indispensable for success. There is a further truth to remember, too, and that is the will's capacity of development. Most of us can gain considerable strength of will by training and exercising ourselves; a truth put by spiritual writers in the form of the principle that each temptation overcome facilitates the conquest of the next; and again, that mortification must grow into a very habit of the soul. Not much is said of Sister Thérèse's having developed strength of will by conscious training; but it is certain that her will was a mighty one. As a child she showed it in responding to her vocation; again, she displayed remarkable strength during long periods of combined spiritual aridity and physical suffering; and still again when she taught her novices in such a way that they quickly realized how firm and unyielding her character was.

HER INTERVIEW WITH THE HOLY FATHER, POPE LEO XIII.

But perhaps the most striking instance of her determination and resolute bravery is to be found in the following naïve account of how, when with a party of Pilgrims at Rome, she ventured to plead with the Holy Father to grant her what had been refused by the Superior of the Carmelites and the Bishop:

"After the Mass of thanksgiving, which followed that of His Holiness, the audience began. Leo XIII., in a white soutane and cape, was seated in a great arm-chair, several prelates and church dignitaries standing beside him. Each pilgrim in turn knelt to kiss his foot and his hand, after which two 'noble

guards' touched him, as a sign to make way for the next. All were silent, but I was determined to speak when my turn came. Abbé Révérony, however, who stood at the Pope's right hand, told us very decidedly that he forbade any appeal to the Holy Father. I looked at Céline for counsel; my heart was beating violently. She whispered, 'Speak!'

"I was at the Pope's knees; when I had kissed his foot he gave me his hand. I raised my eyes, wet with tears, and said: 'Holy Father, I have a great favor to ask of you.'

"He at once bent down so that his face nearly touched mine; his deep black eyes seemed to penetrate my very soul.

"'Holy Father,' I went on to say, 'in honor of your Jubilee, pray allow me to enter Carmel at the age of fifteen.'

"The Vicar-General, taken aback and somewhat ruffled, interfered: 'Holy Father, she desires to enter Carmel; but she is a child, and the matter is now being considered by the superiors.'

"'Then, little one,' said His Holiness, 'you will do as the superiors decide.'

"I clasped my hands on his knees to insist still further. 'Holy Father,' I exclaimed, 'if you said "Yes," everything would be settled.'

"He looked awhile at me, and then, marking each syllable distinctly, uttered these words:

"'Well, well, you shall enter, if it be God's will.'

"I would have said more, but the 'noble guards' requested me to rise. The Holy Father put his hand to my lips with paternal tenderness, raised it to bless me, and bestowed a long look upon me as I retired." *

But we must abstain from further quoting and further commenting, and bring this notice to a close. The reader has perceived long since that the volume is one which well deserves to be read. It will encounter some adverse criticism, of course; no other result could be expected in the case of a book of such extreme naïveté and such holy simplicity. In fact, some portions of it cannot be read without raising the unpleasant apprehension that these pages may meet an unsympathetic eye, or may fall upon a coarse or callous heart. These passages are so indescribably childlike, so ingenuous, so sublimely unreserved, that they seem like the dreaming aloud of an innocent, imaginative child; and to subject them to the rough freedom that

* P. 98.

critics commonly indulge in, would be positive brutality. Yet to place the volume in public circulation means that it must undergo such risks as this; and those most concerned are prepared, no doubt, to have it made the occasion of half-veiled sneers, or cynical warnings. It comforts us, however, to reflect that such criticism will be little calculated to lessen the effect of the book upon those elect souls for whose consolation and guidance the Holy Spirit intended it.

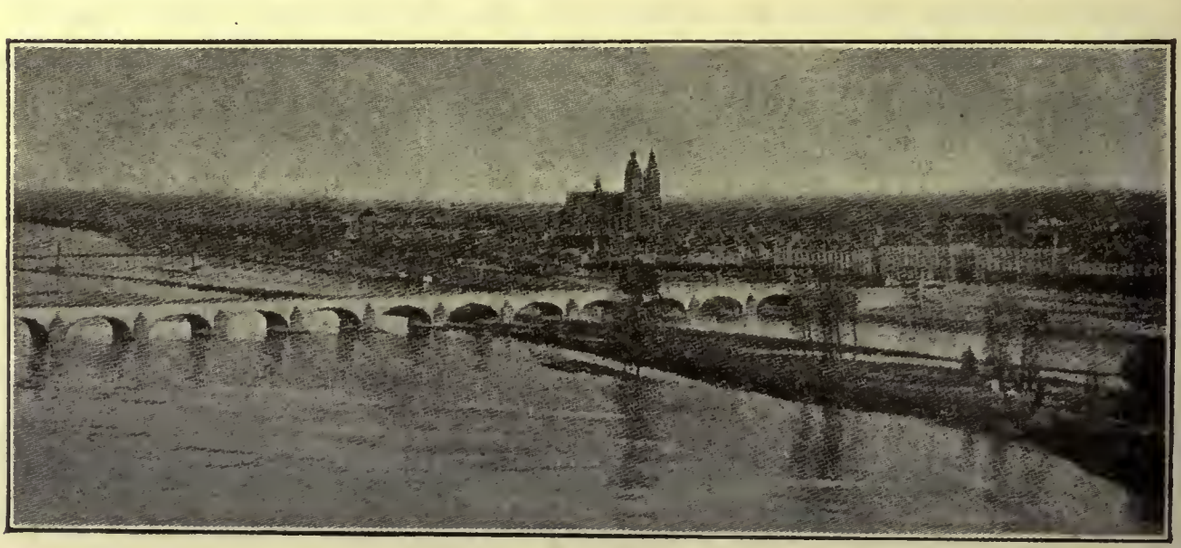
THE ENGLISH TRANSLATOR'S WORK.

A word in conclusion as to the work of the translator. He has succeeded in producing a volume of smooth, readable English; his translating has been done, on the whole, correctly and intelligently. Still in certain minor respects there are imperfections, arising in part from a necessarily limited acquaintance with the details of life in Carmel. The rendering of the French "*oraison*" by the English "orison" is questionable, at the best; and when, on page 189, we read "My orison was not the orison of quiescence," we are almost sure completely to miss the playful and witty allusion intended by Sister Thérèse in writing: "My prayer was not the prayer of quiet." It is also worth noting here, that Carmelites always use the word "prayer" instead of "meditation,"—the word commonly in use among religious,—a peculiarity that becomes quite significant when reflected upon. The reader's attention may be drawn to another detail of the routine in Carmel, not evident from the present volume and yet of help in appreciating some portions of it. It is the fact that the Carmelites have no common work-room, as other religious have, but work in their cells privately, except for an hour after dinner and collation, when they assemble together with their sewing and are permitted to speak to each other.

The translation, as we have said, reads easily; it is free, as it should be, yet it is not always perfectly idiomatic. Mr. Dziewicki did not undertake a rendering of the poems, which occupy some one hundred and fifty pages in the original; and for this omission a ready pardon may be extended, since effective translation of poetry, and especially of French poetry, is a difficult when it is not an impossible task. But, on the whole, the French edition is considerably richer and more satisfactory than the English, although with the disadvantage of being bound in paper. Over and above the contents of the translation there are contained in

the latest French edition a number of very interesting comments from distinguished priests and prelates; some few pages of prayers composed by Sister Thérèse; and several fine illustrations. One of these, a photograph of the body of Sister Thérèse lying on a bier, is so strikingly beautiful that the failure to reproduce it is most regrettable. We should say, too, that the lack of an index, and of other little aids to the reader, is a defect in the translation.

Some of our readers may feel interested in learning that before the publication of the present translation, Sister Thérèse's autobiography had been done into English by a Carmelite nun in one of our American houses. That translation included Sister Thérèse's poems. The opinion may be ventured that at least in fidelity of detail the Carmelite translation, in all probability, was well worth printing; but the publishing house to which the MS. was submitted, being rather reluctant to undertake the publication of a biography, returned the MS. to lie hidden in its native cloister. Regret this incident though we may, we rejoice, as surely all the Carmelites do, that a second translation was fortunate enough to discover a publisher who could appreciate the work. And so at last the book has been presented to the English-reading public, to that public's joy and edification.



JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.—*Continued.*

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER IX.

"OUT WEST."

"OUT West! Out *West!* OUT WEST!'"

Over and over, during the rapturous days and nights of his wonderful journey, Joyce reiterated the magical phrase, realizing ever more vividly the vital charm and auspicious promise of the vision it evoked. Unlike most spirited school-boys of Eastern environment, he had escaped the Indian-shooting fever; probably because blood-and-thunder juvenile literature had seldom fallen his dimeless way! But now, in the rationally adventurous spirit of a manhood which as yet was but a survival of boyish youth, his heart quickened, his blood glowed at the mere name of the "Land of promise." *El Dorado!* The Golden West! It was characteristic of Joyce that this was the title by which, in thought, he specified his goal!

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life.

With a manly disregard for superfluous luxury characterizing the rich Westerner when unaccompanied by his wife, Raymond had rejected the private drawing-room pressed upon him by the friendly superintendent in favor of a section in the sleeper, to whose upper berth he consigned Joyce, saying that east of Cheyenne, at least, the lack of a window would be an advantage, sound sleep being more conducive to ultimate enjoyment than too much midnight sight-seeing! But the excited Joyce's cat-naps were concessions to nature which the young American traveller resented as an irretrievable waste of time and opportunity; and failing in his ingenuous attempt to prospect the country through the ventilators, he passed his nights between snatches of sleep, and surreptitious darts between densely curtained berths to the platform, where the drowsy porter graciously corroborated his opinions of the country, recognizing in his pompous youth and complacent inexperience a type disposed to "spread" itself in the vital matter of fees.

East of Chicago, where Raymond's business detained him for days, there was little to impress Joyce very deeply, but everything to interest and delight him. He exulted in the mere impetus of the "Limited" as it sped onwards. The monotonous resonance of wheel and track fascinated him; the engine's imperious signals thrilled him, and he was conscious of a new and most gratifying sense of self-importance which heightened the carriage of his head, and caused him to square his young shoulders proudly, as he showed himself at stations where the express halted; or fared luxuriously and at ease, served by the dapper waiters in the dining-car, while outside his window the pageant of Nature solicited his eyes. But although his few and local previous journeys had not prepared Joyce for the scenic beauty and grandeur now revealed to him, it was the Republic's multiform social types that claimed his chief attention,—human rather than inanimate nature that attracted him magnetically. His enthusiastic absorption of new impressions touched as well as amused Raymond, whose wonder-years were behind him; and he liked Joyce better rather than less for his riotous spirits, which proving contagious, soon infected the entire car. The too stern self-control of his college-years was suddenly relaxed with a vengeance; and in the blissful rebound from unnatural self-repression, Joyce not only took fullest advantage of present freedom, but likewise made up for

lost time! He flirted flagrantly with some dashing young Western girls returning from school like birds from captivity; played recklessly at poker with a wild trio from Harvard, bound eventually for the Klondike; and, between times, chatted with Raymond in the genial atmosphere of the smoking-room, with all the simplicity and guileless familiarity of an indulged son. Meantime, Raymond was studying his protégé under new conditions, and apart from the social circle in whose reflected light he had shone more or less artificially; and the result of the man of the world's keen analysis, on the whole, was satisfactory. He recognized youthful vanity and assurance, the unconscious presumption and innocent complacence of simple traditions and worldly inexperience, and the discrepant weakness of a character formed and matured exclusively on its intellectual side. But against these inevitable flaws and faults he set Joyce's redeeming virtues of heart and brain. With warm human affections and superior intelligence to work upon, Raymond knew that noble results were possible; and he resolved that the virgin field of Joyce's character as a man and worker should be sown without delay.

"Let us have a long talk, my boy," he said, late on their second night out from Chicago, when the smoking-room was at last deserted by all save themselves. "Further along the road I may be less at liberty" (later on, Joyce valued the modesty of this statement), "and this quiet stretch of Nebraska prairie presents few features to distract your attention. Therefore I vote that you turn your thoughts to the duties before you!"

Joyce laughed excitedly.

"If I can," he agreed; "but I feel as if prosaic duties were all behind me in the East! My blood has been on fire since we struck the inland Metropolis! New York is Cosmopolis, but Chicago seems to me the great American heart of things! Its mere atmosphere sparkles with the real American spirit of ambition, hazard, success!"

"Success is your ideal of life, eh? Well, that's all right enough, a high aim being granted. Unworthy success is the most tragic of human failures. But what I wish to discuss at present is your future berth. The *Pioneer*, as you know, is a daily newspaper; but your sub-editorship applies solely to the weekly supplement,—an up-to-date review of men, books, and events of the day, which it strikes me you are specifically

equipped to tackle successfully. Pearson's candidate, about whom he wired me, was Dryman, a superannuated college-professor, who in my opinion would be the wrong man for the place,—since the live young West needs sympathetic rather than didactic handling, ethically. The coast beyond the Rockies has a colossal intellectual future, but its characteristic will be indigenous strength, not extraneous superfineness; and only vital ethics, as distinguished from devitalizing æsthetics, can stimulate its culture!"

"I'm with you, Mr. Raymond! The 'higher criticism' and 'over-cultured' fads are artificial, and therefore decadent! *I* understand that nothing false or affected can impose, for a moment, upon a humanity still face to face with open-air nature! You're dead right! Age isn't in it with me! You just wait, and see how I'll stand by you!"

"Hurrah, Joyce! I knew that a level-headed, red-blooded son of the people, with youth in his veins and human sympathies in his heart to balance the cult of the schools in his brain, was the young American for my vacancy! But a youngster like you must work under orders. In politics, for instance, though Pearson is a rabid Republican, while I back the Democrats every time, the *Pioneer* is rigidly neutral; and I have never regretted its original policy. Religiously, it is an open arena;—and both of these points are fixed quantities! But inside of these fences you'll have a free pasture. I want you to reach out to the best in life, to the best in literature, to the best in humanity, and cry out to the West,—'*This is your affinity! Identify yourself with it! Assimilate it! Be faithful to it!*' It is in the heart of your youth and class to utter this challenge sincerely; and sincerity alone carries conviction. Now I wonder if you *sabe*, at all, my justification for staking on you,—or am I talking Red Indian and Chinese to ears attuned to Greek accents?"

"Oh I *sabe* all right, Mr. Raymond, and the berth suits me down to the ground. I'll fit in like a T. Don't you lose any sleep over my first number!"

"That's the talk, my boy! Now let us come down to figures. How much did Boston offer you?"

"Just any old sum, according to space; but the space was unpleasantly opened to unlimited limits. Last summer I beat the band by averaging twenty-five a week; but it kept me hustling, I tell you!"

"Well, in consideration of my responsibility for your Western venture, I'll double the twenty-five! And if your first number booms, and Pearson agrees not to wipe up the floor with you, I'll put you in railroad or mine-stock to the aggregate amount of a year's extra ten per week,—which will give you a start as a bloated bondholder, and pay you in decent dividends. Is that O K? A frank yes or no!"

"Yes, of course, Mr. Raymond; and thank you! But if it's quite the same to you, make it mine-stock, will you? I sha'n't feel real Western till I strike a nugget! But now—now—I hope you won't misunderstand me if I—if I mention that you—that you were kind enough to say—"

"Rush to your destruction! Now's your time! What was I kind enough to say? Out with it!"

Joyce, bracing himself for a desperate plunge, dug both hands deep in his pockets.

"I—I don't wish to be only a salaried man all the best years of my life," he objected. "I could turn off your supplements like hot cakes,—that work will be just a sinecure for me;—and have both hands in real business, besides! The West is my big chance for—for finance—and politics! I staked on the Press because it seemed to me the axis rotating all the social forces; but it's only at the top that journalism counts in cold cash, and there are other spokes in the wheel that would be a jolly good stepping-stone for me. Now you mentioned that you could put me on 'a dozen rich scents'—"

"Ye gods!" interrupted Raymond,—"the insatiable greed and incredible folly of the masculine infant let loose! Look here, you young spurter, the first 'scent' is already specified as mine-stocks, is n't it? Did I promise the entire dozen in a wholesale whiff, before you brushed the car-dust off you? Be content to go slow, will you? 'Western finance and politics' for a new-born babe like you? Great Shasta! A long rope in 'Frisco would hang you in a jiffy, higher than Telegraph Hill!"

Joyce's silence did not give consent. Raymond began to look irritated.

"Hang it, you upstart," he growled; "so you 're after wealth for its personal uses, are you,—with never a thought of the responsibility it entails? Now mind what I say,—if you wish selfish happiness, if you wish individual liberty, if you wish human life in the sense of development along elective lines,—

pray, if you pray but one prayer in your life, to be delivered from wealth, rather than to be bound hand and foot by it! Because its chains are golden, simpletons like you think them light to carry! Freedom ends where wealth begins! Smoke that in your cigar, Young America!"

"The poor man strangles on smoke like that, Mr. Raymond!"

"Speak for yourself, you one-eyed gosling! *I* have been a poor man, and I know the breed,—which would not thank you for answering for it! It's true blue straight through, with a fine sense of justice; and only fools and knaves misrepresent as social malcontents the grand American masses! Labor and Capital have no quarrel in my region, anyway! My boys know that I can employ and pay them, through bad times and good, only because I have capital, and not penury, behind me! Wealth, save in its initial stage of accumulation, is distributive, not concentrative; and the socialist shot that fells an American multi-millionaire, death-wounds the pay-roll of half the country. Even Shylockian Capitalism, which is the rare exception and not the rule, wrongs only the individual! The general prosperity is inevitably stimulated by the mere existence of national wealth!"

"But the terrible contrast between the rich and the poor, Mr. Raymond! The cruel difference of life—"

"The cant of the selfish materialist; *not* the truth of the humanitarian and philanthropist! 'The cruel difference of life?' What is life? Is life in the rosewood and gilding of my private car, and in the shanty-logs of my road-hand as it bears me past him,—or in his and my immortal soul, rational mind, human heart, and physical manhood? No man, worth the name, really cares a fig for externals! Shelter, adequate food and covering, and an Eve according to the after-thought of Paradise, satisfies the original Adam! It is the unphilosophical feminine mind that fails to adjust desire to the individual capacity for enjoying its gratification. Hence satiating and wasteful feasts, superfluous court-trains, and unoccupied palaces! *In how far we men of America are justified in conceding to our women's personal extravagance and social snobbery* is a question to which, for the present, at least, arbitration seems the only answer. The weak point of this solution is an Irish bull,—the arbitration is exclusively one-sided! Hence divided life-interests of man and woman,—virtually divorcing husband and wife!"

Joyce pondered the subject in perplexed silence. Behind

Raymond's words he divined unspoken meanings. His thoughts adverted to Mrs. Raymond, and for the first time the possibility suggested itself to him that Raymond's marriage was not a happy one! Fearing lest Raymond should read his suspicion, he plunged into an alien subject.

"To return to the question of wealth," he said; "even you, who make its possession such a serious matter, must acknowledge its compensations! All the beauty and pleasure and fineness and sweetness of life, for instance—"

"In their true forms are the heritage of our common humanity, my boy. There is no such beauty on sale as a starlit heaven; no pleasure so satisfying as a man's innate consciousness of reproachless rectitude, and no fineness or sweetness in the world to be compared, for example, with a child's unsullied heart! Gold buys no real things of life, but the world's externals only! But as to 'compensations,' yes,—wealth adjusts its compensations to the compensated. Every man finds his level in all things, eventually;—the rich materialist in gratification of the senses, the philanthropist in benefactions, the churchman in sectarian charities, and so on!"

"And you, Mr Raymond? Excuse me if I seem too personal! I am striving to understand your point of view."

The man turned his face towards his lowered window, and gazed unseeingly into the opaque blur representing the outer night. Beyond the pane he could distinguish nothing; for its surface reflected only the lighted room with its smoke-dimmed atmosphere, its panelled walls, and embossed leather couches.

"I am still serving for my compensation, Joyce," he answered, finally, in a smothered voice; "and for more reasons than one, it may be well for me to remind you that each associate of a man's life is destined to speed or retard his heart's desire! It is not what we do, but what we are, that sways our contemporaries. Our deeds may or may not live after us, but our personal character inevitably works the good or evil of our span of life. Keep in mind always, that your standards can never be your own exclusively. Your social circle reflects them more or less faithfully, and youth is set for the rise or fall of associate youth. In welcoming you to my life, my boy, I trust you to serve, not to fail me!"

He rose before Joyce could answer, and disappeared down the aisle of the sleeper. An instinct of delicacy restrained Joyce

from following him. Instead, he flung himself petulantly across the aisle, full-length upon the long side-sofa. Clasping his hands behind his head, he stared fixedly roofwards, thinking, thinking!

The splendid rush of the train rumbling reverberantly along the level tracks, the breeze of the prairies sighing sibilantly at his screened open window, the fugitive shower of sparks and fine, sharp coal-dust pattering against the pane which Raymond had lowered, sobbed a minor accompaniment to his melancholy thoughts. Accident, whirlwind, and fire had evolved in the past, would evolve in the future, from the speed of the Limited, the winds of the great plains, the engine's prisoned fire: and these tragical possibilities seemed but a reflection and prophecy of human catastrophe, now that life was revealing itself to him in its passionate ambitions, its stress of suffering, its bitter-sweet torture of love! When he sought his berth at last, he climbed upward very softly, making no descent till morning, though the porter, automatically blackening boots while nodding over them in spasmodic dozes, yet kept one eye open for the midnight-visitant whom he esteemed as "a perfect gem'man!" What had saddened Joyce? What, save a sensitive realization that his benefactor had made a virtual appeal to him to stand by, and not against him, in his private as well as his public life—an appeal grand in its humility, its simplicity, its generosity, its noble faith and trust!

That Raymond had suspected such an appeal to be necessary, was Joyce's reproach and shame; yet that he had not scorned to make it, was a tribute redeeming the reproof; and Joyce vowed to prove worthy of it. With young eyes suddenly opened to the truth, he saw Mrs. Raymond's attitude in general and particular, in a clearer light than previously had illumined it; and in sympathy with the man tossing sleeplessly below him, he resented and censured all that hitherto he had admired in her brilliant and superficial type. From the vision of her restless, soulless, sensuous beauty, his thoughts drifted to the impulsive Mina, who, whimsical little sprite though she was, had a passionate human heart in her; but it was not until his wakeful dreams conjured up the peaceful image of Gladys, that with a sigh half-wistful, half sweetly content, he sank into calm, deep slumber.

But Raymond still tossed restlessly. Had Joyce quite un-

derstood him, he wondered. And if so, had he done well or ill to speak quite clearly? The vanity of youth, the unconscious cruelty of immaturity, might circumvent the identical end he had striven to serve! Giving Joyce's nobility the benefit of the doubt, his own uncertainty, nevertheless, made him far from happy; and his curt manner and sharp speech to Joyce, the next morning, effectually repelled in advance any renewal of the previous night's discussion. Yet, as they were crossing the plains of Wyoming, the irrepressible Joyce ventured an eager question.

"Mr. Raymond," he said suddenly, "did you ever know another rich man to regard wealth just as you do,—or a woman of the classes who would sympathize with a man at all, if he found himself rich in a slap, and wanted to put theories like yours into practice?"

For an instant Raymond frowned. Then he stared at the earnest young face, and his stern eyes softened.

"Yes, my boy," he answered; "I have known one rich man, at least, whose convictions were identical with my own. And if heritage counts, as in this case it does if I am any judge of women, his daughter's fortune will be devoted to the fulfilment of his dreams. The man was my friend, Boyle Broderick! Of course you know that my ward is a great heiress. Wealth complicates and sometimes blights a lonely woman's life; but I think the problem will be solved for Gladys when a little book recording her father's wishes is given into her hands. In case of my death, it would reach her at once, since he willed that no guardianship should succeed mine, after her twenty-first birthday. She is now twenty-three; and fully equipped, in my opinion, to control her own fortune. Perhaps I should say, instead, to disseminate it; since Boyle Broderick's ambition was not that his daughter should hoard her wealth, but rather that her hands should sow it broadcast for the good of her day and generation!"

But the gospel of renunciation found no advocate in Hiram Josselyn's son, who regarded it as the wild fanaticism of a social Quixote, rather than as the logical creed of a practical Christian. He squirmed uneasily, and started up with relieved alacrity as the train halted at a God-forsaken little station near the Black Hills of Wyoming.

The scattered cottages of the settlement—which, including

the track-side sheds and shanties of the railroad hands, numbered perhaps three dozen in all—scarcely broke the level monotony of the sage-brush waste, overshadowed in effect by the proximate mountain-region whose uncanny outlines loomed like ghostly shapes beyond the desolate plain. The most imposing structure was a two-storied frame building distinguished by a monster sign asserting it to be a "Hotel." The pretentious title amused Joyce, and he was in the act of calling Raymond's attention to it when something more interesting caught his eye,—the striking figure of an attractive young girl, poised lithely in the hotel doorway. She stood with ringed hands on her splendid hips, swaying lissomely to and fro from toe to heel, like a child too vivacious for repose. She had a wholesome air of good grooming, as the saying goes; and was modishly attired in a natty light blue shirt-waist, a dark blue serge skirt, and tan shoes and belt, the latter dangling a leather chatelaine hung with useful trinkets. Her wrists were bangled, and her accentuated pompadour, pointed low on her forehead in a too sharp slant, was crowned by a black velvet butterfly-bow which, as Joyce discovered later, had a bewitching little habit of fluttering out of its place, to be caught on the wing by her hand. As his car halted opposite her, he recognized that her rippling brown hair was touched up to ruddy lights, that her mischievous mottled gray eyes consciously challenged his admiration, and that her sweet, square-cornered mouth, piquantly at variance with her superlatively pert little nose, ended in two dancing dimples. She smiled radiantly as she met Joyce's eyes, but coquettishly retreated as he gravitated towards her. Formerly, he had resisted her type, which had been no novelty in his college-town; but now, in the exuberant assertion of his liberated youth, he felt resistlessly attracted to her! As he pursued her across the threshold, he found himself facing a station lunch-counter, behind which his siren twirled herself with the frolicsome grace of a kitten.

"Tea, coffee, soup, lemonade, hard-boiled eggs, cold meats, pies, cakes, and sandwiches," she rattled off, nimbly. Her voice, like her face, was exultant with youth. She had the magnetic charm of glorious health and reckless spirits. Her cheeks and lips glowed with a rich, deep color that seemed but the visible effervescence of her vital physique. As Joyce tossed his cap to the counter, she caught it up jauntily, and fanned herself, smil-

ing over it at him. "Hot, is n't it?" she interpolated, genially. "Excuse me for forgetting to remember yours! Tea, coffee, soup, lemonade—"

"Yes, a lemonade, please! 'Hot?' Why, this is n't a sample of what our car is! And you are raising a beautiful breeze!"

"Oh, it 's my business to cool the lemonade, you know,—and to sweeten it, of course!" She laughed coquettishly, and flashed him a gray-eyed glance that he returned with interest. "But are n't you going to treat your gentleman-friend?" she inquired. "Tea, coffee, soup, lemonade—"

"Nothing," interrupted Raymond, curtly. "Yours is a new face here, my girl. I see my friend Fritz; but where is his brother?" He glanced, as he spoke, towards a white-aproned German, who was serving the few other patrons.

"My! You 're an old hand, are n't you?" smiled the girl, cordially. "Fritz's brother? He 's gone West,—where all good people go while they live! I guess *my* goodness must have petered out on the way,—for I started more than a year ago, and have n't arrived there yet!"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say, of course: that I 'm working my way to 'Frisco! Ohio was too low pay for me! I 'm going to grow up with the country!"

"So am I! 'Me, too!'" seconded Joyce; and their young eyes met responsively.

"Oh, look here, now, young woman, this is all dead nonsense, you know?" protested Raymond, earnestly. "Nice girls can't tramp across the country on chance, like young men; and you 're all out of place at this junction. If I pass you to Ohio, will you go back to your home and family, and stay there?"

"Not much I won't! I did n't get this far to back out at the end! No, sir! Anyway, all my folks are dead; so I 'm my own home and family, thank you!"

"*Hier*, you!" called out the German manager, sternly. "Don't you get fresh mit no railroad-boss! *Ach, himmel!* That girl mit red hair,—she vas crazy already!"

"*That* preaching old maid a railroad-boss?" jeered the girl to Joyce, as Raymond sauntered towards Fritz. "In Fritz's eye, he is! He can't fool me with his passes!"

"But he really is a railroad president, as well as a great capitalist!" confided Joyce. "James Raymond of California, don't you know!"

"My goodness! Then why can't he pass me out West, where I want to go? I guess a girl's got just as much right to make her fortune as he has! There's lots of demand for bright girls in the West, and the pay's a heap better! What on earth's *he* got against it?"

"I suppose he thinks you are too—too young and—and pretty"—

"I'm eighteen; and my looks haven't cut much ice yet, that *I* know of! Say, get him to pass me, will you?"

"I fear I shall fail! Mr. Raymond stands by his own convictions. But I—I— Will you allow me—"

"No, I won't! I'm an American young lady, if I am in business! No Johnnie tips me, and don't you forget it! But a president's pass is another thing! My! All he has to do is to write it!"

"Well, I'll try him once more for you. But he'll have to know your name, you know!"

"Oh, my name's Pearl Ripley! Sorry my gold card-case isn't handy this morning, but my diamonds are being cleaned at the jeweller's!"

They laughed in unison, as Joyce dashed towards Raymond,—a glad, innocent young laugh; yet Raymond eyed Joyce's face disapprovingly. He recognized the danger-signals of susceptible, impetuous youth.

"Oh, Mr. Raymond," pleaded Joyce, eagerly, "she's awfully decent, truly:—straight as a die, and insulted when I offered her money! Won't you please pass her West instead of East? All she wants is her chance; and she's—only a girl!"

"Precisely because she is only a girl, Joyce, she would not have one chance in a million to keep 'straight as a die,' alone in San Francisco! Too many of her sort have come to grief there already. I cannot help her to certain ruin!"

"Is it possible for me to buy her a through ticket here?"

"If you do, you will prove yourself a knave first, and a fool after; and her future will be on your hands. Let her be! Fritz is a steady old boy, and she boards with his mother. I have told him to keep an eye on her, and she will be all right where she is! Come! Time's up!"

"All aboard," called the conductor. The engine whistled shrilly. Raymond started for the train.

"No go," reported Joyce, sorrowfully. "I'm awfully sorry, Pearl!"

"Oh, that's all right," smiled the girl, too proud to betray her disappointment, though rising tears blurred her eyes. "Nobody wants his old passes, anyway! My fare may buy him a Sunday Hymn Book! Thank *you* all the samey! You're a gentleman, you are! Say, what's your name and address?"

Joyce tossed her a card.

"Office *Pioneer*," he panted. "That's all the address I know yet. It's a San Francisco newspaper. Good-by, Pearl!"

"By-by! See you later! Speak as we pass by, won't you?"

She laughed at his hearty "You bet I will!" and her eyes followed him admiringly as he ran like a young deer to the last car of the moving train, and waved his cap from the platform. Then she turned back to Fritz, with a pirouette descriptive of reviving spirits, and treated him to a gay *pas seul* which, however, he disdained to notice.

"Say, I've done a good morning's work!" she exulted. "You and your wonderful 'boss' indeed! That beauty-faced boy's worth twenty priggish old presidents, and I'll have a gentleman-friend to show me round 'Frisco! Our mash don't end in this graveyard,—no, sir! '*Mr. Joyce Josselyn, San Francisco!*' Um! I guess that's address enough for me!"

"That young man,—he vas one big fool, *yahwohl!*" remarked the phlegmatic Fritz, stolidly polishing the glasses. He held them up to the light, and breathed on them painstakingly; but not once did his blue eyes wander to his tormentor. Even *Vaterland* sentiment drew the line at this red-haired girl, who smiled not on one but many! But the good Herr Raymond had asked him to have a care of her. *Ach!* He ventured a glance at his charge, and she grimaced at him saucily, wriggled her pompadour in derisive salute, arrested her butterfly-bow in its flight towards him, and bobbed him a gay little courtesy. The disconsolate Fritz threw up his blue eyes despairingly, ran his hand wildly through his flaxen hair, gave the last glass a final polish on the bib of his white apron, and sank into Teutonic melancholy.

Joyce, meantime, had made his way through the train to his

own car, in rather a shamefaced fashion. But beyond giving him a single sharp glance as he appeared, Raymond betrayed no remembrance of the little episode already miles behind them.

"Get a blank from the rack and jot down a wire for me, will you?" he asked, as Joyce was resuming his seat. "I must get it off at the first opportunity."

Joyce went for the blank, and opened his eyes as he took down the message. It was to a famous Western governor, not soliciting but granting an appointment. Long after the message was written, Joyce gnawed his pencil thoughtfully. It was dawning upon him that Raymond's ideas might be worthy even his consideration! Yet the face of Pearl Ripley haunted him reproachfully. It would have been so easy for Raymond to pass her! He found himself wishing that she were indeed his companion in this train rushing gallantly westward! He had had to live *up* to Carruthdale's gentlewomen; and of a sudden it impressed him as distinctly refreshing to return to his original level of social simplicity.

This girl was prettier and brighter, and infinitely less provincial and more dashing, than Mandy, yet she appealed to his heart like an evoluted Mandy,—with the tender charm of a memory of youth. And she had such a pretty name,—Pearl, Pearl, Pearl! Joyce scribbled it on the margin of the blank, to see how it looked in his handwriting. Then he erased it in haste with a guilty blush, and a nervous eye on Raymond.

Raymond had telegraphed to have a private car attached at Ogden, where he changed to his own road. Then Joyce began to conceive a faint idea of the status of the man to whom a propitious Providence had allied his own humble fortune! Telegrams and special messengers multiplied. Representatives of railroad, mining, and real-estate corporations began to board the train here, there, and everywhere, holding private interviews with Raymond, from which Joyce, to his surprise and disappointment, was excluded. But his eager human interest in the Mormon State diverted his mind from the "points" he was missing; and Raymond considerately introduced him to the picturesque Centaurs of the local press, who, dashing on horseback across country to way-stations and junctions, caught the train "on the fly" to interview the returning Californian, whose comings and goings were of vital interest to the entire West. Finally, just as the train was pulling out from Golconda,—cheered

by mounted army officers, Raymond's friends from Fort Scott,—a special steamed in from San Francisco, bearing a famous representative of the Associated Press, who informed Joyce that a "beat" interview with Jim Raymond was worth more to him, in the West, than a cipher from the President of the United States! Joyce gasped in silence; and examined, with a respect unanticipated a few days earlier, the roll, laughingly flung to him by Raymond, of newly-arrived *Pioneers*.

But even the *Pioneers* lacked permanent charm, in the face of far Western scenery. The further West he was borne the brighter the atmosphere seemed to Joyce, the more stimulating the ozone, the more fascinating humanity! The alkali wastes, the deserts of sage-brush, the sandy plateaus, the gloom of the Black Hills, the monotonous stretches of uninhabited plain representing the bleaker portion of his journey, had been more than redeemed by the wonderful Rockies with their awful gorges and foamy rapids, their dense pine forests and glistening summits, their salmon rivers and Indian spearers, and the mining-camps, old and new, with their ore-laden burros,—the plodding mountain kindred of the ponies of the plains. But not until the region of the snow-sheds was reached did Eastern Joyce feel that his cup of experience at last was full! He never forgot the glow and thrill of the sunlit air,—cold from the mountains, yet fragrant with summer,—blowing in freshly between the long wooden stretches of shed, beyond which forest and mountain, river and prairie, and even a hint of far seas, seemed commingled! Then the wonderful cornfields of the Sacramento Valley flashed like sunbeams towards Oakland, whence an all too short sail across the turquoise waters of San Francisco Bay landed Joyce within the Golden Gate!

As he leaped on shore, he threw up his cap in an access of youthful enthusiasm; and slipping aside unnoticed, as a crowd of welcoming friends surrounded Raymond, "rushed" a characteristic telegram to his startled and mystified, yet tearfully happy mother:—

"*There's nothing the matter with the West and Joyce Josselyn! We're all right!* JOYCE."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HOUSE AT PETIT-COURONNE.

THE HOME OF CORNEILLE.

CORNEILLE, who was born at Rouen, in the Rue de la Pie, died in Paris, in the Rue d'Argenteuil, and both houses have disappeared beneath the picks of fanatic partisans or in the disorder of revolutions.

Is this to be regretted?

No! A great man is less associated with the places of his birth and death than with the scenes of the work which made him famous, and this work Corneille did, for the most part, in the Norman house at Petit-Couronne.

This house was purchased by Antoine Corneille, keeper-in-charge of forests and streams, in order that the balmy air might benefit his son Pierre, who, like Voltaire and Fontenelle, Hugo and other illustrious men, was frail and sickly in his childhood. This purchase permitted the Corneilles to escape an epidemic which desolated Rouen. The house was well situated near the Seine, Antoine Corneille having made a good choice.

Unfortunately, Pierre had not the commercial aptitude of Shakspere or Hugo, and failed to preserve this little heritage, doubly dear to his heart as son and poet.

From Corneille to our time the history of the house is easy to trace.

It was sold to Antoine Corneille on the 7th of June, 1608, and after his death the property was sold by his son to Jacques

Voisin, Sieur du Neubosc, for 5,100 livres. Then it passed to the Marquis de Lys, then to a family of Ventinelles, and afterward, when they emigrated, became national property, as do all estates in such cases.

Later, a citizen, Mory, purchased it from the Treasury, and finally the precious house passed into the hands of farmers.

The village, of about four hundred inhabitants, in which this property lies has a sweet tranquillity. The houses are low, of one story, and in the midst is an old church, surrounded by trees. After leaving the station and passing through the quiet village to a lane, one finds the house,

THE FIREPLACE.

encircled by walls, bearing on a tablet the words: "This house, which was the property of Pierre Corneille, purchased by his father in 1608, now belongs to the Department de la Seine-Inférieure, bought in 1874, and restored in 1878."

THE WELL.

Entering, one finds a room furnished after the manner of a salon, which has a high fireplace, with brick columns and fine andirons. In the second room is a plate, bearing the arms of the family and the device of Corneille, "Counselor and advocate of the king; born the 6th of June, 1606; died the 1st of October, 1684." *Et mihi res non rebus me submittere conor*—I wish to subdue things, and not to be subdued by them; a device well designed for the man who wrote *Les Horaces*.

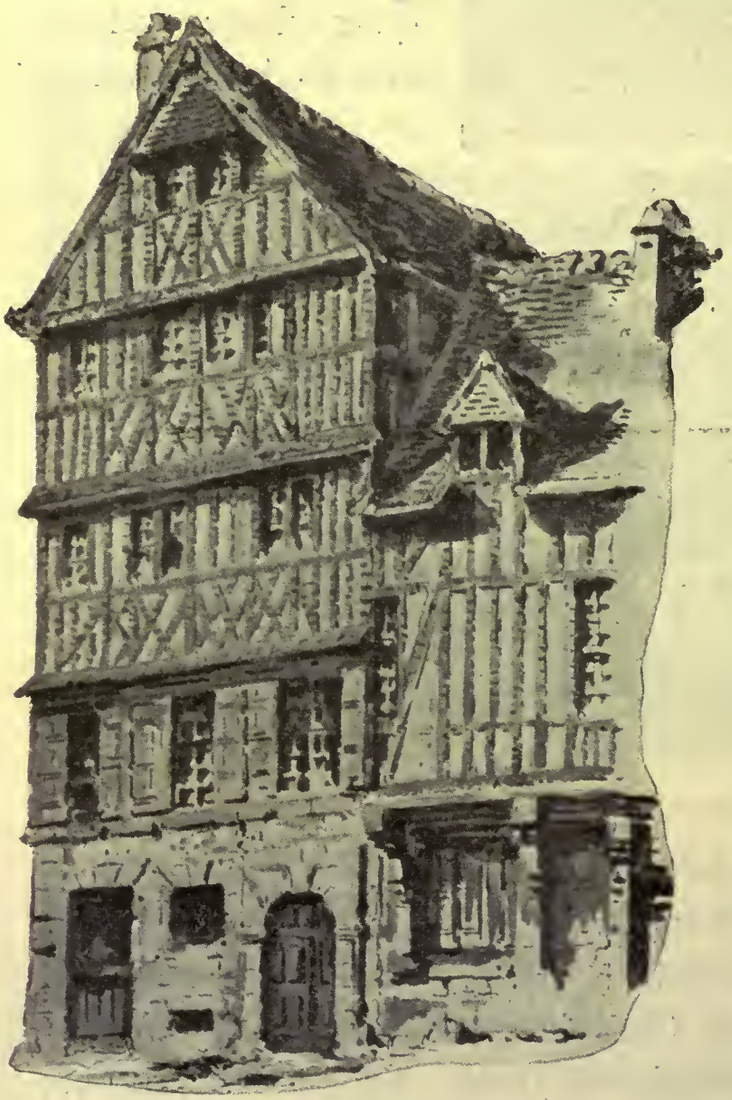
Surrounded by the trees of the orchard is the kitchen-garden,

the well, the *pierre de montoir* where the poet so often tied his horse, and one feels here the evocation of the man and his time. One recalls the portrait by Le Brun of the poet, with clear eyes, strong nose, fine mouth, and firm chin. The noble and simple grandeur of the poet, that same grandeur that we find in the aspect of nature about his pretty home, which has been rendered by Meissonier in the portrait where he is represented with some leaves in his hand and his mantle draped about him.

In the month of August, 1898, in Rouen and vicinity, a hand-bill was placarded on walls and fences:

FOR SALE.
THE HOUSE WHERE PIERRE CORNEILLE WAS BORN.
REVENUE: 2,275 FRANCS.
PRICE; 32,000 FRANCS.

While this is to be regretted, it is true that the house in the Rue de la Pie is not so much a souvenir of the great Corneille as the one at Petit-Couronne, and time has so changed and demolished it that it is scarcely the same one in which the poet was born.



THE HOUSE AT ROUEN.

Rouen does possess one relic, a true, indisputable one. In the department of antiquities of the museum in the ancient cloister of Sainte-Marie is a paneled door, given in 1812 by an owner of the Corneille house, a man whose name should be preserved: Lefoyer. This door, in its frame of stone, arched at the top, over which is a bust of the author of "Le Cid," is piously guarded, and visitors to the museum always stop before it, not without emotion.

Though the Rouennais have not done all that they should have done, some of them, at least, have wrested from destruction this relic of incomparable value.

CHURCH, STATE, AND SCHOOL.

BY REV. THOMAS McMILLAN, C.S.P.

ACCORDING to existing laws in New York State citizens are acknowledged to have the unquestionable right as parents and guardians to provide for the religious and secular education of their children. This right is exercised by the various associations formed to establish and perpetuate universities, colleges, academies, high-schools, together with private or parish schools for kindergarten training and elementary instruction. The citizens who form these educational societies are not in antagonism to the State, as it is well understood that religious instruction could not be imparted in the Public Schools, as now organized. The teaching of religion is not within the power of the State; neither can the public money be used in aid or maintenance of any particular form of religious belief.

At the present time in New York State the patrons of Christian Education are paying from their funds the cost of educating in the Catholic Parish Schools about one hundred and fifty thousand children. For this work they have erected in many places commodious fire-proof buildings, thus relieving their fellow-citizens of a large amount of local taxation.

It is assumed as a starting point that the private or parish schools can and ought to willingly provide for the entire expense of imparting religious instruction. A basis of agreement can also be made on equitable terms by which these schools—without losing their autonomy—may co-operate with any Board of Education in the teaching of the secular branches prescribed for citizenship. The managers legally transfer the control of the secular branches to a board authorized by the State, when they consent to accept the public standard of examination and inspection.

The Regents of the State of New York are empowered to supervise and to control, by means of written examinations, the secular instruction in private institutions, even when organized by trustees professing a definite form of religious belief. Special provision is made in the State Constitution for this plan of co-operation, though there is no exclusive reservation of the work

of examination and inspection to the Board of Regents. How far this same mode of procedure may be extended to other educational boards representing the power of the State can be determined only by competent legal authority. Judge J. McLaughlin in a recent decision used these significant words:* "The policy of the law in this State (New York), at least, is always to encourage corporate institutions of religious and literary character, upon the theory that instruction afforded by either elevates the individual and, therefore, benefits the State."

Professor W. C. Robinson, Dean of the Law Department at the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., in a lecture given before the students of the Champlain Summer-School, July, 1901, presented the case for religion as a social force in a way that should command attention from the legal fraternity. He said in part:

The study of social forces and their operation is, at the present day, one of absorbing interest, and among these forces none is more worthy of attention than religion, considered in the broadest sense to which the name is applicable. The disposition of unphilosophic sociologists to ignore this force leads them into many errors and necessarily renders all their speculative social systems incomplete.

Religion, in its essence, is the concordant action and cooperation of the human intellect and will with the intellect and will of God. It is the result of the highest and most persistent effort on the part of man to know God as he is; to know and estimate creatures as God knows and estimates them; to love all things as God loves them, and to bring his own conduct into conformity with the designs and purposes of God. It thus belongs to the dynamics not the statics of the universe; involving the exercise of the most potent energies of which man has any knowledge. The conformity of the human intellect with the divine is acquired by the pursuit of truth as presented to man in his own consciousness; in the phenomena of the external universe; in the conclusions of reason, and in the authoritative revelations of God. The conformity of the human will with the divine is effected by the voluntary adhesion of man's will to the infinite good as against the finite good, aided and expressed by an exterior life of self-denial and submission to the commands and providence of God. The result of this conformity upon man, as a social being, is to emancipate him from greed for pleasure, wealth, or fame, and to engender in him a contented,

* People ex Rel. Soc. Free Church *v.* Feitner. Law Reports and Session Laws, August, 1901.

generous, and placid disposition. It is from the opposites of these that all social evils come; from avarice, undue love of pleasure, ambition, discontent, selfishness, irritability. With deliverance from such passions man becomes fit for society, and society a condition of happiness and virtue.

Religion is not only a force fitting man for society, but is also the strongest bond of social union. The most potent unifying influence that can be exerted upon intellectual beings is devotion to a common end. This is the tie which binds together the family, the church, the State, and is the basis of all friendships worthy of the name. Religion is devotion to the highest object, the most worthy end conceivable by man, and, therefore, should be the very cement and preservation of social life. In all the earlier history of man, this function it has partially discharged. That in later ages its influence has not kept pace with the intellectual progress of the human race is due to the fact that upon one side it has been intentionally ignored, and on the other controversies upon religious theories and conjectures have taken the place of an intelligent pursuit of truth.

There is no truth that should be brought into notice more prominently at the present time than the exact statement of the relation between the State and the Church in America. While it is undeniably true that there is a separation by law established, yet there is no antagonism. The State is required to take an attitude of neutrality as regards religion, but this is not to be regarded as hostility. The attempt to use the power of the State for the extermination of religion, or the confiscation of Church property, would be speedily rebuked. Conflicting opinions on this point among Americans in the past have shown clearly that no one religion may be allowed to dominate the policy of the State, or any subdivision thereof, directly or indirectly. Neither may the State use its property, credit, or any public money, to pay the expense of teaching Methodism, Presbyterianism, or any other denominational tenets to its citizens. No statute, however, has been framed to prohibit religious teaching; the only restriction recognized in the law of New York State is, that citizens must assume the burden of providing for the religious education of their own children without any assistance from public funds coming from general taxation. "Here in America," wrote Father Hecker, "when Church and State come together, the State says: I am not competent in ecclesiastical affairs; I leave religion its full liberty. This is what is meant here by separation of Church

and State, and that is precisely what Europeans cannot or will not understand. They want to make out that the American State claims to be indifferent to religion. They accuse us of having a theory of government which ignores the moral precepts of the natural law and the Gospel. Such is not the case, and never has been from the beginning. That is a false interpretation of the American State" (*The Church and the Age*, page 113).

This authorized teaching is sadly misrepresented even by some of our learned editors and sapient law-makers, whose ideal of a citizen seems to be one having no definite religious belief. Rather than allow the legal right for the teaching of Christian truth, they avow principles that undermine religion and foster indifferentism. Archbishop Riordan pointed out clearly in an address at Santa Clara College, California, the tendency towards Atheism and Agnosticism in any school where religion is ignored. History and ethics, politics and social economy, literature and natural sciences, from molecular mechanics to astronomy, force the mind to conclusions which are in conformity, or at variance, with Christianity. The critic of new books who signs the initials M. W. H., in the New York *Sun*, may be taken as a concrete example of this tendency to Agnosticism in a capacious mind that seems to be destitute of any religious convictions.

Considerable resentment has been manifested in Catholic circles regarding the editorial treatment of educational matters in the New York *Sun*, especially within the past year. This paper has a strong claim on intelligent Catholics for services rendered in the struggle against bigotry and intolerance. Patriotic friends of Ireland, on both sides of the Atlantic, remember with pleasure the brilliant editorials that have appeared in its columns defending home rule, as well as the distinguished personal efforts and speeches of the late Charles A. Dana, in the good work of opposing the oppressive policy of England. In many parts of the United States the Paulist Fathers, while on missions, have been asked whether the *Sun* was keeping up to its former standard of fairness, especially in regard to the just claims of organized labor. Many requests have also been received in the office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, indicating serious objections to some of the opinions presented in the editorial page of the *Sun*, giving advice that Catholics

should refrain from disturbing certain un-American bigots by making any claim for their parish schools.

The accomplished editor of the *Providence Visitor*, Rev. Cornelius Clifford, a former resident of New York City, was among the first to voice a protest against the *Sun* as far back as September 11, 1901. Shortly before that date the editorial writer of the *Sun* had given a notice of Bishop McQuaid's excellent work for schools in the diocese of Rochester. The effect produced on the impartial mind of Father Clifford may be judged by the following passages from his editorial page:

We regret that we have not been able to secure a copy of Dr. McQuaid's pastoral up to the hour of going to press; because we should like to offer extracts from it to the consideration of those of our readers who hold but a half-hearted belief in the need for a separate system of Catholic schools. But if the views put forth in rebuttal by the bishop's critic in the editorial columns of the *Sun* present the most persuasive aspect of the secular side of this controversy, we Catholics will not have long to wait for a fair and constitutional victory.

Seldom has it been our lot to read a feebler defence of non-sectarianism in elementary education. Put succinctly, it really amounts to this: A, who is an Athenian in his "exceeding religiousness," has a conscientious grievance against B, who is powerful and worldly wise and disposed, in consequence, to be out of patience with the God-fearing A. "Consider," says A to B, "you have compelled me to share in the expense of building your houses of knowledge and then to submit unaided to the cost of my own. Is it fair?" "Perfectly," B replies; "*I perceive that you are not as poor as I suspected you were;* for your own houses are nearly as good as those you have helped to erect for me. You can come and learn wisdom in mine, if you like; and if you don't like, well, a *fico* for your scruples! You are much too difficult to understand; but I wish you would stop your senseless agitation; it makes me and my friends uncomfortable." That we have not travestied the *Sun's* contention, a glance at the subjoined extract will show:

"It is demonstrated at Rochester, therefore, that the Roman Catholic Church of itself alone is able to provide and is providing the religious education for its children which it demands so strenuously, and against the absence of which in the schools supported by the State it protests so stoutly. On its theory, education without religion is only a snare for the soul rather than a benefit to society. Accordingly, consistency compels the Roman Catholic Church to support schools for its own; for, of course, religious education is impossible in public schools."

In other words, because it has been shown that some Roman Catholics, say those of Rochester and elsewhere, are able to provide the education which the State can and ought to give, without doing violence to the essentially non-sectarian character of its constitution, Roman Catholics everywhere are to be kept in fiscal bondage and their claims to recognition ignored! If B —to go back to our original parable—discovers that he has been compelling A to contribute just twice as much as ought in common fairness be demanded, the answer he will give him for comfort is: "A, it is demonstrated that you can very well afford it!" What a delightful world it would be if all financial indebtedness were invariably met by a similar solution.

Nor is the *Sun's* remark about the limits of State authority in matters of education a bit happier than the naïvely sophistical reply which we have just considered. "The State," it tells us, "can compel children to go to school, as a necessary preparation for the duties of citizenship, but it cannot force them to go to its own schools alone. If the Catholics, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, or the Jews, want their children to attend schools in which they shall be taught their respective religious doctrines, or if infidels want to teach infidelity, they have the liberty to set up distinct schools of their own for the purpose, and by admonition and example they are free to try to draw off to them pupils for whom the State provides secular education only."

But, we retort, if the rights of the State are so unassailable in this matter, it is just as conceivable that in certain junctures the need of imparting instruction on the duties of citizenship might clash with the need of imparting instruction on the obligations of religion; and how would you set about acting then? Of course we shall be told that the State can enforce no hypothetical right at the cost of conscience; yet if we allow that it can compel the children of its citizens to go to some school for some period of their lives—as most sound-thinking Catholics are prepared to admit—it might be necessary to insist that that school should be under some form of State supervision, and even of State patronage; for the condition that irks seems to involve the pleasanter condition that compensates. This consideration, then, which has been suggested by the *Sun's* reflection, will bring all supporters of a non-sectarian State system face to face with an awkward dilemma. Either the State has no rights at all in the matter of education, in which hypothesis a vast and expensive system of public schools is a vast and expensive form of injustice, or it has the best of rights—the right, namely, to safeguard by positive and paternal legislation the claim of every citizen to instruct his children in accordance with the dictates of his religious conscience.

The assumption, which runs through the *Sun's* criticism of

Dr. McQuaid's pastoral, that no other system of State-fostered instruction is practicable but the present one under which good citizens are daily wounded in conscience, could easily be shown to be intolerantly narrow and circumscribed in its outlook, because it ignores what is going on elsewhere, in countries as civilized as our own, beyond the vast seas.

In the *Providence Visitor* for April 6, 1902, the editor wrote as follows:

More than once have we warned our readers not to go to the secular journals for their theology. Even when the contributions have the factitious weight that attaches to them because of an honored clerical name, it does not follow that the lay mind will be illumined by the published argument. During the past week the editor of the New York *Sun* succeeded in reopening a discussion on two very perplexing questions connected with some of the most fundamental articles of our Catholic creed. He provoked a controversy on the limits of Biblical inspiration, and he started an inquiry as to the Church's explicit teaching on the condition of the soul after death. It takes a trained mind to deal adequately with such problems. . . . Not all educated readers are capable of separating a clear dogmatic pronouncement from the atmosphere of opinion and explanation which invariably surrounds it; but unless one can do that he will be sure to go astray in the mazes of theological debate.

Then, alluding to the recent declaration in the *Sun* on the impossibility of giving what was asked for Catholic schools, the editor of the *Providence Visitor* continues:

The declaration was a curiously uncertain one, and amounted in substance to this: The contention of Catholics that public instruction ought to be made more thorough and patriotic by making it religious, seems to be both noble and just; but it is not expedient. Non-Catholic feeling is too strong in the matter; and there might be an explosion. Then there followed the customary appeal to the sacred unchangeableness of the . . . Constitution. Not even to remedy an admitted evil could the States think of altering it.

An argument as preposterously feeble as that naturally called forth a number of open letters in comment. The discussion has since been taken up in some of the other Manhattan dailies, notably by the *Times*, which printed nearly a column and a half of contributions on various aspects of the problem in its Sunday edition. There was not much that one could call new in any of these bits of communicated criticism. There was the

same Chinese tendency to ignore the graver side of the issue as of old, the same readiness to take refuge in the unalterableness of the national tradition. It was for all the world like a moot case of conscience in the days of the Medes and Persians. There was no going against the laws that were already written.

The editorial writer in the *Sun* failed to mention that the writer of the article under notice, from *Mosher's Magazine*, was Thomas P. Kernan of Utica, a descendant of a former United States senator, who was also a candidate for governor of New York State. After stating the figures from the Catholic Directory of 1901, showing that 903,980 children were attending Parish Schools in the United States, Mr. Kernan proceeded to indicate that the claim of Catholics is not unreasonable, since it has been allowed in Germany, Canada, Ireland, Scotland, and England by expanding the system of public instruction so as to include denominational schools. Then followed this very sensible proposition: "The State, for its own sake, for its own greatness and stability, should second the efforts of all schools that foster morality and virtue in the young. The children of to-day will be the voters, the men and women of the not distant future. The greater the individual honesty and morality of a people, the greater and nobler are they as a whole. The State cannot teach religion; the State need not directly support religion; but at least, if it admits the self-evident truth that morality is founded on religion, it should encourage in all legitimate ways the endeavors of intelligent parents in training the young to become good citizens. Our American public schools are admirable in many respects; but is it not to be feared that the absence of religious instruction in them is accountable for much of the present Agnosticism, infidelity, non-religion, vice, and crime in this country?"

The plain statement just quoted is deserving of praise for well-chosen words and legal precision. It contains no threat of destroying any American institution; much less does it contain any demand which is not within the limits of any State constitution rightly interpreted. *Salus populi, suprema lex:* the welfare of the people should be the chief concern of the law and the law-makers. That robust American and champion of the Catholic Church, Dr. Brownson, wrote some years ago a passage which still holds true. His words were:

"We wish to save the (free public school) system by simply

removing what it contains repugnant to the Catholic conscience—not to destroy it or lessen its influence. We are decidedly in favor of free public schools for all the children of the land, and we hold that all property of the State should bear the burden of educating the children of the State—the two great and essential principles of the system which endear it to the hearts of the American people. Universal suffrage is a mischievous absurdity without universal education; and universal education is not practicable unless provided for at the public expense. While, then, we insist that the action of the State shall be subordinated to the law of conscience, we yet hold that it has an important duty to perform, and that it is its duty, in view of the common weal, and of its own security, as well as that of its citizens, to provide the means of a good common-school education for all children, whatever their condition. It has taken the American people over two hundred years to arrive at this conclusion, and never by our advice shall they abandon it" (From THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, April, 1870).

Gunton's Magazine for February, 1902, contained an article by Edward Emory Hill showing points of agreement with the statement quoted from Dr. Brownson. But after giving the arguments which no one denies in favor of popular education, he declares that it must be conceded that the Common School "has not accomplished all that they who labored for its establishment fondly believed that it would accomplish. It has failed, as we have seen, to banish ignorance and dishonesty from high places in the political realm. It has failed, too, to send out a body of young men and women with any just appreciation of their obligations to the State and adequate knowledge of the way to perform their duties as citizens. While it has done much in cultivating those passive virtues of citizenship, the power of self-control and the ability to support one's self, it has accomplished almost nothing in the direction of turning out intelligent and conscientious voters. While it has rendered invaluable service in fostering a truly democratic sentiment, it has failed almost completely to direct that sentiment into a healthy political activity. This failure on the part of the public school is recognized even by its best friends, and the question is being put very seriously and persistently: Is it possible for the public school to do something more toward training up a body of honest, virtuous citizens inspired by sufficient loyalty

and equipped with sufficient knowledge to snatch the reins of power from corrupt and inefficient hands? Strips of bunting flying from flagstaffs planted on school buildings will not do it, admirable as that notion is. Occasional orations commemorating the birthdays of national heroes or in honor of the soldier-dead make but little impression, much as they should appeal to our sense of patriotism. The old-fashioned patriotic reader seems to have had some influence in this way, but that was long since banished from the school-room as old-fogyish."

Another witness may be cited to show the need of discussing our American system of public instruction with a view to remedy acknowledged defects. The Sons of the Revolution gathered last September from all parts of New York State in St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway and Fulton Street, to assist at memorial services for the late President McKinley. At that historic edifice is still preserved the pew occupied by George Washington. In the New York *Times* the event was described as follows:

The Rev. Dr. Geer preached the sermon, taking for his text the fifth verse of the eighty-second Psalm: "They will not be learned nor understand, but walk on still in darkness. All the foundations are out of course." Dr. Geer took the ground that the murder of the President, and the consequent world-wide grief and shame, were a direct message from God and an expression of his resentment that the national school system forbids the introduction of religious teaching in the common schools.

"God has given a great deal to this country," he said, "and expects a great deal of it—more, probably, than from any other nation on the earth. He will not let us trifle with him. The nation is alone with an angry God as never before. It is a clear trumpet call. Let our leaders look to the foundations of the Republic, for they are shaking. The only cure for anarchy is a religious revival. Anarchy and a deficiency of Christian morals in our national educational system are intimately connected. Pagan children before Christ lived and died received more moral training, as it was then understood, than the children of this country receive in this year of our Lord, 1901.

"It must not be forgotten that the assassins of our three martyr Presidents were native born. I believe that this nation is suffering from the wrath of the Lamb of God because a Christian people have consented to the banishment of Jesus Christ from the daily life of its children. We are not only raising enough anarchists for the home market but we are exporting them.

"Rather than things should go on as now, better divide all the school money among the various Christian denominations and among the Jews, and let them teach their several religions. Such education would be a bulwark against anarchism and against national dishonor."

Dr. Geer concluded his address with a eulogy of the dead President.

At the Charleston Exposition President Roosevelt gave utterance to some strenuous words in regard to sane, wise, and healthy laws, especially laying stress on "the old American doctrine of giving the widest possible scope for the free exercise of individual initiative." He spoke as follows:

As is inevitable in a time of business prosperity, some men succeed more than others, and it is unfortunately also inevitable that when this is the case some unwise people are sure to try to appeal to the envy and jealousy of those who succeed least. It is a good thing when these appeals are made to remember that while it is difficult to increase prosperity by law, it is easy enough to ruin it, and that there is small satisfaction to the less prosperous if they succeed in overthrowing both the more prosperous and themselves in the crash of a common disaster.

Every industrial exposition of this type necessarily calls up the thought of the complex social and economic questions which are involved in our present industrial system. Our astounding material prosperity, the sweep and rush rather than the mere march of our progressive material development, have brought grave troubles in their train. We cannot afford to blink these troubles, any more than because of them we can afford to accept as true the gloomy forebodings of the prophets of evil. There are great problems before us. They are not insoluble, but they can be solved only if we approach them in a spirit of resolute fearlessness, of common sense, and of honest intention to do fair and equal justice to all men alike.

We are certain to fail if we adopt the policy of the demagogue who raves against the wealth which is simply the form of embodied thrift, foresight, and intelligence; who would shut the door of opportunity against those whose energy we should especially foster, by penalizing the qualities which tell for success. Just as little can we afford to follow those who fear to recognize injustice and to endeavor to cut it out because the task is difficult or even—if performed by unskilful hands—dangerous.

This is an era of great combinations both of labor and of capital. In many ways these combinations have worked for good; but they must work under the law, and the laws con-

cerning them must be just and wise, or they will inevitably do evil; and this applies as much to the richest corporation as to the most powerful labor union.

Our laws must be wise, sane, healthy, conceived in the spirit of those who scorn the mere agitator, the mere inciter of class or sectional hatred; who wish justice for all men; who recognize the need of adhering so far as possible to the old American doctrine of giving the widest possible scope for the free exercise of individual initiative, and yet who recognize also that after combinations have reached a certain stage it is indispensable to the general welfare that the nation should exercise over them, cautiously and with self-restraint, but firmly, the power of supervision and regulation.

Above all, the administration of the government, the enforcement of the laws, must be fair and honest. The laws are not to be administered either in the interest of the poor man or the interest of the rich man. They are simply to be administered justly; in the interest of justice to each man, be he rich or be he poor—giving immunity to no violator, whatever form the violation may assume.

Such is the obligation which every public servant takes, and to it he must be true under penalty of forfeiting the respect both of himself and of his fellows.

According to President Roosevelt's broad and just outline of patriotic duty, every citizen must be allowed the privilege as well as the right to express honest convictions for improving the laws, and to claim due recognition for minority representation in opposing legalized injustice. It may require much patient effort to remove misrepresentations and groundless fears, but there should be opportunity for a fair discussion of school laws intended to promote the general welfare of the people.

THE EMPIRE BUILDER.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

I.

THIS is the song of the Empire Builder,
Who, out of the ends of the earth,
Thro' travail of war and of carnage
Brings strange, new realms to birth.

This is the boast of the Empire Builder:
Give heed to the deeds of his hands
And scorn thou not the glory he hath
In his gold and his wasted lands.

He hath counted his neighbor's cattle
With the cold, gray eye of greed:
He hath marked for his own the fields of wheat
Where he never had sown the seed:

The vine-clad cot by the hill-side,
Where the farmer's children play,—
"This shall fit in my plan"—he said,—
"What use for such as they"?

And so, in the dusk of the evening,
He brought his armèd men
And where had shone the clustering grapes
There stretched a waste again.

Homeless, the children wandered
Thro' the fields their father won:
No more shall they feel his clasp and kiss,—
Aye, never beneath the sun.

Vex, vex not the Empire Builder,
Nor babble of Mercy's shield,—
Hath he not his vaster issue—
The linking of field to field?

Hath he not noted the boundary
That lies 'twixt "mine and thine"—
Hath he not said—"'twere better for thee
If thine henceforth be mine"?

And so doth the Empire Builder,
From out of the ends of the earth,
Thro' travail of war and of carnage,
Bring strange, new realms to birth,—

Realms builded on broken hearthstones,
The triumphs of Rapine's hour,
That one may boast in the halls of Fame
And sit in the seats of Power!

II.

This is the song of the Empire Builder,
Who built not of wasted lands
But who builded a kingdom of golden deeds
And of things not made by hands!

The fields of the spirit were his to roam,
The paths where the love-flowers grew:
He felt the breath of the spirit's Spring
In every wind that blew:

It came not laden with dying groans
And homeless orphans' cries:
It blew from the mountains of the Lord
And the fields of Paradise.

This is the boast of the Empire Builder
Who built not of mouldering clay:
That the kingdom he built, not made by hands,
Shall never pass away!

The mind cannot measure its boundaries,
All Space is its outer gate:
It is broader than ever a man conceived
And more durable than Fate.

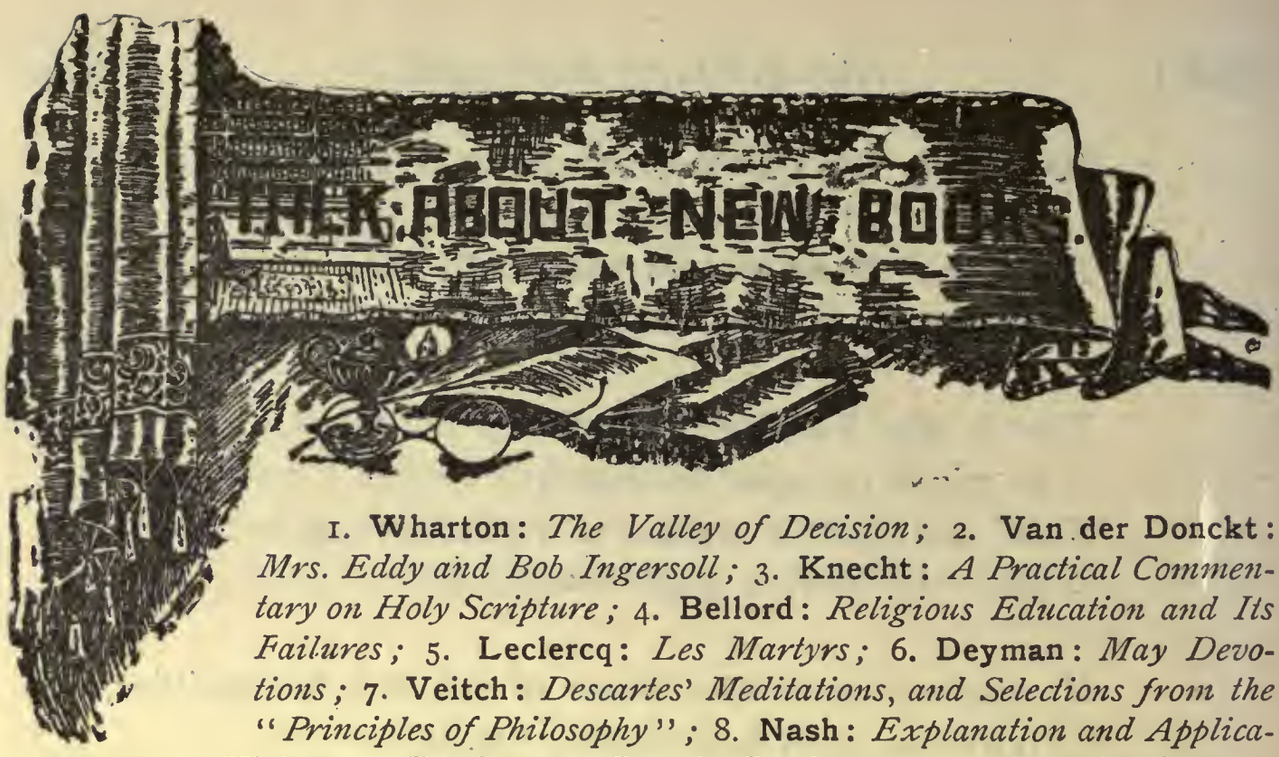
Its streets are paved with deeds of love—
The soul's untarnished gold—
It is fairer than eye of man hath seen
Or tongue of man hath told.

This is the Empire our brother built
In his little hour of Earth
Thro' the spirit's travail of righteous deeds
And the spirit's glad re-birth.

He hath silenced the boast of the Empire Builder,
With his gold and wasted lands,
By his deathless kingdom of golden deeds
And of things not made by hands.

This is the kingdom our brother built:
It is good: it hath sufficed,—
For who can measure the glory he keeps
With our Elder Brother, Christ?

In Memoriam: John A. Sullivan,
President of the Catholic Club, New York.



1. **Wharton**: *The Valley of Decision;* 2. **Van der Donckt**: *Mrs. Eddy and Bob Ingersoll;* 3. **Knecht**: *A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture;* 4. **Bellord**: *Religious Education and Its Failures;* 5. **Leclercq**: *Les Martyrs;* 6. **Deyman**: *May Devotions;* 7. **Veitch**: *Descartes' Meditations, and Selections from the "Principles of Philosophy";* 8. **Nash**: *Explanation and Application of Bible History;* 9. **Eggleston**: *Dorothy South;* 10. —— *Short Stories;* 11. **Henderson**: *A Short History of Germany;* 12. **Walter**: *Bernardi I., Abbatis Casiniensis, Speculum Monachorum;* 13. —— *Treasure of the Cloister;* 14. —— *New Manual of Catholic Devotions;* 15. **Un Prêtre**: *Le Règne de Cœur de Jésus;* 16. **Saint Teresa**: *The Way of Perfection;* 17. **Morozzo**: *A Treatise of Spiritual Life;* 18. **Smith**: *Elementary Calculus;* 19. **Sanders**: *Elements of Plane Geometry;* 20. **Campbell**: *A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology;* 21. **Gorse**: *Saint Bruno;* 22. **Morgan**: *A Study in Warwickshire Dialect;* 23. **Everett**: *Essays, Theological and Literary;* 24. **Parsons**: *Esther Hills, House-maid;* 25. **Stringer**: *The King and the Cross;* 26. **Phelps**: *Within the Gates;* 27. **O'Hagan**: *Canadian Essays;* 28. **Daley**: *A Cassock in the Pines, and Other Stories;* 29. **Egan**: *Belinda;* 30. **Donnelly-Kilpatrick**: *Miss Varney's Experience, and Other Stories;* 31. **Ozanam**: *The Bible of the Sick;* 32. **Waggaman**: *Corinne's Vow;* 33. **Lincoln**: *An Indiana Girl;* 34. —— *Officium Parvum B. V. M.;* 35. **Sporer**: *Theologia Moralis. Decalogalis et Sacramentalis;* 36. **Whyte**: *Newman: An Appreciation;* 37. **Conway**: *Lalor's Maples;* 38. **Gregory**: *Father Mack;* 39. —— *Œuvres Choisies de Mgr. Dupont des Loges;* 40. **Gwynn**: *Old Knowledge;* 41. **Carus**: *Chief's Daughter; Crown of Thorns;* 42. **Keller**: *Homeric Society;* 43. **Martin**: *Doctrine Spirituelle de Saint Augustin;* 44. **Rainy**: *The Ancient Catholic Church;* 45. **Fitzpatrick**: *Christmas of the Eucharist; Corpus Domini.*

1.—An unusually well executed mosaic, with setting at times too evident, with a wealth of colors many of which repeatedly sin against the laws of art and morals, and cast upon the whole a light both deceitful and deceptive—such is Mrs. Wharton's *Valley of Decision.** The materials for her work were taken from the Italian life of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Her choice was guided by her thesis, so speciously argued, that the degeneration of the Italians was due principally to the fetters of dogmatic Christianity, and that their resurrection to a healthier and moral life, as individuals and as a nation, was to come from the new-born rationalism. The latter was fortified by science, truth, and common sense. The church had but love and fear and tradition. True, the new movement does not altogether succeed, but that was rather because the people were

* *The Valley of Decision.* By Edith Wharton. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

not educated up to it. The composition throughout the work bespeaks a professional's power; the treatment of the thesis, only freshman ability. The thesis, of course, is very trite. But a comprehensive view of matters—*e. g.*, the bitter opposition of the Italian States to the church—is not given. That is why we said the light thrown upon the picture was deceiving. But even the school-boy will smile at such remarks as "those who denied Christ were the first to put in practice the universal brotherhood of man," or that with this philosophy "came a renewed reverence for moral and physical purity." It is a grievous offence against truth to write that the church regulated her morals according to the race; or to parody the confessional; or to imply that the selling of indulgences was a common practice. It is surely misleading to pick out an exceptional convent at Venice, tell of its irregularities, and thus leave the impression that the church fostered this wrong-doing. In writing a history of Italy it is unjust to say no word on Pius VI.; on the Holy See, its work and its aims.

The one character of any heroic proportions is Fulvia, the championess of the new philosophy, and she, for the sake of the "higher morality," becomes the impure slave of a man. The principal male character, weak and immoral, neither attracts nor inspires. The work has little of romance and nothing of plot. Between the successive pictures of Naples, Turin, Rome, and Venice are inserted the theological and philosophical passages. Mrs. Wharton will pardon us if we inform her that Catholics do not, and never did, teach that the human soul is a "metaphysical entity."

The authoress' style ever impresses us as "worked out," and not spontaneous. Mrs. Wharton is a writer "made," and not "born." Undoubtedly she spent great care and much time upon her work. But if she would look through glasses unstained by rationalistic thought she would see better and clearer. Nor would she sink to the level of vulgar innuendo or of repulsive detail that not infrequently mars her work, and impels the clean-minded reader to hope that the woman who wrote them will for the future be more worthy of her womanly nature.

2.—The task that Father Van der Donckt set out to accomplish in his brochure on Mrs. Eddy * is done with con-

* *Mrs. Eddy and Bob Ingersoll;* or, "Christian Science" Tested. By Rev. C. Van der Donckt, Pocatello, Idaho.

siderable success. It is an easy matter to show up the untenability of Mrs. Eddy's fantastic theories and to expose her absurd vagaries by placing them under the strong light of philosophical criticism. When this is done with a bit of humor and satire it is especially valuable. Father Van der Donckt takes issue with Mrs. Eddy on the great fundamental principles of religion, and shows very clearly that the basis of her theories is unsound, unphilosophical, opposed to the common experience of mankind, and pantheistic. Miss French is a good advocate and apologist for her faith, always calm, always entertaining, always commanding respect. She undermines and demolishes the foolish and often blasphemous notions of Mrs. Eddy while she proves conclusively the reasonableness and acceptability of her own dogmatic faith. The conversational style adds to the interest and attractiveness of the book.

3.—We heartily welcome this second and revised English edition of Bishop Knecht's commentary.* It includes two volumes. The first treats of the more important events of the Old Testament; the second of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. The work is not apologetic nor critical. It is designed mainly for the use of those who teach Bible history, and its purpose is to draw from the writings of the Scripture practical lessons and examples for the Christian in his every-day life. Leo XIII. has been particularly emphatic in urging Catholics to read the Holy Book, and these volumes would enable them to do so with greater profit. They are well illustrated, contain many maps, and a most practical and useful concordance. In the instruction of children a story is oftentimes the best means to bring home a truth and make it stick. To all who have that care we recommend these volumes. An interesting preface is written by the well-known Rev. Michael F. Glancey, of Birmingham, Eng.

4.—The science of pedagogy has made great strides in the last twenty-five years. One might say that it has revolutionized methods of education in things secular. But they who have the care of religious instruction have not kept pace with its march, and as a consequence the old, inadequate methods—they scarcely deserve the name—are allowed to govern the instruction of the

* *A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture.* By Frederick Justice Knecht, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

young. Bishop Bellord, in this energetic pamphlet,* endeavors to arouse religious educators to a sense of their duty, and to the crying needs of the hour. Many believe the instruction of Sunday-school children to be the simplest and easiest matter in the world; perhaps that is why so many have made dismal failures of it. If such would read Bishop Bellord's pamphlet their eyes would be opened. The bishop's work is not pedagogical. It is an arraignment of present systems and an appeal for a change; and as such it is very commendable. In itself it is a proof that we are arousing ourselves more thoroughly to a sense of the supreme importance of this matter. The catechisms that are appearing now almost without number are another proof of the general awakening. Bishop Bellord, however, exaggerates at times the leakage in the church.

5.—The Benedictines have ever done conspicuously noble work in the writing of church history. The present is the first volume of a series† which will embrace an account of all the martyrs of the church, from the birth of Christianity to the twentieth century. No word of praise can be too strong in commending this endeavor to popularize in a learned and authentic way the martyrology of the church. The blood of the martyrs is still to be the seed of zealous Christians. The work is a model of historical writing. It is based entirely on ancient documents, and evidences a knowledge and intimacy with all recognized historians—French, German, and English.

The preface is learnedly critical. It discusses the documents; the persecutions, the accompaniments of martyrdom. The authentic "Acts" give the story of our Lord's Passion, of St. Stephen, Sts. Peter and Paul, St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp, Sts. Perpetua and Felicitas. A discussion on the value of other writings follows as an appendix. Even the lukewarm reader cannot but be inspired with zeal and ambition while reading this volume. We look forward eagerly to the other volumes that are to come.

6.—This little hand-book‡ is most appropriate and useful

* *Religious Education and Its Failures.* By the Right Rev. James Bellord, D.D. Notre Dame, Ind.: The "Ave Maria."

† *Les Martyrs.* Vol. I. Les Temps Néroniens et le Deuxième Siècle. Traduites et Publiées par le R. P. Dom H. Leclercq. Paris: H. Oudin.

‡ *May Devotions.* Compiled by Clementinus Deyman, O.F.M. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

for the month of Mary. Together with special prayers it contains meditations for every day of May. They embrace the great truths of our religion, are given in a simple, practical way, and will aid one to dedicate in the most fitting manner the month of May to our Holy Mother.

7.—A recent volume of the Religion of Science Library is a neat edition of a famous book.* It is throughout of great merit. The selections are well made; the printing is good; the introductory essay is reliable and clear; the notes are pertinent and really explain the text. It is needless for us to say anything about a translation bearing the name of Veitch. The editors are to be congratulated on the impartial and simple way in which, in such a small space, they have placed Descartes before the English reader. Their appreciation of his place in philosophy is very just, and can be relied upon by the uncritical. A real blemish, however, is the number of orthographical mistakes —all the more noticeable because some come in the headlines; there is one on the title-page. But this can be remedied in the reprint. We recommend the edition.

8.—In great measure this work† is a translation of Siegel's *Katechetischer Leitfaden*, but it is somewhat more practical. By question and answer, brief and pointed, it applies the great lessons of Sacred Scripture to the duties and responsibilities of Christians. An excellent and detailed index is added. The book will be useful for instructors and higher grade pupils. But the author has made a serious mistake in failing throughout to give Scriptural references.

9.—I had just finished reading his *Carolina Cavalier*—a tale of the Civil War—when George Cary Eggleston, its author, informed me that he was getting ready for the press *The Last of the Flatboats* and a new story of Virginia life called *Dorothy South*. The first of these latter ones has been before the public for some time, and now his charming "Dorothy" makes her appearance, and simultaneously his *American Immortals*, both beautifully printed and illustrated. All these are only part of the

* *Descartes' Meditations, and Selections from the "Principles of Philosophy."* Translated, with Notes, by John Veitch, D.D. Introduction by Professor Levy-Bruhl. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

† *Explanation and Application of Bible History.* Edited by Rev. John J. Nash, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

product of one man's brains and pen during a period of little more than one year's work. For while he has been throwing off the "Cavalier," the "Flatboats," "Dorothy South," and the "Immortals," he has been engaged in the very serious task of preparing a new and critical history of the great war of secession. One would suppose that this last task would have excluded any other. Certainly most ordinary writers would have found it quite enough to occupy every moment of the working hours. But George Cary Eggleston is by no means an ordinary writer. He is one of those who must write all the time, or rust; he is among the very few who can snatch their rest and relaxation from serious work by taking up the lighter work of story-telling. And yet neither the "Immortals," nor the "Cavalier," nor the charming "Dorothy" is inferior in quality because thrown off, as it were, in the off-moments of more serious work. *The American Immortals* is a very carefully written batch of biographies of some of the great men who are to figure in our Hall of Fame, and therefore must have exacted great study for its preparation.

One can only explain Mr. Eggleston's success in the production of two such admirable stories as the "Cavalier" and "Dorothy South" by supposing that they represent incidents revived in the author's mind while preparing himself for the historical work. "Dorothy's" period is just before the outbreak of the Civil War, while the "Cavalier" plays his part during the actual struggle, and it may have been a sort of relaxation to the author to jot down the pleasant incidents in the lives possibly of friends known to him during his long Southern residence. The pictures of Virginia life just before the war are very enjoyable. Mr. Eggleston is particularly happy in portraying the negro idiosyncrasies, which are well brought out in "Dick" and "Mammy" and "Diana," three characters in *Dorothy South*. But his white women are not nearly so natural. Both "Dorothy" and "Edmonia" talk "too big," too much in the masculine style, while "Aunt Polly," an old-fashioned Southern dame, is rather overdrawn. No well-bred, intelligent Southern woman of the class of "Aunt Polly" could have been quite so ignorant of the law of gravitation as the author represents. But, on the whole, *Dorothy South* is a charming book, wholesome and pleasant.

10.—An interesting series of stories for younger folks is being published by Benziger Brothers, of New York. Some well-known writers are among the contributors. Katherine Tynan Hinkson contributes a volume entitled *The Golden Lily;* Anna T. Sadlier, a tale of New York City squatters, in *Mary Tracy's Fortune;* Mary T. Waggaman, *Bob o' Link;* Clara Mulholland, *Bunt and Bill;* Mary E. Mannix, *As True as Gold;* Mary G. Bonesteel, *Recruit Tommy Collins*, and Emma Howard Wight, *The Berkleys.* All form an important contribution to Catholic child literature, and we trust they will have, as they should, the patronage of the faithful.

11.—This history* extends from the year 9 A. D. to 1870. The author's evident aim was to give as extended a view of Germany's national life as was possible in a compendium. He writes plainly and directly and treats of all the more important events. But historical writing, even when it is done in a popular way, should be clothed with a sacred carefulness and exactness. Mr. Henderson does not give one detailed reference in all his work, and that fact alone will at once discredit it in the eyes of every thoughtful reader. Like an ambassador coming without credentials, it will not be received at court. Mr. Henderson quotes at the head of every chapter a short bibliography. The works mentioned are often good, but some are not standard and some universally accepted authorities are omitted—*e. g.*, Janssen's History of the German People or Hefele's History of the Councils. And a severe critic might take exception to Mr. Henderson's unruffled sense of personal infallibility, such as is evidenced in the statement that Beard's work is excellent for the first four years or that Gothein's is the best life of St. Ignatius.

The great problems of Christian civilization seem to be matters too large for the author's grasp. Of course they cannot be treated in any exhaustive way in a short history; but a short history is sufficient to show whether they have been treated in a right way or not. In the matter of particular facts Mr. Henderson often makes very grave errors. Conradin was not murdered by Clement IV. either directly or indirectly, Mr. Henderson to the contrary notwithstanding. Clement warned Conradin not to come into Italy, and when he was captured by Louis

* *A Short History of Germany.* By Ernest F. Henderson. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IX. Clement wrote to that king asking him to spare his prisoner. A faulty account is given of Benedict V.'s pontificate. There is failure also to note Otto III.'s deposition of the anti-pope John XVI., or Conrad's restoration of Benedict IX. Mr. Henderson has no proof for the statement that Hildebrand practised bribery. Nor did Gregory VII. teach that the right of kings was founded in blind lust. Mr. Henderson would have known that had he read even the Protestant Neander. Paschal with all his indiscretions did not forfeit the right of jurisdiction belonging to bishops. Charlemagne was not canonized by Alexander III., and the author treats very inadequately the hundred years' struggle between the Popes and the Hohenstaufens. The lesson of the treaty of Venice with Frederick is entirely lost sight of. In the description of the Reformation still greater blunders are made. A pope is represented as advertising to forgive sins for money. The abuses of indulgences are greatly exaggerated. A grotesque list of relics is presented which would be in every way complete if the author had but added, "and a feather from the wing of Michael the Archangel." A veritable gold brick to Mr. Henderson is the clumsy forgery of Otto von Pack. The Jesuits are said to be bound to obey even if commanded to commit mortal sin.

The work has no permanent value. It is not good for reference. It is not proper for students, since it is most unscholarly. Probably it was written in great haste to meet the visit of Prince Henry, to whom it is dedicated. But it may serve the purpose, at least, of inducing Mr. Henderson to supplement his reading and do good work in the future!

12.—A really beautiful specimen of scholarly and painstaking editing is Dom Walter's presentation of the *Speculum Monachorum** of Bernard, Abbot of Monte Cassino, and friend of St. Thomas Aquinas. Prefaced with a long notice, biographical and bibliographical, the text is enriched with marginal notes that help to quick understanding, and with references and variant readings that give great aid to the student interested in research. The several indices at the end of the volume render all the assistance that readers could possibly require. Clearly enough the editor has spared no labor to perfect his work, and the result should be gratifying to him. None of his readers

* *Bernardi I., Abbatis Casiniensis, Speculum Monachorum.* Edidit P. Hilarius Walter, O.S.B. Friburgi Brisgoviae. St. Louis: Herder.

can refuse to extend readily the indulgence asked for a few typographical corrigenda.

The *Speculum Monachorum* is a valuable spiritual book, of special worth to religious of course, and of most peculiar interest to Benedictines of course, yet not without profitable advice for all. In addition to instruction on the form and the principles of the religious vows and the means for insuring their perfect observance, a great deal that it says about the shunning of evil and the pursuit of virtue, is well worth the consideration of every devout soul. Practical good sense and directness abound in these pages, which really form a hand-book of the religious life, and give a reliable and attractive picture of the mediæval concept of monastic perfection, drawn with true scholastic precision.

The book is not strictly the work of the author whose name it bears, but it is rather a revised and enlarged edition of a spiritual treatise by the Dominican William Perault.

As far as can be ascertained, its appearance was pretty nearly contemporary with the Second Council of Lyons. For long years it was held in high favor and circulated widely through the various countries of Europe; and it was so many times re-copied that more than thirty codices have been preserved, even to our own days, in the various libraries of Italy, Germany, Austria, and France. The sixteenth century saw three printed editions, and the seventeenth one; the present edition possesses a special interest from the fact that Dom Walter has followed MSS. different from those used in the previous printed editions.

13.—A volume* of prayers and devotions, though written particularly for religious, may also commend itself to some of the laity. The method of hearing Mass could be made more liturgical, and we have noted that the translations of some of the prayers from the ritual are not the best. Many hymns and practical admonitions are included.

14.—It is not an easy task to compile a good Catholic prayer-book, a book that will re-echo the true spirit of Catholic devotion, that will appeal to the tastes of the many, and not be too bulky in size. But the present little volume† fully meets all

* *Treasure of the Cloister.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *New Manual of Catholic Devotions.* Compiled in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Imprimatur of J. Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore: John Murphy Company.

these demands and includes, moreover, practical instructions that the reader may refer to constantly for his further progress in Christian perfection. The most noteworthy points about it are its completeness and its wholesome liturgical spirit. We recommend it as one of the most suitable and convenient prayer-books published. The volume is well printed and bound, and presents a very attractive appearance.

15.—These volumes * are a complete and detailed account of the doctrine of the Blessed Margaret Mary on Devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord. They are most valuable as reference books, particularly for those who have to speak often on this devotion so widespread in the church. The work has the approbation of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris and of the Bishop of Liège. It speaks particularly of the love of the Divine Heart, the virtues required of Its servants, and the spread of Its apostolate. It has many illustrations, but for the most part they are but poorly done.

16—An attractive edition of Saint Teresa's *Way of Perfection* † makes up a volume of the Cloister Library Series. One of her earlier works, it is also in the opinion of various persons the book which shows her at her best. The date of its first appearance must have been within two years after her foundation of the Monastery of St Joseph's at Avila, the first convent of the reformed Carmelites. The volume itself is written for the purpose of instructing the nuns of St. Joseph's on the virtues to be cultivated by them, and most particularly on the means of cultivating the life of prayer to the best advantage. As to the saint's peculiar gifts of spiritual learning and masterly power of teaching, the world has but one opinion—she is a marvel. And we note that such critics as Dr. Alexander Whyte and Mrs. Cunninghame Graham considered *The Way of Perfection* to be superior to any other of the saint's works for eloquence, deep knowledge, and tender, sympathetic treatment of human needs.

The present translation is reprinted, with slight modifications of spelling, from the Woodhead version of about 1675. We cannot help regretting, however, that Mr. Waller, or some equally

* *Le Règne de Cœur de Jésus.* Par Un Prêtre Oblat de Marie Immaculée. 5 vols.; 2d edition. Paris, Montmartre: Au Sanctuaire du Sacré Cœur.

† *The Way of Perfection.* By Saint Teresa. Edited by A. R. Waller. The Cloister Library. New York: The Macmillan Company.

capable person, has not undertaken the task of providing the public with an altogether new translation. What with obscurities of subject-matter, and intricacies of style, and difficulties of translation, *The Way of Perfection* is a forbidding book to most readers. The precise meaning of a great many passages remains a mystery after very attentive perusal; and although possibly in some parts the original is almost equally obscure, still careful revision and adaptation would do much to make the saint's writings more intelligible to the reader. In view of the fact that a re-edition of the Dalton translation has also been published within a year, it looks as if a new translator could count upon widespread interest being taken in his work.

It is almost needless to say that in general appearance the new edition is worthy of all praise.

17.—Some two centuries ago a Cistercian abbot, Charles Morozzo, published a volume intended to provide souls with a clear and easy method of progress from the beginning of spiritual conversion to the summit of sanctity. The book formed a comprehensive but compendious treatise of ascetical theology, embracing instructions on the vices and virtues, and on the approved method of dealing with both. Best of all it touched upon the state of perfect souls, and spoke words of instruction and encouragement to those who would aspire to pass beyond the exercises of meditation into the purer prayer of the will. While holding up the loftiest ideals as possible of attainment, the author, at the same time, preserved that tone of calm moderation and caution which, of itself, guarantees security from delusion. Dry and academic in tone, his treatise possessed at once the virtues and the limitations of a technical work. In a general way he followed the lead of St. Thomas. His success was such that a learned reader declared: "Of the many authors whom I have read in the past fifty years there is none who treats more clearly and tersely of ascetical matters than Morozzo." In the course of time the volume had pretty well passed into oblivion, when in 1891 it was re-edited by a Redemptorist father. And now lately Father Donovan, the Cistercian, has presented us with an English translation.* It was a commendable thought of his to place the work at the disposal of Eng-

* *A Treatise of Spiritual Life.* Translated from the Latin of Mgr. Charles Morozzo, Cistercian Abbot and Bishop of Bobbio. By Rev. D. A. Donovan, O. Cist. Second revised edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

lish readers; but unfortunately the style of the translation is not attractive enough to warrant the hope that the book will be read and appreciated by a great multitude. In fact obscurity and awkwardness of language are distressingly prominent in this English version.

18.—Dr. Smith's *Elementary Calculus** is intended to serve as a text-book in high-schools and colleges, where the time allotted to the study of mathematics is necessarily restricted. It is short enough to be studied in a single semester, and at the same time it clearly presents the fundamental ideas of this important study. The author has endeavored to emphasize the possibilities of the calculus when applied to practice. But in this he has not succeeded as well as we could have expected. A more abundant exemplification of the power of the calculus in the domain of natural science was possible, even within the narrow limits of this work. It is to be regretted that this neglect has somewhat impaired the full usefulness of this little text-book.

19.—The special features of Mr. Sanders's *Elements of Plane Geometry*† are: (1) The omission of the more obvious steps in the demonstrations of problems after a few proofs have been given in full as models of method; (2) "The introduction after each problem of exercises bearing directly upon the principle of the proposition"; (3) Problems of construction are solved before being used in demonstrations of theorems; (4) Exercises involving the principles of Modern Geometry are introduced after some propositions; (5) "Whenever possible the converse of a proposition is given with the proposition itself"; (6) A copious number of exercises are given throughout the book.

This text-book is worthy of high recommendation, since it puts a great deal of matter in concise and clear form, and is so constructed that it leads the pupil to think for himself.

20.—Mr. George Campbell, of Oswego, Kansas, has published a work‡ more amusing than valuable. He endeavors to harmonize religion and science by revolutionizing cosmology.

* *Elementary Calculus.* By Percy F. Smith, Ph.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

† *Elements of Plane Geometry.* By Alan Sanders. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

‡ *A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology.* By George Campbell. Topeka, Kansas: Crane & Co.

Newton's *Principia* have been for ever crushed, to be superseded by the lofty flights of Mr. Campbell's cosmology. Those who can find amusement in the perusal of fantastic notions will be pleased with this strange little book.

21.—France in penance once erected a chapel to the holy Bruno; France unrepentant is now exiling his sons. As a protest against her action and as a memorial of Bruno's eighth centenary, which will occur on the 6th of October next, l'Abbé Gorse has issued this learned volume.* The documents used are principally the records of Bruno's life written by his children at the time of his death, and the pages of the Bollandists. Bruno, the champion of orthodoxy and of good discipline, the zealous religious, the legislator, the benefactor of his countrymen, stands as a giant among the great saints of the church. He impressed his character upon his age, and the annals of civilization and human progress as well as of religion must ever include his name and his work. The book is illustrated by twenty-four scenes from the famous work of Lesueur. The last two chapters are devoted to a history of the work of the Carthusians. L'Abbé Gorse has given us a vivid and timely life of St. Bruno. One may say, after Mgr. Henry of Grenoble, that he has literally put his heart into it. We consider it one of the most valuable productions of late of the Catholic press.

22.—Mr. Morgan through his learned contributions on Shakespearian literature is well known to readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The present is the fourth edition, revised and enlarged, of this work.† It is a study of parallelism between the plays and the poem "Venus and Adonis" along the line of the Warwickshire dialect. But although there are many instances of the dialect in the plays, Mr. Morgan finds but two in the poem—*i.e.*, of "cope" and "tempest." Hence the difficulty of explaining Shakespeare's authorship. The work is indispensable to all students of Shakespeare.

23.—These essays,‡ many of which appeared in the *New World*, are the last writings of Dr. Everett. They will be found

* *Saint Bruno.* Par M. l'Abbé M. M. Gorse. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Dounoil.

† *A Study in the Warwickshire Dialect.* By Appleton Morgan. New York: The Shakespeare Press.

‡ *Essays, Theological and Literary.* By Charles Carroll Everett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

most useful as a supplementary study to the author's previous works on philosophy and religion. Dr. Everett was a Unitarian. The Trinity to him was but "the manifoldness of the divine nature, absoluteness, love, self-impartation." His works, and particularly these essays, are the best means of gaining an insight into the trend of Protestant thought in New England, its denial of Christ's divinity, of the inspiration of the Bible and its compromise with rationalism. In fact Dr. Everett writes that he "heartily agrees with the premises of Nietzsche's reasoning." Dr. Everett has the charm of presenting his thoughts clearly and emphatically. We would recommend particularly his essay on Kant's influence in theology, both for its history and its concluding sentence: "The head and the heart have always worked together in the founding and the upbuilding of religion, and they always will thus work together so long as religion shall endure." In other words, religion must meet the demands of the whole man—intellectual and moral. The literary essays are very thoughtful and interesting. Many, as Dr. Everett expected, will disagree with some of his interpretations, but none will read him without profit.

24.—In the interesting little book before us * there are recounted the experiences of a young lady, Esther Hills, who at the age of eighteen, finding herself an orphan, sees no other prospects before her but the life of a house-maid. Although throughout the whole book Esther indulges to a great extent in philosophizing on the hardships and humiliations of a servant-girl's every-day life, and the arrogance of the ordinary mistress, still she succeeds in insinuating herself into the reader's affections and extorts his sympathy.

The author of the book certainly has no mean insight into human nature, as is evidenced from the life-like presentation of the characters.

25.—We are presented here † with a tale of New France, but it is not a powerful nor an interesting one. The plot, what there is of it, is but slight. It develops rapidly at the beginning; is then for many pages almost forgotten, and resumed without reason at the end. About the adventures of

* *Esther Hills, House-maid.* By Caroline Parsons. New York: The Abbey Press.

† *The King and the Cross.* By George and Eliza Stringer. Boston: Eastern Publishing Company.

the heroine—there is no hero—are wound historical facts which have scarce any relations to her. For the most part they are quite well and quite truly told, but this novel is no place for them. The authors grossly misrepresent the teaching and the morality of the Jesuits. The leading Jesuit, Enrico, is a most unpleasing and untrue character.

26.—Mrs. Phelps' work has ever an elevating and a refreshing tone. This "drama"* with its scenes of earth, of purgatory (for that must be what the place of purification in the next world is), and of heaven, and also of the dismal shades of the condemned, was written to teach men the beauty and the reward of virtue—the true value of things temporal and things eternal. Perhaps the pictures now and again are colored too fantastically, and the feeling of sentiment overworked; but the work has power and value, and let us hope that it will at least fill part of its mission.

27.—These essays† appeared during the past few years in various magazines. They treat of the literary work and workers of Canada; of famous historical incidents, such as the missions of the Jesuits and the deportation of the Acadians, and of the condition of the Catholic Church in Ontario. They are all thoroughly interesting subjects, but we cannot say that Dr. O'Hagan has treated them with a master-hand. If he had spent more time and thought he would have produced better work. In his chapters on literary men and women, for example, there is a great list of names, but that does not necessarily reflect great honor on Canadian literature. Dr. O'Hagan should bring out more of the quality. His criticisms fail to do that, being short, indefinite, general, and monotonously alike. "Felicity," "charm," "fulness of thought," "purity," "compression," "vision," "the purple of thought," are all in themselves unsatisfying. Dr. O'Hagan can certainly do better justice to himself and to Canadian literature.

The historical essays show a wide and pertinent reading. The most interesting is that on Acadia, but here again the subject is not exhausted and the historical references incomplete. Here also the style and method have improved, but it is scarcely proper to say that a "mustard seed grows to a great cedar of

* *Within the Gates:* A Drama. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Canadian Essays:* Critical and historical. By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., P

Lebanon." Apart from all criticism, we congratulate Dr. O'Hagan on thus endeavoring to open up the wealth of Canadian literature. We should, as he says, know more of it.

28—This is a collection of short stories,* which met with particular favor when published in magazine form. The tale of "A Cassock in the Pines" is the story of a young priest's experience among the "Know-nothings" of Maine. It is perhaps the best in this collection of Father Daley's stories; but the younger readers will be partial to those tales which treat of college life. In "Madcaps" the author has a telling description of the "Senior" or "Philosopher" at college.

29.—*Belinda* is the second volume † of a new series of stories for girls, from the pen of Maurice Francis Egan. Doubtless those who have read Mr. Egan's stories for the young people would be unanimous in wishing that the distinguished author would devote himself entirely to the children. Children will be interested to see how Belinda, a "tomboy" girl, develops into a thoughtful and refined young lady. She is obliged to exchange a comfortable home at the nation's capital for a sordid tenement house in the very slums of New York City. This change serves to refine her. She meets with some very exciting experiences in the great metropolis, but in the course of time she finds rich relatives, and returns to her home on Capitol Hill.

30.—In this collection of stories ‡ the tale of Miss Varney's strange experience is by far the most interesting. This young lady, beautiful and highly gifted, falls victim to a fever which eventually deprived her of her sight. During her convalescence her bitter feelings and prejudices against the Catholic Church are supplanted by convictions of the truth of its dogmas, and a resolve to become a member of that fold.

The other stories are well written, but do not interest the reader as much as the narration of "Miss Varney's Experience."

31.—Ozanam, unselfish to the last, sought to render a service to others who might have to suffer even as he, by selecting comforting passages from the Scriptures. The Rev. Joseph

* *A Cassock in the Pines, and Other Stories.* By Jos. G. Daley. New York: W. H. Young.

† *Belinda:* A Story for Girls. By M. F. Egan. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

‡ *Miss Varney's Experience, and Other Stories.* By Eleanor Donnelly and Mary Kilpatrick. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

Bruneau, S.S., with the permission of Mr. Ozanam's daughter, has just presented this *Bible for the Sick** in English dress. The work includes selections from both the Old and New Testaments. We heartily recommend it to all Catholics: to those who visit the sick; to those who are well, that they may prepare for suffering; to such as are sick, that they may be truly comforted. We have noted one or two faulty references; *e.g.*, psalm xc. is called psalm cx., and the seventh verse of the 13th psalm is referred to as the 6th of the 15th.

32.—Mary T. Waggaman's latest story† is a welcome contribution to Catholic literature, as well as a worthy addition to her previous works. In it she carries us over to Saint Pierre in France, and by her descriptive powers she executes with naturalness all the incidents of her story. The religious tone pervading it enhances its beauty and makes *Corinne's Vow* entertaining reading.

33.—*An Indiana Girl*‡ is a novel of no mean worth. There is very little plot, so that the story might almost be called a character sketch. No one can read it and fail to love and admire Virginia, who is the central figure throughout. She is at once sympathetic, religious, and natural, having been reared amid the wild scenes of nature, in her Indiana home. It is refreshing in these days, when we see and read so much about the "New Woman," to meet with one of the "Old" but not less lovely types, such as "The Indiana Girl."

34.—This is a small volume§ containing the Latin and English Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It notes the indulgences to be obtained; is published in attractive form, with a charming frontispiece.

35.—This present volume‖ is the third of Father Sporer's theology, which is newly arranged and edited by Father Bierbaum. It has a full treatise on the sacraments in general, and special treatises on Orders, Holy Eucharist, Penance, and

* *The Bible for the Sick.* From the French of Frederic Ozanam. New York: Christian Press Association.

† *Corinne's Vow.* By Mary T. Waggaman. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *An Indiana Girl.* By Fred. S. Lincoln. Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.

§ *Officium Parvum B. V. M.* London: Art and Book Company.

‖ *Theologia Moralis. Decalogalis et Sacramentalis.* Auctore P. Patritio Sporer, O.F.M. Edidit P. F. Bierbaum, O.F.M. Paderbornæ: Ex Typographia Bonifaciana.

Matrimony, with a short appendix on prohibited books. Every subject is carefully and thoroughly treated, and we recommend the work as a most useful one for reference to priests and to all theological students. But as its aim is to be thorough, we would suggest that references be inserted when mention is made of other opinions—*e. g.*, Bellarmine and De Lugo on the sacrifice of the Mass. In many instances this is done, but not in all. Also that the index at the back should be made handier. As it stands it requires the aid also of the table of contents. The work is well written and includes the latest instructions of the church.

36.—"Newman's mind was the finest mind in the Church of England in the nineteenth century." "No other writer in the English language has ever written it quite like Newman." Such is Dr. Whyte's appreciation of the great English Cardinal.* He gives it to his readers in tasteful English and with reasons that denote an intimate and continued acquaintance with Newman's writings, and even something of a personal love for the hero of the English revival. But his appreciation stops with Newman as a writer. From his pages Dr. Whyte "gets nothing beyond intellectual and artistic and emotional enjoyment." What a poor tribute to the towering soul that chose for its motto "Cor ad cor loquitur"!

Dr. Whyte promises in the introduction not to enter upon the field of controversy. And one who would sympathetically appreciate Newman ought at least to put himself in Newman's mind; to follow his paths and know their difficulties, their trials; to walk or to fall with the struggling soul, sympathize with its weaknesses, applaud its heroic endeavors. And if he cannot see and embrace the light as Newman did, still he should give credit to the soul who dared to do his duty in the face of a hostile world. But all this, the first requisite of an appreciation of the "man," is absent from Dr. Whyte's work. He takes the opportunity to insert throughout an untimely and impertinent defence of evangelical preaching. With gratuitous forwardness he tells us how Newman's name would be great had he acted in this way or in that way. With vain regrets he deplores Newman's departure from the English Church. He wishes that

**Newman: An Appreciation.* By Alexander Whyte, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

he had remained true to the faith of his childhood, yet he tells us that Newman was a born "Romanist." Doubting, he asks what improvement conversion worked in Newman; yet he tells us later that his "temper was improved," "he was fairer and more genial." At the end are subjoined the "choicest" passages of Newman. They are all, no doubt, choice. But when it comes to the choicest we would substitute some which Dr. Whyte omits. And at the end, conspicuous as an epitaph, are given Newman's words on his "secession" to Rome.

Dr. Whyte's evangelical eye sees the greatest possible defects in Newman's sermons. "They never touch the core of Gospel teachings"; nor sound the true note of faith; nor "bring love and assurance and peace." Last of all, Newman the lovable, the faithful, the pure priest, the reconciler of his enemies; Newman the author of the *Apologia*, is not worthy to tie the shoe-latchet of Luther! We are tempted to call the book an outrageous caricature. But it was not intentional. Dr. Whyte has judged everything from his evangelical stand-point. Yet may we not ask in all fairness that he who would give an appreciation of Newman to the world, particularly when it is meant for an introduction to the man, should for the time give over his prejudices and try to look at things as Newman did? Then he will find, and without difficulty, a consistent, heroic, and admirable character. Dr. Whyte states that certain evangelical preachers will live when Newman's name is forgotten. Rather let us say that Newman's name will live, not alone as that of a great English writer but also as the champion of honesty and of truth, when the ecclesiastical student will have to look into books to know what Protestantism was.

37.—Miss Katherine E. Conway, of the *Pilot*, is steadily adding to the long list of admirable volumes to which she writes her name as author. In the latest work, under the title of *Lalor's Maples*,* she has given us a good, healthy story that seems to reflect in a most accurate way the life about us. John Lalor is a familiar character. The honest Irishman with little education but with a good deal of native talent, with plenty of stern rugged virtue, who in the last generation took advantage of the opportunities of the new country and acquired some wealth and with it social

* *Lalor's Maples.* By Katherine E. Conway. Second Edition. Boston: The *Pilot* Publishing Co.

importance, is well known to us all. The portrayal of the eager strivings for worldly advancement, the various vicissitudes of fortune, the love-making of the grown children, the influence of a deep religious spirit, as embodied in the admonitions of the church—all these come so close to our own experiences that there is a positive interest when we find them in print.

So true to life are Miss Conway's characters that we often think that if they should cast aside the thin disguise, we would recognize them and call them by their real names. Bishop McQuaid will find his double in the Bishop of Baychester, and no one will fail to recognize old Father De Regge in his counterpart, "the courtly Father Desjardins." The situations that are developed are dramatic in their interest, and are carried through with all the skill of a trained writer It is pleasing to know that the story is meeting with a deserved success, for already has it run through several editions.

38.—*Father Mack* * is another effort to delineate "real life," but it fails to get at motives or to touch the depths of sacerdotal living. It is very light as a story, totally vapid in its conversations, and extremely superficial in its estimate and delineation of character.

39.—The present volume † is complementary of the *Vie de Mgr. Dupont des Loges*, by Abbé Félix Klein, which appeared some time ago, and contains some selected writings of that distinguished French prelate. Among them may be found pastoral instructions, synodic allocutions, retreat conferences, and letters of consolation and condolence—all breathing the deep spirituality, the charity and zeal, of the apostolic bishop. He was among the most loved and revered of the nineteenth century prelates, always alive to the dangers of the times and ever ready to spend himself in checking them, and whether addressing his clergy or laity, one who preached by example as well as word.

40.—We have found Mr. Stephen Gwynn's *The Old Knowledge* ‡ one of the most entertaining stories that has come to our

* *Father Mack; or, A Story from Real Life.* By Leo Gregory. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company.

† *Œuvres Choisies de Mgr. Dupont des Loges*, Evêque de Metz. Précédées d'une lettre de Cardinal Langenieux.

‡ *The Old Knowledge.* By Stephen Gwynn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

notice for some time. The scene is in Ireland, although the story does not deal with any national problem. Millicent Cartaret, a young English artist visiting Donegal, captivates Frank Norman, one of the "gentry," and Owen Conroy of the peasantry, by whose queer "other-worldliness" she in turn is captivated. Which will she wed?

Accuracy of detail, delicate finish, and skilful craftsmanship combine to make this an artistic work. The descriptions, especially those of Millicent's landing the salmon and of the agrarian meeting, are splendid.

41.—These short stories* by Dr. Paul Carus are nicely written, and being the fruit of a vivid imagination, make entertaining reading. Their value from a religious point of view is marred, however, by the author's unwarranted views, which they are designed to inculcate.

The Chief's Daughter is a legend of the last sacrifice of the Oniahgahrah Indians at Niagara. The final chapter has a pantheistic tincture.

The Crown of Thorns is a story of the time of Christ founded on the canonical Scriptures and apocryphal writings. In the last two pages the author tells us that Christianity has lost many of its essential doctrines, and has incorporated thoughts, institutions, and festivals from other religions and philosophies. He should say "false" Christianity.

Both of the little volumes are well gotten up and illustrated.

42.—When we know that Homer was a wandering poet, a poet of the people, we naturally look to his works for the common beliefs and practices of the times. With such a thought Dr. Keller, of Yale, undertook his sociological study† of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." He considers Homer as the most direct and accurate exponent of the Homeric age. The ethnic environment of the people, their industrial organization, their religious and ethical ideas; their concepts of marriage, of the family, of property, of government, etc., are all carefully considered in the way of a running commentary on the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The references and indices are most complete. The

* *The Chief's Daughter.* A Legend of Niagara. By Dr. Paul Carus.——*The Crown of Thorns.* A Story of the Time of Christ. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

† *Homeric Society.* By Albert Galloway Keller, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

work will be of great utility to the college student who is just reading the master poet of the Greeks. It will give him a living interest in what might otherwise be dead pages, and a wider and more profitable view in looking upon the problems of his own day. The student of sociology and of economics will also find a perusal of its pages to be not without profit.

43.—The author of *St. Augustine, Philosopher*, has placed us under new obligations by a little work on the spiritual doctrine of the great doctor of Hippo.* No man ever had a more marvellous spiritual history than St. Augustine. From a sinner and heretic to a saint and theologian, he gives us in his life as complete a development of soul as it is possible for a human being to present. So it is cause for joy that we are let into intimacy with such a soul, by this study of M. Martin. One of the best features of the little work is its copious reference to treatise and chapter of St. Augustine himself. If this will induce us to go back to the profound pages of the Soliloquies, the Confessions, or the City of God, and draw from the living spring itself the refreshing thoughts of the great saint, we shall bless the day that brought M. Martin's brochure to our notice. Let a man spend only a month in the study of St. Augustine, and he will have undergone an intellectual and spiritual influence which will affect him while he lives. In the hope that the *Doctrine Spirituelle* will thus bring this influence to bear on many of our readers, we heartily recommend the book to American Catholics.

44.—The latest volume of the International Theological Library † is an effort to compress into five hundred pages the history, both external and internal, of the Christian Church between the years 98–451 A. D. The author has held the chair of history for forty years in the New College, Edinburgh, and has previously written *Three Lectures on the Church of Scotland* in reply to Dean Stanley, and *The Delivery and Development of Christian Doctrine.* As a rapid sketch Professor Rainy's book has many merits. He tries to embody all he can of modern learning in his pages, and to be fair in questions of controversy. But it is inevitable that in so short a space the treatment

* *Doctrine Spirituelle de Saint Augustin.* Par l'Abbé J. Martin. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

† *The Ancient Catholic Church.* By Robert Rainy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

should be tantalizingly brief. In dealing with such questions as the Eucharist, and the penitential discipline of the early church, we must express wonder that our author has been so vague. He says that the views held on the Lord's Supper were very varied and nebulous.' Why does he not take St. Justin's statement, in the first apology, that the consecrated elements are truly the Real Presence of Christ, as the representative doctrine of Justin's age? And why does not Dr. Rainy state more clearly the remissorial power of the church's discipline in the reconciliation of penitents? We find much in this volume to admire, but the reading of it only adds to the strength of our conviction that there is urgent need of a scholarly history of the early church from the pen of a Catholic.

45.—The subject-matter and the name of the author of these booklets * before us is a sufficient recommendation.

The Christmas of the Eucharist is made up of a large part of the second part of Father Faber's *The Blessed Sacrament*, and, in a note, of a passage from his *All for Jesus*.

Corpus Domini consists of two essays also from *The Blessed Sacrament* to which they form the prologue and epilogue respectively.

Both are convenient and attractive in appearance.

* *The Christmas of the Eucharist.* Selections from Father Faber. By Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.——*Corpus Domini.* Selections from Father Faber. By J. F. New York Benziger Brothers.

The Tablet (1 March): An American Catholic denies the statement of Fr. Hugh O'Donnell that Catholics in America have no opportunity of rising to high public and political offices, and cites instances to prove that he is mistaken. At a meeting of the Catholic Union Dr. Barry introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: "That Catholics, in accordance with the frequent exhortations of Leo XIII., should use every endeavor to inform with the spirit of Christian faith and piety the movements in the public order of society specially characteristic of the present age."

(8 March): Gives an appreciation of the late Franz Xaver Kraus, his scholarship, humility, and loyalty to the Holy See, and notes with satisfaction that, whereas he had crossed swords with more than one Jesuit who did not share his views, nevertheless in his last moments he was attended by two Jesuit fathers. B. W. calls attention to the error made by *The Tablet* of Feb. 8 and 15 in ascribing the first missionary labors at Monterey to the Jesuits instead of to the Franciscans.

(15 March): Charles C. Starbuck corrects Fr. Hugh O'Donnell's inaccuracies concerning the government of the United States and Catholics.

The Month (April): Fr. Tyrrell reviews Benjamin Kidd's *Principles of Western Civilization*, which says that the future of the world lies with England and America as opposed to the Latin nations, who are saturated with the absolutism of their mother Rome. Mr. Britten pleads for more devotion to spiritual and social activities among the poor on the part of lay Catholics.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 April): P. Boudinhon describes the canonical requirements for nomination of bishops in the various countries of the world. P. Piat traces the fundamental notions inspiring modern empirical psychology back to Aristotelian metaphysics. P. Chauvillard discusses the alleged conflict between Christian dogmas and science.

P. Calippe finds in the recent instructions—addressed to the Italian bishops by Cardinal Rampolla on the 27th of January—an appeal for all Catholics, lay and clerical, to devote themselves to social work and study more ardently than ever. P. Palfray insists that the church places the obligation of annual confession only on those guilty of mortal sin. Mgr. Lorinzelli in his discourse to the seminarists at Soissons is reported to have protested against the presumptuous opinion that "*God has bound up the fate of the church with any one race, to the exclusion of the others.*" P. Tauzin intimates that St. John's Gospel is an instance of using the method of immanence, and says: "God manifests himself more by goodness and truth than by miracles and prophecies." An extract from P. Durand's article in the *Études* affirms that after it has been shown that certain Scriptural passages could not possibly have been written by Moses, the strictest conservatives will admit that these passages are not of Mosaic authorship.

(15 March): The controversy over the new apologetic and the nature of the act of faith is continued. Dr. Surbled estimates the number of French consumptives at 150,000, insists that the disease is curable, and pleads for hygienic treatment—above all for pure, fresh air. G. Grappe sketches the interesting history of Christian hymnology. P. Despreux reviews current facts and ideas: he tells how even ex-Jesuits are pursued by the government with prohibitions to preach or to teach; he also commends P. Fonssagrive's suggestions upon "the education of purity," saying he has been so prudent and sensible that he will probably escape the accusation of Americanism.

La Quinzaine (16 March): M. Fonsegrive sketches the masterly policy of Leo XIII. during his active and liberal administration. M. Gardair résumés the Holy Father's moral and doctrinal pronouncements. M. Cheron defends private property on the grounds of social utility.

(1 April): P. Griselle (one of the "dispensed Jesuits") presents Bourdaloue's claims to be kept in the place of honor accorded to France's great writers. Bangor gives

interesting memoirs of the late Austrian Empress Elizabeth.

Le Correspondant (10 March): P. Klein writes of the great intellectual awakening in the French seminaries and of the good influence of Abbé Hogan's *Clerical Studies* as translated into French. L. Fiedler describes the numerous precautions against tuberculosis in Germany and comments on the contrast with France. Announcement of the forthcoming publication of Mgr. Dupanloup's private journal, the appearance of which in *Le Correspondant* created so profound an impression of increased respect for the great prelate.

(25 March): M. Delafosse traces political evils to the incompetence of the electoral representatives. A. Vandal advocates a fuller historical education of women in order to raise the character of their social action. P. Baudrillart sketches the vocation, training, and career of De Broglie as an apologist.

Revue Générale (April): C. Woeste, writing upon anti-clericalism, explains that the general antagonism is due to supernatural causes which use the existing social grievances as pretexts.

Echo Religieux de Belgique (16 March): P. Berrewaerts, S.J., describes M. Brunetière's gradual evolution into Catholic life.

Revue de Lille (Feb.): M. Du Velay describes the philosophical career of Père Gratry, of whom M. Ollé-Laprune said: "Take him away, and something will be lacking to our century."

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 March): M. Jeannel exhorts laymen to take up the work of Catholic education from which the religious are being driven away.

(15 March): M. Toësca eulogizes Bishop Spalding's writings, which "deserve to rank with the works of Gratry, Ollé-Laprune, and Maurice Blondel (the inaugurator of the "new apologetic")."

Études (5 March): P. Bremond defines religious intelligence to be a more or less lively and clear perception of divine things; he protests against artificial phraseology and unintelligible formulas.

(20 March): P. de Grandmaison, criticising Harnack, finds that loyalty to reason and objective reality is the characteristic of Catholics as over against Protestants. P. Castillon shows why the Belgian bishops absolutely interdicted all the state schools. P. Roure maintains the value of "free association" as a bulwark against socialism. (5 April): P. Antoine supports the notion of making old-age insurance obligatory upon laborers. P. Méchineau discusses the various attempted methods of demonstrating the canonicity of the books of Scripture, and promises to show in a succeeding article a method of demonstration in which one need not laboriously seek out evidence in all epochs. P. Forbes describes the nearly decadent condition of French Catholicism, and says that if one-fifth of the 50,000 French priests would awaken and attempt to meet the needs of the age, a great change would soon occur.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature religieuses (March–April): P. Turmel exposes St. Augustine's doctrine on Original Sin during the Pelagian controversy.

Bulletin trimestriel des anciens élèves de Saint Sulpice (15 Feb.): P. d'Alcantà gives "a little sermon on ambition," apropos of a priest who resolved to obtain ecclesiastical promotion in order "to be able to do more good." J. G. treats of the attempt to form local ecclesiastical libraries by having priests in each district club together.

Vérité Française (21 March): G. Périès writes on the Protestant reaction against ritualism, manifested by the formation of an Anglican Ladies' League against such encroachments as private confession, invocation of saints, adoration of the Host.

L'Univers (12 March): H. Joly writes upon a doctorate dissertation at the University of Paris, protesting against the obligation to contract a civil marriage in order to secure legality.

La Science Catholique (March): P. Fontaine gives further indications of how the French clergy have been tainted with ideas found in the Kantian philosophy. P. Lanusse defends Molinism against a critic. P. Chauvin advocates the opinion that Judas did not receive Holy Communion at the Last Supper.

Revue Thomiste (March): P. Van Becelaere, of Ottawa, sketches the history of American philosophy, remarking its dependence on European thought and its realist tendency.

Rivista Internazionale (Feb.): Prof. Pusani presents statistics showing the increase of Italian emigration to Germany and Switzerland. D. Manfredi sketches the advanced social legislation of Belgium and hopes other countries will follow suit. L. di Chiusano treats of the relationship of religion and the philosophy of history.

(March): P. Toniolo writes on Christianity as the reliable bulwark against socialism. Discussing the recent strikes in Italy, a writer says that if public interest demands a sacrifice of liberty on the part of the laborer, justice demands protection of the laborer against abuse.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 March): E. S. Kingswan severely criticises the article on the Temporal Power published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE of February. G. Morando defends Rosmini's theory on the origin of human souls, saying it accords with St. Thomas's teaching, and has been greatly misrepresented.

(16 March): E. Quincini challenges the *Civiltà* to prove that the Pope cannot be free without temporal power.

(1 April): S. di P. R. quotes interesting fragments from unedited letters of P. Didon.

Civiltà Cattolica (1 Feb.): Inquires how it can be that a learned man like Prof. Raffaele Mariano seems to be ignorant that the so-called Monita Secreta of the Jesuits is a mere libel, recognized as such by Huber, Gieseler, Harnack, Nippold, Döllinger, and Reusch.

(15 March): An article entitled "A Little Theology for Every One" declares we must not be shocked when historians discover the spurious character of relics that have been considered genuine from time immemorial. Apropos of a letter from Bishop Hedley quoted in Spencer Jones's *England and the Holy See*, the *Civiltà* categorically denies the bishop's statement that Father Zahm's *Evolution and Dogma* was inhibited by the Holy See.

Stimmen aus Maria-Lach (7 Feb.): P. Dunin-Borkowski, writing on the life and teachings of Spinoza, says that the great Jew's metaphysics are utterly untenable, and his

theory of knowledge without any enduring value. P. Kneller discusses the meanings disclosed in the proper names of the early Christians. P. Baumgartner contributes a second article on Châteaubriand's *Genius of Christianity.*

(14 March): P. Pfülf, in a review of Father Pollen's recent book on Mary Stuart, discusses at length Mary's relations with the Holy See, as these are brought to light from the Vatican archives. P. Stiglmayr has a study of the ancient moral ideal as exhibited in Plato's *Apology of Socrates.* P. Kneller and P. Baumgartner continue their previous contributions.

Razón y Fe (March): P. Noguer exhorts to obedience toward the Papal instructions on social action; and says society must attend to the welfare of the proletariat, or perish. P. Martinez rejects P. Georgel's scientific explanation of Transubstantiation.

(April): P. Murillo denies the validity of Prof. Sergis' charges in his recent book on the decadence of the Latin races. P. Ocaña discusses the authority of the Spanish Crown over the Religious Orders. M. S. describes the economic situation of the Philippines.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE appointment of Archbishop Ryan to the place made vacant on the Board of Indian Commissioners by the death of Bishop Whipple is only another instance of the determined purpose of President Roosevelt to deal fairly and justly with all classes of citizens. Heretofore Catholic effort has been without a representative on this important Commission, and this was the case, although it was universally acknowledged that no body of the people has done more for the educating and civilizing of the Indian wards of the nation than the Catholic people. The opportunity presented itself to the President to recognize the good work that was done, and, in spite of the fact that strong pressure had been brought to bear on him to appoint another and not a Catholic, the President's determined honesty of purpose led him to do the commendable thing.

It is due to the good name and prestige of the government in the Philippines that General Jacob Smith, who is said to have issued the orders that all the people of the Island of Samar above the age of ten years must be slaughtered, should be brought to book, and if convicted should not only be sent home in disgrace, but should be dealt with in a most summary manner. It is the testimony of all writers that the people of the Philippines are a sensitive people and keenly appreciative of a kind, paternal government, and it is therefore quite possible to win them to the American standards by mild and generous treatment. But if the opposite course is taken, as is said to be the case in too many instances, by the military authorities, it will result in years of harassing warfare. The policy of benevolent assimilation is not fostered by such methods as General Smith has inaugurated. There is little love for the American name anyhow. There are racial antagonisms to overcome. There are the underhand and widespread machinations of the Katapunan to defeat. There is the bad example of the hordes of American adventurers who settle in the Islands to counteract. Unless those who wear the uniform of the American soldier and are the representatives of the American sovereignty to the Filipinos deal considerately with this sensitive people, it is dreadful to contemplate what the future has in store for our government in the far East.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Champlain Summer-School permanently located at Cliff Haven, N.Y., will have several new buildings erected before the coming session, which will be extended over a period of nine weeks, from July 6 to September 5. A special course in philosophical studies will be conducted by the Rev. F. P. Siegfried, of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., assisted by the Rev. Thomas O'Brien, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, and Dr. James Fox, from the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. Special studies in literature will be in charge of Dr. Condé B. Pallen and the Rev. Hugh T. Henry.

Plans for a comprehensive treatment of the Middle Ages from different points of view have been arranged by the Rev. D. J. McMahon, D.D., of New York City. The object is to present historical research up to date, in six courses of lectures dealing with the popes, the rulers, the philosophers, the writers, saints, and sages. The lectures on these topics will be given by the Rev. William Livingston, New York; the Right Rev. Monsignor James F. Loughlin, D.D., Philadelphia; Very Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O.P., Somerset, Ohio; Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., Boston; Dr. Condé B. Pallen, of New York, and Dr. Charles P. Neill, who holds the Bannigan chair of political economy at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C.

Some notable events in American history will be presented by Thomas A. Mullen, Boston. Other names on the list of speakers are: Anna Caulfield, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Hon. Thomas B. Connery, Commissioner of the New York Board of Education; James A. Rooney, editorial staff of Brooklyn *Eagle*; Thomas P. Garland, A.M. (Harvard); J. Vincent Crowne, Ph. D. (University of Pennsylvania); Thomas Walsh, Brooklyn; Jean F. P. Des Garennes, Washington, D.C.; Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P. (Paulist Fathers); and Thomas Swift, editor of *The Union*, published at Ottawa, Canada.

Dr. James J. Walsh will continue the course of study in Biology begun at a previous session. The recent books by Professor Royce, of Harvard, treating of The World and The Individual will furnish subject-matter for five lectures by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., whose writings on theological subjects have been favorably mentioned by Mr. W. H. Mallock in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Send two cents in postage for copies of the Prospectus, which may be obtained from the Secretary, Warren E. Mosher, 39 East 42d St., New York City, containing detailed information about the social and athletic attractions of the coming session. The Syllabus, with complete list of speakers and subjects, will be issued in June under the direction of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., Chairman of Board of Studies, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

* * *

We are pleased to learn that Edmund Gardner, whose novel called *Desi-*

derio: an Episode in the Renaissance is beginning to attract a good deal of notice among the better critics, is a Catholic. He received his education at the Jesuit school at Beaumont, from which he went to Cambridge, where he won his master's degree with distinction. He has long been known as a special student of Dante and the earlier Renaissance period of Italian literature, and his books on subjects connected with that trying time in the church's history have won him the attention of the learned.

Not the least remarkable thing about the growing influence of the church among the Protestant people of our times is the hold that her children are acquiring over the literature of the period. Not primarily as formal apologists of her creed, but as exponents of the vital truth that men and women may lead along all the highways of knowledge and thought, and yet be loyal to the old teaching, these pioneers of latter-day English-speaking Catholicism are doing a splendid work. Too long have we been tamely mute under the imputation of obscurantism. We have allowed popular Protestant writers like Milman and Hallam, Macaulay and Lecky to insinuate that infallibility is a dead weight to progress. The mere list of orthodox names that one might select from any catalogue of nobilities in England to-day is an answer to this accusation; and it is as striking as it is consoling.

* * *

Leading daily papers, notably the New York *Sun*, take up from time to time deep questions of theology and philosophy. It is doubtful whether the dominant purpose is to seek for truth, or to arouse discussion with a view to increased circulation. The modern editor is rarely a safe guide in the regions of Catholic thought. Wiser and more reliable guides can be easily found among our own standard authors. Educated Catholic laymen have no excuse for remaining in ignorance of what the church really holds on many of these latter-day problems. They will find them discussed in the scientific English treatises published by Father Sylvester Hunter, or in the volumes edited by Dr. Scannell, to say nothing of the excellent work on apologetics which we owe to Dr. Schanz.

One of the most powerful editorial writers lately ventured to make a short but defective compendium of history in these words: "In the olden days each man's thought was for his own selfish pleasures here, and for his own individual salvation hereafter. Of the many noble achievements of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages, these two stand out above all others: First, the Catholic Church kept alive knowledge in an age in which only ignorance reigned except within monastery walls. Second, the church, using conscience as a lever, compelled men to do something for others at least after death. The baron who had robbed and murdered all his days, depriving men of their liberty and of their labor, gave something to the poor on his death-bed, gave something to the church, and set free his slaves, that his soul might rest in peace. The salutary fear of that fiery future did much good and transformed many a bloody bandit into a mild philanthropist."

The same writer on another occasion attempted to voice the convictions of the American people, as follows: It is desirable that every child's education should include religious teaching. A child is unfortunate that grows up ignorant of the gratitude which it should feel toward the power which has

created and which regulates the universe. But the government of the United States and the government of every State absolutely prohibit the idea of public support of religion. *The man who worships a snake* has exactly the same legal claim on a public appropriation for his religious teachings as the man who worships the Almighty.

We have indicated by italics the astounding claim that is made for the snake-charmer. As a matter of fact, easily ascertained, there is no religious body in the United States seeking public appropriations for church purposes. Every State can pay for the compulsory education required for intelligent citizenship, and church members are not to be disfranchised when they assist in the training of their own children. M. C. M.

A FINAL WORD CONCERNING FATHER THEIN.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD:

The writer is one among many, doubtless, of your readers who read with approval Dr. Fox's vigorous criticism of Father Thein's *Bible and Rationalism.* Father Graham's explanations in your last issue have not convinced me of the necessity of modifying this sentiment in any great degree.

Why, in the first place, should the publishers of Father Thein's work be in so great a hurry to place it on the market that everybody concerned forgot the Preface? Did they imagine that an impatient Catholic public were anxiously awaiting a new volume from Father Thein? The only reason I can see for the omission of a Preface so necessary, is the fact that hitherto Catholic critics, with few exceptions, have seemed to think it a religious obligation to praise indiscriminately any sort of effusion from the pen of a Catholic. Father Thein, hitherto immune from adverse criticism, probably imagined that he could continue to await tranquilly the arrival of Catholic periodicals, burdened with the usual quantity of laudation; but, thank fortune, he reckoned without Dr. Fox.

Again, supposing that a Preface, disclaiming originality, had been omitted through no fault of the author or the publisher, might not a leaflet, explaining the situation, have been printed subsequently and forwarded to critics? "But," answers Father Graham, "in the Preface of a previous work, whereof this is partially a revised edition, Father Thein disclaims originality, and names the works used in its composition." This discovery of Father Graham's was made only after "looking more carefully" at the title-page. Now, apparently, he looked "more carefully" precisely because he knew Father Thein personally, and was well acquainted with his methods of composition. I fail to see, therefore, how a critic can justly be termed "captious" for not making profound researches for explanations which the author could easily have made in the manner already indicated.

Moreover, admitting for argument's sake all that Father Graham requires, how can a bad translation of extracts from various French works, thrown together with little pretence to order, be considered a proper use of bibliographical sources? I was under the impression, perhaps wrongly, that when a writer named authors used in the composition of his work, all he meant was that the authors named were the original investigators, and that he, having read and obtained a firm grasp of their writings, had set about producing a new work. In one sense this new work would not be original, inasmuch as its author relied upon the labors of specialists, without investigating the facts for himself; but it would be original in so far as the plan of his work and its language were his own. Such has hitherto been my understanding of disclaimers of originality. Father Graham apparently takes a different view of them; but his apology for Father Thein has failed to convince me of the utility to religion of works produced with the aid of a shears, a dictionary, and a committee of revision.

As to the humiliation of a brother-priest complained of, and the means suggested of avoiding it, why should a priest who publishes a book expect treatment different from that which other writers receive? The fact of his undertaking to appear in print is sufficient evidence that he believes himself competent to treat his subject; if the critics think differently, are they not under obligation to their readers to say so? "Oh, no," says Father Graham. "They should write privately to the author and point out his mistakes." Meanwhile a long-suffering Catholic public, hoping against hope, and notwithstanding the many times they have been "taken in" by relying on less candid critics than Dr. Fox, purchase the lauded volumes, examine and consign them to that part of the library labeled "Curiosities in Catholic Literature," and reflect sadly that so many more dollars have been spent solely in the interests of Catholic authors and booksellers. As a bookbuyer I am glad to recognize that Dr. Fox's idea of a critic's obligations differs radically from that of so many others, and I hope he will continue to wield his sturdy pen in the interests of candor.

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Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, D.D.,

Third Archbishop of New York, October 10, 1885—May 5, 1902.

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THE WORKINGMAN'S APOSTOLATE.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

WE are constantly being told that we live in a missionary age. Whether the majority of us realize the call to duty implied in this fact may be doubted. Indeed, it seems that we are but slowly freeing ourselves from the idea that the exclusive vocation of the church is to preserve the faith of her own children rather than to propagate the faith amongst those who are not of the fold. The appalling facts which from time to time are brought to light showing a constant leakage from our own body are used as an argument by many to uphold the idea that our first and last work is to look after our own people. A truer appreciation of the situation would, I think, show that the only ultimate method of preventing the leakage is to convert the multitude of non-Catholics amongst whom our own people dwell. So long as a few Catholics are scattered amongst a large population of non-Catholics nothing will prevent a large leakage, especially in these busy industrial days. Much indeed can be done to temporarily stay the leakage by clubs and confraternities; but the danger will remain as long as our people are but a handful in a multitude.

Moreover, apart from this consideration, we must remember that the church is meant for all, and that Jesus Christ has left to us, his disciples, the sacred legacy of "going forth" and bringing all to the knowledge of the truth. Whether from the view of her own preservation or of the fulfilment of the mission

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

left her by our Lord, the church cannot be indifferent to the multitudes who are not yet within the fold. And in this responsibility we all share—clergy and laity, rich and poor, educated and uneducated. We each have our part to do, under the guidance of those who rule the church. Of this we have been frequently admonished during the last few years by the Sovereign Pontiff and the Bishops.

In this paper I refer solely to the duty we owe the poor and the laboring classes, who form the bulk of our population. To these the Gospel has to be preached as well as to the educated and the leisured. The workingman and the factory-girl have souls as precious in the sight of God as the souls of the millionaire and the university graduate.

But the religious problem as it presents itself to the one is not quite the same as it presents itself to the other. Nor is the workingman led to the truth quite in the same way as the man of leisure. The mass of the people, as has been said elsewhere, judge of the church by "the manifestly good effects of her teaching upon the condition of their daily life." They will become Catholics when they feel that Catholicism invests their life with greater happiness and dignity; not indeed taking away all pain and struggle, but nevertheless making pain more endurable, and giving to the struggle to live some assurance of justice and charity and human fellowship. Hence, as has been remarked, it is more by her influence upon the social life of the people than by speculative argument that the church will win the allegiance of the people.*

Now we have the opportunity of a widely spread lay-apostolate; and of an apostolate which shall include both rich and poor, the leisured and the working class; in fact, an apostolate to which every earnest Catholic might well belong. For it is an apostolate whose work depends essentially upon a right understanding of Christian teaching in its effect upon our daily life, and more especially in its effects upon our relations with our fellow-men; and it asks not only a right understanding of Christian teaching but an honest endeavor to carry it into action.

Perhaps one of the greatest hindrances in the way of the modern apostolate is the notion that all missionary effort must begin with arguments about the one church and the necessity of

*See my paper, entitled "Religious Aspects of the Social Work," read at the C. T. S. Conference, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

entering it at peril of one's salvation, or about the Pope's infallibility and the seven Sacraments.

It seems to be frequently forgotten that there is a state of mind to which such doctrines convey no religious significance, but are the mere contentions of a sect; and that to speak of such doctrines is only "to cast pearls before swine." It is like attempting to roof in a house before laying the foundations. And what is the foundation upon which faith is built but a life inspired by a sense of moral principle? To make men better morally, to inspire them with a reverence for moral life, is the first condition of leading them to a knowledge of the faith. Once you inspire them with a reverence for Christian morals, you have already gone far to win them to a reverence for Christian dogma. But to set the articles of faith before them whilst they are still strangers to the ethical principles of the church, is surely to begin at the wrong end. The key to the church's dogmatic teaching—so far as we can have a key to it in this life—is principally to be found in her ethical teaching. If men have the key they will soon unlock the treasure.

And there is this further to be noticed, that in the ethical teaching of the church men most readily find their point of contact with her. For every man who is not utterly brutalized has an instinctive perception of ethical beauty, and will admire justice, unselfishness, purity, and meekness, and the other ethical qualities of a Christian life, even when he fails to possess them himself. In every man not utterly demoralized the *anima naturaliter Christiana* exists and becomes conscious of its proper character in the presence of Christian virtue.

Before we then begin to expound the doctrines of the seven sacraments and of the unity of the church, it is necessary that we attract people by the sublimity of the church's ethical teaching, and then lead them to connect this ethical teaching with the articles of our faith, which alone give reason and vitality to Catholic ethics. They will thus be drawn naturally to seek the faith, the fruits of which are already admirable in their sight.

The question now is, How are we to bring the ethical teaching of Catholicism home to them?

I repeat, I am considering now the vast multitudes who have but little leisure for speculative argument—the workers to whom life is so terribly practical. To accomplish this work the church needs

an army of devoted men and women chosen from the working class itself, who by the example of their lives, even more than by word of mouth, shall leaven the multitude and lead them to Jesus Christ. This army of Christ must be chosen, as I say, from the working class; in the first place, because the Gospel is always preached more successfully by the living example; and again, because the poor understand the poor, and because daily contact is necessary to a successful apostolate. The social worker who brings culture and refinement into the midst of the poor can do much to help them in the struggle of life; but the greatest help of all, the example of the living man—that must come from the poor themselves.

I do not wish in any way to disparage the most necessary and useful work done by social workers of the leisured and educated class. They do a work which none but themselves can do. The maintenance and supervision of educational centres and clubs, the visiting of the sick, rescue-work in its various forms—all this is needful. The very contact of East and West brought about by such work is productive of good both to the helper and the helped. It frequently brings a vision of culture and refinement into the midst of squalor, and who can tell how much moral good is done even by such a flitting vision when the culture is conjoined with sympathy and good will? And the man or woman of leisure, are they not benefited by contact with the *grim* realities of poverty and labor? If they are not benefited, it is owing to a moral defect somewhere in their own character. The personal service of the poor and luckless, represented by social unions and settlements and clubs, or by membership of boards of guardians or charity organizations, and not least by private visiting, is a religious duty which the leisured owe to their poor neighbors; and in its own way helps to raise the general moral tone of the multitude, and so prepare the way for religion. Nevertheless, it is true that the working class and the poor will be saved in the last resort by themselves; by the influence and apostolate of men and women who themselves are poor and live by the labor of their hands.

Hence it is that one of the supreme needs of the church today is an apostolate of earnest men and women of the working class, who, imbued by a true Christian spirit, will uncompromisingly do battle for their Faith, not indeed by easy controversy about doctrines—though in its own time and place such con-

troversy may be useful—but rather by the more difficult argument of a life inspired by Faith and Hope, and firm in its application of the Gospel to the common acts of daily existence; a life which will reflect in action the working of Christian moral principle, especially at those very points where the application of Christian principle is most difficult under present conditions, and where consequently Christian principle is most frequently wanting. Such an army of practical Christians would be the very salt of democracy; and without it democracy will hardly be saved.

THE WORKINGMAN'S APOSTOLATE.

Now let us consider of what sort must be this army of Christian workers?

In the first place, they must be men fully alive to the actual economic situation as it affects the working class. This is an essential condition of a successful apostolate, for how can any one influence his fellows unless he have the sympathy born of knowledge of their circumstances? A sympathy founded in mere emotion or the result of vague general principles, however legitimate in itself, is not the power that has vital influence over other people's lives. Hence knowledge of the actual social position of the working class, both in its economic aspect and its moral, is necessarily to be fostered if any good work is to be done. This fact has been well recognized abroad by the Catholic associations which are combating socialism by raising the status of the working class and forming what we might call a "social conscience" in the nation. In these associations we find the moral and economic questions of the hour treated of and discussed, so that the members of the associations are well coached in all matters affecting the social situation. In France even so spiritual a society as the Third Order of St. Francis has its "circles" for the study of the social questions. The simple fact is that you cannot apply remedies to an evil you do not understand. Vague platitudes about justice and charity are no argument against the socialistic appeal. The Catholic workingman who for his own self-interest lends himself to a system which by general consent is harmful physically or morally to the worker, is but an example of unchristian selfishness. Again, if he separates himself from the general movement which makes for fair play and more human relationship between employers

and employed, he certainly places himself out of court with his fellow-men and has no claim to be heard in their councils. Moreover he shows himself to be either a self-seeker or a moral drone, or perhaps an idealist who has lost his footing on the solid earth. Such men are not the sort who will influence the world for good or bring the masses to religion. Practical sympathy born of knowledge is the first condition of a successful apostolate. There is, unfortunately, too much of a tendency amongst religiously minded people to ignore the economic and practical side of life upon earth; forgetting that the economic side of life is intimately bound up with the moral. Ruskin has told us that the moral character of a nation is manifested in its architecture; that a people really truthful and sincere will not be satisfied with cheap, showy ornament, nor with shoddy houses. We may say with even greater truth, that the persistence of an economic system which results in unnecessary hardships to the majority of men whilst a few derive inordinate profits, is the manifestation of a false national conscience concerning commerce and labor; and to correct this false conscience it is necessary to have a knowledge of true economic principles and of the actual situation. Otherwise you do but ignorantly foster, by indirect means, the very moral evils which you wish to remedy, and which are more or less intimately bound up with a false political economy, or with ignorance of the effect this has on the people's lives. So, too, in regard to such matters as education and marriage. Some knowledge of the actual problems surrounding these questions is absolutely needed. It is all very well to declaim generally against undenominational education; but how many who do this really know the results of such education, or have any notion how the practical difficulties of the situation had best be met? May we not ascribe much of the apathy shown, even by many Catholics, in this matter to a want of such knowledge?

And as regards the marriage question, perhaps the most serious we have to face in the near future, how many even think of it in the various issues of that difficult subject? The growing number of divorce cases and of the voluntary separations of husbands and wives points to an evil having widespread roots in society. What are the roots of the evil? where do they lie? Until we get at the roots of the evil we shall never prevail against the divorce court and the unhappy family.

Thus a knowledge of the actual situation is essential to any successful result.

This does not mean that every man or woman need be an expert in political economy, or capable of expounding to an audience the genesis of social wrongs; but it does mean that there must be a general diffused knowledge of these questions amongst the body of Catholic workers, if we are to direct our energies in the right direction and with due effect. The Catholic workingman should, therefore, be encouraged to take an intelligent interest in all that concerns the welfare of the working multitude. He should not leave it to his socialistic partner to understand the bearings of the economic systems upon men's lives, or even to point out the injustices which spring from such system. No; the apostle of Christ, even as the socialist, must know the world he lives in, else he will but beat the air.

Moreover it is essential in this apostolate that it be the vocation of men and women conscious at once of their proper rights as well as of their duties. Unless men are conscious of their rights they will never realize their duties, nor truly respect themselves. Self-respect implies a consciousness of responsibility; but a proper sense of responsibility without a perception of one's rights is impossible. The slave has no sense of duty because he has no sense of freedom. Perhaps no greater harm has been done to religion than by the notion, which seems to be widespread, that Christianity, or at least Catholicism, fosters the sense of duty at the expense of the sense of rights. Catholicism does nothing of the kind; for the simple reason that there can be no duty except in conjunction with personal rights. If a man have duties to perform, it is implied that he has rights which he may lawfully claim. Nay, there are some rights he may not surrender. As Pope Leo XIII. has laid down in his Encyclical "Rerum novarum," a man is bound in conscience to claim those rights which belong to the development of his soul and mind. He may lawfully surrender nothing that is necessary for the preservation and fostering of human dignity. "No man," says the Pope, "may with impunity outrage that human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence, nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation for the eternal life of heaven. Nay, more; no man has in this matter power over himself. To consent to any treatment which is calculated to defeat the end and purpose of his being is beyond his right.

He cannot give up his soul to servitude, for it is not man's own rights which are here in question, but the rights of God, the most sacred and inviolable of all rights." A deep sense of his rights as a man and a Christian is, therefore, to be fostered as a matter of duty; for, to repeat the Pope's words, "it is not man's own rights which are here in question, but the rights of God"; to whom every man is accountable for the proper development of his being.

But whilst there are some who seem to think that men have duties and no rights, yet there are, perhaps, more amongst the working class themselves who seem to hold that men have rights and no duties. Perhaps some of these would be less urgent in setting forth their rights did they stop to think that every right breeds a corresponding responsibility; and that a man's dignity is derived even more from the acceptance of responsibility than from the assertion of his rights. In every right there lies a concomitant duty. If a man, for example, obtain a living wage, he is bound to put it to useful and honest purposes, supporting those dependent on him and providing, if possible, against future want. If he gains shorter hours, his leisure may not be spent in idleness—or worse, in wrongdoing—but in healthy exercises for soul or body. The man who spends his leisure hours in the public house or in other profitless fashion, takes away the very justification of a right to leisure hours. And in truth the greatest evil which threatens democracy is the absence of the sense of responsibility, without which no man can live either a Christian or a human life. The mere assertion of one's rights without a fulfilment of one's duties only demoralizes; in such assertion lies the root of all social selfishness, and consequently of all social evil. What the world needs are men and women who to a sense of their rights conjoin a keen instinct of duty; who, whilst they will not forget what is due to them, are yet more solicitous about what they owe to others.

Now, it is in deepening, or perhaps it should be said in awakening, this sense of responsibility that the chief task of the church lies. She has indeed to guard the rights of men, she must ever foster a consciousness of rights if she would have men maintain their proper dignity; but whilst men are eager to claim, and even to discover, what belongs to them of right, they are not so swift to recognize their duties; hence the difficulty.

What then, broadly speaking, are the duties of the workingman and working-woman which call for special attention at the present time? In answering this question we shall arrive at the qualifications of the workingman's apostolate. For he will be a true apostle of Christ who in his life gives a manifest instance of what the Christian workingman should be in action.

We may conveniently classify his duties by the old theological distinction of the duties which we owe to God, our neighbor, and ourselves.

To begin with the duties a man owes himself: there is before all else the duty of self-respect. No man can expect to be held in honor by his fellow-men unless he holds himself in honor, and acts, speaks, and thinks as a self-respecting man should. The man whose dress or gait or speech proves him to have lost self-reverence can hardly claim that other men should respect him. Every man in large measure creates the esteem in which he is held by the respect in which he holds himself. The man who will condescend to a mean or vulgar trick, by that very disposition of mind dethrones himself from his rightful place in the esteem of others. Now, it is but an elementary principle of morality that no man can without sin dehumanize himself in even the least degree; he is bound by every law of his being to maintain his proper human dignity. Hence it is that slovenliness is wrong, even when it implies no injury to others; so too is intemperance, or any other vice which vitiates human character and puts a man on the road to being a brute. In the grosser forms in which the want of respect for one's self manifests itself, as in intemperance or lying, the evil is quickly recognized; but all want of self-respect is but a question of degree; nor can you ever be sure that the sloven will not develop into a drunkard, given the occasion or temptation. For this reason every man ought to foster self-reverence as a primary law of his moral being; nor ought he to submit to any conditions which of their nature tend to degrade him beneath the level of self-respecting men. Then again, every man of whatever position in life is bound to cultivate his moral and spiritual character. No man is truly human who falls short of that moral and spiritual standard by which God Himself measures us. People sometimes speak of "the human" and "the spiritual" as though the terms represented two antagonistic forces, as though to speak of a man as being spiritual is by implication to deny that he is human;

whereas, in fact, the spiritual man is the most perfectly human. The antithesis of spirituality is not humanity, but brutality; and in so far as a man fails to acquire a proper spiritual standard he is less than human, and approximates to the mere brute. So that the cultivation of one's spiritual faculties, of the intellect and the moral sense, is a primary duty which every man owes himself and the God who made him.

When we pass to the duties a workingman owes his neighbor, there are two questions which demand special notice—the Home question and that of a man's relationship to his fellow-workers. The moral life of a nation can always be measured with fair exactitude by the reverence in which the people at large hold marriage and domestic life. A nation which looks upon the marriage vow as sacred and casts a halo of sanctity around the home is almost sure to be morally sound. Any loosening of this relationship is an infallible symptom of moral decay. It is, therefore, with anxiety that one sees the increasing want of reverence in which the marriage tie is held, as though it were a mere civil contract entered into for some temporary advantage or present self-interest. The evidence for this is found not merely in the increasing number of divorces which every year cast a shadow over our civilization, but in the lack of the domestic sentiment amongst our younger men and women. It is not venturing a rash prophecy to say that in the near future the church will have a severe struggle with the state to preserve the Christian idea of marriage. Now, this is assuredly a matter where she will need the loyal devotion of the working class. For to-day the workingman may be said to rule the state. It is his vote which puts men into political office or keeps them out. But is the Catholic workingman alive to the danger which is growing up swiftly around him? Does he realize his obligation as a citizen to use his vote for the sanctity of the home against the irreligious spirit which makes divorce easy and seductive?

Then there is that other question of the workingman's relations with his fellow-workers. The workingman to-day is fast merging his individual self into membership of a vast association. Circumstances have forced him to combine with others of his own trade and class. Employers have to deal not so much with individual workingmen as with trades-unions. And even when a man does not belong to a trades-union he yet fre-

quently feels a sort of moral obligation to stand by those who, like himself, have to earn their bread. The instinct of self-preservation has compelled men, if they would hold their own, to combine. The existence of this condition of things raises, however, moral questions which demand of the Catholic workingman close scrutiny.

For it is evident that this right of combination, like all other rights, may become a wrong, unless it is taken in conjunction with its responsibilities, and unless its limitations are recognized. No class of men have any right to combine to work injustice; and if men claim rights, they must also at the same time assume the duties which accrue from the rights. A workingman's combination has for its lawful object the securing of a just wage and reasonable hours of labor, or other human conditions for the laborer. It can never lawfully use its power against the rights and fair consideration due to the employers; nor can any member of the union in conscience act with the union when such aggression is manifest. Moreover, just as the individual man is in duty bound to cultivate as far as in him lies good-will and friendly relations with his employer, so is every union responsible for any failure on its part to foster and maintain the same good relations. The legitimate object of every combination is, in the first place, to obtain justice for its members; but in combining together men never escape the larger relationships of life which bind them to cultivate universal charity. The Catholic workingman, therefore, in regard to his fellow-workingmen has this two-fold duty. On the one hand he ought loyally to stand by his fellow-workmen in whatever affects their human condition; resisting with them any injustice which tends to lower their human dignity and proper self-respect. Thus, he should never willingly accept a manifestly unjust wage, if his acceptance would be taken as a precedent in the case of others. And, generally speaking, he should loyally stand by the action of his union or class so long as the object aimed at is necessary for the general welfare of his fellow-workers. Any other course would be gross selfishness, unworthy of a Christian. Nevertheless, he must have the courage to dissociate himself from any action which he knows to be an injustice towards other classes; and what is of still more practical urgency, he should ever seek to make his influence felt in the cause of honesty and good-will. One of the moral

dangers arising from a union is that individuals, realizing their power in combination and that the union will be sure to stand by them in case of conflict with an employer, are apt to turn out idle and profitless servants, taking good wages but giving bad work. Unfortunately, trades-unionism has been made to bear no little of the obliquy attaching to dishonest members. Yet if the union assumes the power of enforcing the rights of its members, it must in common honesty take all reasonable precautions to see that the members fulfil their duties. Any union which fails to do this is internally immoral; for to dissociate duties from rights is always immoral. Hence the Catholic member of a union is in conscience bound to bring his own personal influence to bear upon the action of the union in enforcing common honesty upon those who claim its protection. Nor do I see how any Catholic can be a member of a union which persists in acting otherwise. Fair wage implies fair labor; and no one, either individually or in combination, can claim fair wage unless he is prepared to give equally fair labor. To do otherwise is to renounce every claim to be recognized as an honest citizen. And every Catholic workingman should be as a citizen beyond reproach, else what power can he have amongst his non-Catholic fellow-men to bring them to a knowledge of the faith?

There remains yet the duties which the workingman owes directly to God; or, to be more explicit, those duties which spring from the direct personal relationship between God and His creature. Now, in this respect the Catholic workingman of to-day needs above all else to foster a strong, lively faith in the mysteries of religion. Modern democracy is to a very large extent a people without faith. The conditions of existence under an industrial régime tend to materialize the mind and to deaden the spiritual faculties. And so it is that the multitudes in our cities have come to lose their God and their belief in the future beyond the grave. And yet these multitudes are not without religious instincts. There is still deep down in their nature a craving for religion, and for a dogmatic religion. But how is this religious craving to be fostered into a conscious desire to learn the truth? Chiefly by the living example of the men and women whose faith is manifestly their most precious possession, and who in the light of that faith are evidently leading more spiritual lives, and purer, less selfish,

more dutiful lives, than those lead who have not their faith. It is by the lives of such men and women as these that God's grace will act generally upon the multitude; for a living example attracts more than the spoken word. Unfortunately, the infidelity of the world at large has had its influence upon our own people, and even amongst Catholics a cold and weak faith is but too frequent. But the apostle of Christ must needs be one whose faith burns warmly and brightly within his soul. It is not sufficient to compassionate the multitude, if one would save them; one needs even more—a full, firm belief in God and in the church, which is God's representative upon earth. Nor can a weak faith ever do God's work. Faith must needs be strong if it is to move men's hearts. Hence whoever would fulfil his duty to others, in the work of saving men's souls, must first strengthen his own soul in daily prayer and frequenting of the sacraments.

In this paper I have endeavored to sketch briefly the workingman of whom the church has need at this present time, and by whose means she will chiefly gain the vast multitude who toil and suffer, but who yet wander as sheep without a shepherd. I do not believe that any efficient work can be done on a large scale to bring this multitude into the church, unless the Catholic workingman and working-woman are enlisted amongst the social workers of the church and take part in her apostolate. The thirteenth century witnessed one of the greatest religious revivals recorded in history, when St. Francis of Assisi and his disciples "upheld the edifice of Christendom from tottering to its base." But the very strength of the Franciscan movement lay in the fact that St. Francis incorporated into his Brotherhood of Penance men and women of all classes—the poor and the laborer as well as the rich and the learned. So to-day, if the church is to win the multitude who toil, she must find her apostles not only amongst the rich and leisured, but amongst the poor and the working class, who eat the same bread and speak the same language and endure the same struggle for existence as the multitude they would win for Christ. But have we realized this truth as we ought? Do we make sufficient use of our workingmen and working-women in our efforts to reach the working multitudes?

Crawley, England.

THE MYSTERY OF GRACE.

I.

YES. It *is* a mystery, though it is a fact. Peering with the eyes of Faith through the veil that conceals it, we had almost said in our childish love of superlatives at every fresh surprise—it is the chiefest mystery to couple with our practical lives. Indeed, to those without Faith, must it not truly be, if thought of at all, perhaps the greatest stumbling-block? Or rather, is it not wholly eliminated from their thoughts as too foreign to the entire visible mechanism of human life to warrant any consideration? Having arranged *their* lives regardless of it as a fact, without effort to experience it, without desire either to know or to believe it—they *see* no evidence of it; they recognize no outward sign of difference between those who may have and those who have it not—*no light in the face*, no halo as they might say, to mark or distinguish it.

—Surely, a mystery.

II.

Strange are thy second-sights, O Faith!

Here are men good enough to sit at meat with, to do business with; nay, to exchange good offices and the most affectionate relations with. And yet there may in fact be the whole distance of Heaven and Hell between us. Oh! not only by and by when we are through with each other, have no further uses for, no further commerce with, each other. That were bad enough. But here and now, divided only by a stretch of hands across this table or this page; this moment as we sit or stand together—the whole reach of space that separates us from the highest seraph is not a stone's throw compared to that between one soul in the state of grace, and another *in sin*, deliberate, deadly sin; between the one upon whom God's invisible smile of approval is resting amid all his frailties and his travel-stains; and the one whose will is uttering, somewhere in the depths of his being, somehow in language of his own choosing and formulation, underneath the outward semblance of his face, his formal conduct

and his life—in that innermost secret place where free will stamps upon the known truth or the known right the hall-mark of its personal *placet* or veto; where in some sovereign synthesis it couples its individual Nay to an eternal Yea:—No, I will not believe; no I will not obey; no I will not love. I prefer to be Esau, and not Jacob. I prefer the present pottage to the birthright; the satisfaction of my present desires to the dictates of a conscience which seems independent of me and assumes to command me. I prefer *my* now to the eternal now of God. Away with Him; crucify Him! Give me Barabbas. His blood be upon me and the children of my own will.

—That is Hell: inchoate; not yet beyond the reclaiming power of God and grace, simply because it is not the final word and the final act of the awful scene. That soul is not in Hell, but it is Hell in that soul now—the web and woof, the stuff and substance of which Hell is made.

Terrific thought; but oh! mystery:

—It gives no sign.

"A wicked and adulterous generation shall ask for a sign, but none shall be given them."

III.

There is no sign. But what a world if there was; if it was stamped on every face! Could we be in it and live: live in it and be free, in the sense in which God's order has made our probation, our election and our deserving free?

IV.

But our purpose here is not so far afield.

To the personal question—for it is first of all and intensely a personal question—is there not some answer quite sufficient for our personal need?

Yes, and one not based on profound research or on much learning. It does not require matriculation in the great academies of studied syllogisms or of storied lore. It appeals to each one to whom the personal question comes; to the same nature of evidence from which the wonder grows—to the world of practical experience and experiment, of personal consciousness and testimony.

Christian soul: "*Taste and see.*"

Oh! specious sophists that we are! We *talk* "reason," and it is not reason that we want, but self-evidence—vision. We talk *arguments*, but what we really ask is to be *knocked down*. Like a child, like a mob, like a brute that awaits, nay invites the lash, what we look for at bottom is physical compulsion and the taking away, taking out of our hands, of practical liberty. It is: *force* us to believe, and we will believe. Nay, more than that: force us to obey, or we will not obey.

But between the just wrath of offended Omnipotence, which might take us at our word, and let us perish at pleasure, Mercy and Grace beckon and whisper:

—"Taste and see."

V.

And who that has accepted the invitation, who that has fairly tried, will say, *to himself* at least, that in actual proof and practice Faith has lied; that there is no sense of difference—not blinding, perhaps, like the thunderbolt which felled Saul; not a continuous substitution of another life of experience to the annihilation of the trials of probationary existence;—but oh! so recognizable, once known so sweetly stored in the lodges of memory, like the grasp of a friendly hand in the dark, like the fluttering of wings of the angel of peace, almost like a touch of the hem of Christ's garment, from which virtue came out; clearer and deeper and sweeter as we learn to welcome, to housel and to love it more;—the difference between the presence of God's grace in the soul, the kiss of His mercy, His peace and His love in us; between *that*, and the state of sin.

VI.

Of course there is such a thing as a false mysticism, and mistaking the mere phenomena of sensibility for the genuine emotions of an upright soul; and even, perhaps, the mind's real delight at truth perceived and accepted, for the movements of God's Spirit in us. But, on the whole, is there not much more danger under guise of an assumed rationalism and of polar positivism, to stifle the natural responsiveness of the human heart to the divine agitations; in buttressed fear of hypothetical hysterias to cultivate *soul atonicity;* and by a mechanical apparatus of repulsion and *a priori* negation, to deaden ourselves against the unspeakable solicitations and ten-

dernesses of God. Ah! we *have* had experience of them. But because we now would not believe, or again, because we would not believe *too much*, we explain them away even if we do not succeed to frighten them away.

What Catholic, for instance, nursed in the sane and secure principles of the Church, need fear to err through excess of realization of the presence of the sweet Lord, the Divine Wooer, who in Holy Communion so marvellously and entrancingly repeats to each of us the troth:

"And I will love him, and manifest myself to him,"
"And we will come, and make our abode in him."

Indeed, is not the real danger, the radical error, with us ordinary people, engrossed in material seekings and strivings, this estrangement from the truth that grace, the possession of grace, the fact of grace, is still (let us hope so) the *normal fact of our daily lives?*—the elevating and ennobling power, quality and actual thing which alone warrants us to be called moral, Christian men and women; which actually refines the dross of our deeds in spite of us; and which abides with us even though we deny to it the pittance of a thought and the condescension of a moment's consciousness: leaving it to work in sooth, as in the poet's line,

"Unfelt, unheard, unseen."

VII.

Ah! Reason may have no plummet to sound all the deeps of Faith: but its cold cavillings shudder and take flight before the tested and accepted whisperings which the Spirit in so many ways and in so many tones breathes in upon us.

And when we have hearkened, how beautiful to our gladdened sense is this world of grace, seen, so to speak, from God's side of it.

Was it not worth while, if we might say so, this new world to us, with its foreshadowings, nay, its dawning radiance of Heaven; already initiated and tinted upon our lives by our willing anticipation and co-operation;—this world of fragmentary but still true mirrors of God's truth and beauty; of free beings, with light enough from above to guide, and individual initiative and power enough to accept the guidance freely or to reject it;

to choose right or wrong, good or evil;—that world of the *children of grace and liberty* whose voices like a song in the night rise towards the veiled heavens, saying in chorus to the great Author: We believe, we hope, we love; whose lips have learnt to call Him: *Abba, Father;* whose hearts confess the Saviour whom He sent, the Eternal Word made flesh, and know Him in all His hidden tabernacles, saying: *It is the Lord;* whose steps obey His call and, like Peter and Philip, follow Him; who hearken to those He deputed to continue His mission visibly, and to their glad tidings, and gather within the fold of which He laid the spiritual lines and bounds; who partake of His Sacraments and proclaim the communion of all who love Him; who seek the remission of sins which His merits earned and His ministers apply;—who through the trials and tribulations, the works and the duties of life, testify on earth to Heaven, and with uplifted hearts await the vision of that encircling world which mortal eyes see not nor have the senses explored, but to which Faith points—in harmony with all that is higher, nobler, purer, sweeter, and more quickening in the deepest and truest recesses of our nature, our character, and our conduct,—our whole nature: thought, will, conscience, beliefs, loves, and hopes—as the INTENSER REALITY in which we live and move and have our being.

THE PRATER, A POPULAR PROMENADE.

RAMBLES IN EUROPEAN LANDS.

BY M. JANE WITHERS.

VIENNA.

THERE is something peculiarly fascinating for Catholics in the Austrian capital. Passing through Germany one is often made to feel how much is lost to us by the transformation of so many noble Catholic churches into Lutheran places of worship. The buildings are in good preservation, as in Nuremberg and many other German towns, and the old monuments remain in many cases intact; but the life is gone from them for us, and it seems strange for a Catholic tomb to remain in a Protestant edifice, like that of St. Seebald in the Church of St. Lawrence in Nuremberg, raising a silent yet touching protest against its present incongruous position.

In Austria this is all changed. The atmosphere is entirely Catholic; and one knows that in almost every street there is some little church where one may hear Mass, or say a prayer, if you only know where to look for it. Many of the smaller

churches seem almost like ordinary houses. You are told which door to open, and on entering you are amazed to find yourself in the midst of a little gathering of closely packed worshippers, who are so absorbed in their own devotions as scarcely to notice your entrance or subsequent departure. It gives one the home feeling which is so dear to the heart of every Catholic.

Vienna is certainly one of the most cheerful of cities. The air is fresh and the wide-open streets in the newer parts of the town are made lively by the sharp trot of the little two-horse carriages which are the chief means of locomotion in the city. Double lines of tramways run along the centres of the principal streets, and are hardly noticed as possible disfigurements to the roadways, which are decorated by freely growing, shady trees.

The Prater—the wide drive towards the outskirts—is the scene of the greatest social gathering, and splendid equipages are driven along it at a rapid rate, for no vehicle must linger in Vienna.

It is only in the older part of the town that one finds narrow streets. The Bognergasse is one of the most interesting; and, unfortunately, it is now being partially demolished.

The principal church is St. Stephen's. It is a Gothic edifice with a very high steeple (137.94 metres), from which one may have a splendid view of the city and its environs.

The old romanesque church was founded in 1144, and in 1357 Duke Rudolph IV. enlarged and reconstructed it, and laid the foundation of the present Gothic building. In 1433 the high southern tower was completed. The nave was covered in 1556.

Two towers, called the Heidenthürme, remain still as part of the original romanesque building.

The high altar is composed of black marble, and the altar-piece, by Tobias Bock, represents The Stoning of St. Stephen.

The Frauenchor (north side choir) has an altar-piece representing the Ascension of the Blessed Virgin, and contains the tomb of the Founder—Rudolph IV.

In the Chapel of St. Catherine stands the sarcophagus of the Emperor Frederic III., by Lerch.

The Cross, or Savoy Chapel, contains the tomb of Prince Eugene and an altar wall fresco by Ender. The stained glass windows are very beautiful, from designs by Führich and one by Geyling.

CHURCH OF ST. STEPHEN.

Although the church is so vast, magnificent, and imposing, it does not give one the feeling of being too large. It is filled to overflowing on Sundays and holydays by devout worshippers. One of the things which strike one very much is the way in which the members of the congregations stand almost motionless during an entire Mass, or even Mass and sermon, without giving any visible sign of weariness or flagging attention.

The Church of St. Stephen stands in the centre of Vienna, in the very heart of its population, and its towers may be seen

from afar. Quite humble little shops nestle under the shelter of the church walls, and all around it may be found the principal business places of the city.

The Votive Church is also a very beautiful Gothic building. It was erected 1856-1879 in remembrance of the escape of the Emperor Francis Joseph from assassination in 1853. Fesstel was the architect.

The church has three naves, with aisles, choirs, and chapels, and two slender open towers, 99 metres high. The splendid façade has numerous sculptures by Benk, Erler, Gasser, etc. The interior is magnificently decorated in gold and colors, and there are 78 splendid stained glass windows, each one a gem.

The chapels too are handsome, and in the Baptistery chapel may be seen the marble tomb of Count Salm (1530), who defended Vienna against Soliman II.

The public buildings in Vienna are exceedingly fine.

The Burg, the royal palace, is a long building, to which a photograph barely does justice, as one cannot get the chief effect.

The Burg Thor, or entrance to the royal court-yard, is extremely imposing.

One of the most interesting places in the neighborhood of Vienna is the castle of Schönbrunn. It is within an easy drive of the city, and it is here that the aged Emperor makes his real home and spends what leisure he may have from the arduous duties of state.

This beautiful summer palace was rebuilt by Maria Theresa from designs by Fischer von Erlach, and comprises upwards of 1,000 rooms, all containing many beautiful paintings and objects of historic interest.

The gardens are laid out in the French style, leading up by green sloping terraces to the Gloriette, where a splendid view of Vienna may be enjoyed. The terraces are adorned with statuary by sculptors of eminence. The rooms are very interesting, and it was here that Napoleon took up his night quarters in 1805 and 1809. In one of the principal rooms still stands the couch on which Napoleon's only son, the Duke of Reichstadt and "King of Rome," suffered a lingering illness and died at the age of twenty-one.

It was drawn up close to the window overlooking the lovely grounds; and one could not but think how many long hours

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT, THE ONLY SON OF NAPOLEON I.

this poor lad, the son of an Austrian mother and the exiled Napoleon, must have spent there in weariness and pain, in comparative seclusion, if not actual obscurity.

Very quiet are now those noble halls, and visitors may wander unmolested through the grounds almost at will—the turning out of the guard from time to time being the only indication that some royal visitor has come or gone with very little ceremony.

On holidays the people of Vienna flock to Schönbrunn in great numbers and enjoy themselves in the neighborhood.

"Unser Fritz." as the people lovingly call their Emperor, is adored by them, and it is the boast of the people at Schönbrunn that his real home is in their midst.

VOTIVE CHURCH.

The latest event of interest which has occurred at Schönbrunn was the betrothal of the Archduchess Elizabeth, the Emperor's granddaughter—the daughter of that ill-fated Prince Rudolph, the Emperor's only son—to Prince Otto of Windischgrätz, a lieutenant in the First Uhlan Regiment.

Had Prince Rudolph left a son, he would have succeeded the present Emperor; but his daughter cannot do this. She is still very young, and it is said of simple tastes. "Little Elizabeth," as the Viennese always call her, might well have aspired to a throne; but we are told that when she asked her grandfather to let her marry the man she had chosen, he made very little opposition. Yet there is something peculiarly touching in the manner in which his consent was given.

SCHÖNBRUNN AND THE GLORIETTE.

"It is the will of God," he said; and so the matter was settled.

Surely two more pathetically situated royalties than this aged and much-tried Emperor, and the young Princess, to whom he is devotedly attached, could scarcely be imagined. The dawn of the life of this young Princess has been clouded by heavy sorrow; may its fuller development bring the happiness which so retiring and gentle a disposition merits!

No mention of Vienna would be complete without a reference to one of the most interesting churches which it contains: the Capuchin Church, where rest the remains of the illustrious

dead of the house of Austria. The exterior of the church has little attraction for the sightseer only.

Even on entering it there is nothing to make one wonder at or admire in the beauty of structure or decoration. The entrance is extremely simple—one would think it a church for almost the very poor. Continual Masses are said there all the morning; and, go when you will, you find a devout congregation of earnest worshippers—the very poor being there in greatest numbers.

Yet, and it is this which is so interesting, in the vaults below this little edifice lie the remains of those whose names are full of historical interest.

One of the monks accompanies visitors to see the tombs, and explains in loud and distinct tones the names inscribed on them. Leaving this rather disturbing influence, one is glad to wander quietly and alone among those gloomy shades, and ponder for a little on the histories connected with those famous personages whose mortal remains rest in such a lovely spot.

Here is the leaden double sarcophagus of Francis I. and his wife, the great Maria Theresa, the famous double monument by Moll; there the tomb of the Duke of Reichstadt, the little "King of Rome," Napoleon's only son, who died in 1832; and also that of his mother, Marie Louise, who followed him in 1847. Here too is the tomb of Maximilian of Mexico, whose tragic death took place in 1867.

Close by that of Maria Theresa is the monument containing the remains of the ill-fated Prince Rudolph, whose terrible end dealt such a blow to his family and country.

Conspicuous among those memorials to the mighty of the earth, now lying so low, is the bier containing all that is left of the murdered Empress Elizabeth, the once beautiful consort of the present Emperor, who was so foully done to death at Geneva. Among all the tributes of affection and admiration which decorate this bier, the wreath sent by the ladies of Geneva is still conspicuous.

Although the spirits of those illustrious dead have passed from among the people of Vienna, they are not forgotten. Their last resting places are scarcely as magnificent as one might expect considering the splendors of the palaces which they inhabited while alive, and which still remain almost as when they left them; but, in the poor little Capuchin church, the re-

THE CAPUCHIN CHURCH—ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS.

ligious of that order offer continual Masses and endless prayers for the repose of the souls of those thus committed to their keeping, and one feels more and more on visiting it how fleeting are the glories of this life, and that the only treasures which remain are those laid up in better store-houses than those of this world.

"Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur."

"Requiescant in pace."

HYMNS AND LEGENDS OF CATHOLIC SCOTLAND.*

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

SOME years ago, during a journey from London to Edinburgh, I chanced to fall in with two unusual travelling companions. The first was a Religious of the Sacred Heart whom I encountered, escorted by a small boy, on the platform of Euston Station, and to whom I hastened to introduce myself as one fresh from a visit to the houses of the order in Paris and Vienna, begging her to choose a place in the compartment of the train where my belongings were already disposed. Madame B—— is, I have since been told, a member of an English noble family. All I learned of her personality then was that she was going up from Roehampton to the comparatively new convent at Carlisle.

Nevertheless, we were soon chatting like old friends, especially as the only other occupant of the carriage was a gentle young woman with large, intelligent brown eyes, which had in them also a pathetic expression.

Before long, with a pretty manner, she joined in the conversation, and we soon learned that she had just parted from a brother, her only living relative, and was returning to the Isle of Skye, where she had lived for several years as governess with a family whose only Catholic neighbors were the humble fisher folk. For, shut off by the mists from the rest of the world, the peasants of the island have preserved the Gaelic language and the faith of their ancestors.

Many were the little incidents she told of her life among them; incidents that, together with the reminiscences of that pleasant journey, come back to me as I turn the pages of the invaluable collection of ancient Gaelic hymns and incantations orally collected in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland during forty years, and translated most poetically and beautifully into English by Mr: Alexander Carmichael.

* From the *Carmina Gadelica.* Hymns and Incantations orally collected in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and translated into English by Alexander Carmichael. Pub. Edinburgh, 1900; three hundred copies printed.

Once upon a time I used occasionally to hear the Rosary recited in Irish, and child though I was, I remember having been impressed with the rhythmic character of the words and their musical reiteration.

I have also an agreeable recollection of being a youthful listener to the learned conversations between an old Scotch gentleman and an old Irish lady anent the subject of the Gaelic language, which, they said, when pronounced softly was "the Irish," and when in more burring tones "the Scotch."

What would they think to-day if they saw the words of the language which St. Columba transcribed in his cell at Iona rattled off speedily, but not irreverently, by the type-writing machine in the preparation of this article, and knew that the reading of the words brings back, as familiar, sounds caught by a child who was wonderingly interested in their discussions?

The Catholics of Scotland are found principally in the Highlands, the Isle of Skye, and the Western Isles, variously called the Hebrides, "Eileena Bride," "Eileena Fada," and anciently "Iniscead." Among these we find the Isles of "the Nuns," of "the Monks," St. Flann, St. Kilda, the storied Isle of Rocabarraidh, and, it is said, the historic Isle of Atlantis.

Through the straits and narrows of these Hebrid Isles the Atlantic rushes into the Minch, and the Minch into the Atlantic, four times in every twenty-four hours, the effect of the constant tossing to and fro of these mighty waters being very grand but desolate.

To these fog-shrouded, rock-bound islands and the wildest parts of the mainland the forefathers of many of the present occupants were driven by the appearance of Protestantism in Scotland, and the madness of John Knox and his followers.

These people are simple and law-abiding. Common crime is rare and serious crime unknown among them. They are good to the poor, kind to the stranger, and courteous to all.

"During the years that I lived among them," says the compiler of the *Carmina Gadelica*, "I never met with incivility nor vulgarity. I never entered a house without the inmates offering me food or apologizing for their want of it. I was never asked for charity, a striking contrast to my experience in England, where I was frequently asked for food, for drink, for money by individuals whose incomes would have been wealth to the poor men and women of the west. After long experience of his

tenants a prominent Scotchman recently said, 'The Uist are born gentlemen, Nature's noblemen.'"

Gaelic oral literature has been disappearing during the last three centuries, the causes thereof being the so-called Reformation, the wars, the evictions, the disruption, the schools, and the spirit of the age. The so-called Reformation condemned the faith of the Celts and their poetic and devout practices, and destroyed their ancient abbeys and monasteries, rich in beautiful sculptures; the wars harassed the people, the evictions scattered them over the world, the new schoolmasters and the ministers had a baleful effect upon the language, literature, manly sports, and innocent amusements of the Highlanders.

A young lady writes:

"When I came to Imlay I was sent to the parish school to obtain a proper grounding in arithmetic. I was charmed with my companions and their Gaelic songs. On getting out of school one evening the girls resumed singing a song which they had begun on the previous evening. I joined willingly, if timidly, my knowledge of Gaelic being small. The schoolmaster heard us and called us back. He punished us until the blood trickled through our fingers, although we were big girls with the dawn of womanhood upon us. The thought of that scene thrills me with indignation."

Mr. Carmichael himself was once taking down a very beautiful Gaelic myth from the lips of an old man, when the grandson of the narrator, himself an aspirant teacher, called out in tones of superior authority: "Grandfather, the teacher says you ought to be punished for your lying stories." The old man stopped in pained surprise. It required time and sympathy to soothe his feelings and obtain the rest of the tale, which was wise, beautiful, and poetic, and was afterwards appreciated as such by the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

After many failures, and having journeyed far to reach him, Mr. Carmichael once induced a man to come to "the lee of a knoll" to tell him a tale. They were well into the spirit of the story when two men passed them. The story-teller immediately stopped, chagrined because they had heard a few words of what he was relating. "I shall be reproached by my family, bantered by my friends, and reproved by my minister," he said; and no persuasion could induce him to finish his narrative.

At another time the patient compiler succeeded in getting a shepherd to come to him, in order to be away from his neighbors. The man travelled fifty-five miles, eight of these being across a stormy strait of the Atlantic. He had reached the middle of his tale when the sheriff of the district came to call on Mr. Carmichael in his rooms. The shepherd fled, leaving his cap, his plaid, and his staff behind him. The remainder of that fine story, as well as much other valuable Gaelic lore, died with the shepherd in Australia. In the old days of Catholicity the Scot was not the rigid, austere man he is to-day; Protestantism took the spirit and joyousness out of his life.

"Have you no music, no singing and dancing, now, at your marriages?" Mr. Carmichael once inquired of a woman of Lewis.

"May the Possessor keep you! I see that you are a stranger, or you would not ask such a question," exclaimed the woman in grieved surprise.

"I have heard it said that in the old days there was hardly a house in Lewis where there were not men, and women too, who could play the pipes, or the fiddle, or the trump. But the ministers and elders went among the people and besought them to forsake their follies." They made them break and burn their fiddles, and if there was a foolish man here and there who demurred, they themselves broke and burned the instruments, saying, with Calvinistic severity:

"Better is the small fire that warms on the little day of peace,
Than the big fire that burns on the great day of wrath."

But in the far Highlands and the Catholic islands relics of Gaelic literature are still to be found. The crofters work in their stony fields during the day, and in the evening gather at one another's houses for the "ceilidh," or story-telling. In winter, however, these entertainments are most frequent. The house of the story-teller is always thronged, and it is difficult to get inside and away from the cold wind and sleet without. But, with that politeness native to the people, the stranger is pressed to come forward and occupy the seat vacated for him beside the houseman. The house is clean, if humble, with its bright peat fire in the middle of the floor. All the women are seated, and most of the men. Little girls crouch beside fathers and brothers, boys are perched wherever, boy-like, they can climb.

The houseman is twisting twigs of heather into ropes to hold down thatch, a neighbor crofter is twining quicken roots into cords to tie a cow, while another is plaiting bent grass into baskets to hold meal, murmuring, perhaps,

"Eat bread and twist bent,
And thou this year shalt be as thou wert last."

The housewife is spinning, a daughter is carding, another teasing, while perchance a third daughter, supposed to be working, is in the background conversing with a neighbor's son. The neighbor wives and maidens are sewing or knitting. The first song or story is from the host, then song or story from guests until far into the night.

It is in assemblies like these that the old Gaelic language is kept up, the old poetic legends repeated. For want of space we can only allude to the legends in passing, giving our consideration to the hymns and prayers of these people, memorials of the time when all of Scotland was Catholic, and Scotland's Queen, Margaret, was also Margaret the Saint.

A beautiful example is the invocation obtained from a peasant woman, Mary Macrae, who often walked with her companions, after the work of the day, distances of ten or fifteen miles to a dance, and after dancing all night walked back to work again in the morning fresh and vigorous as if nothing unusual had occurred. She was an admirable character, and carolled at her work like "Fosgag Mhoire"—Our Lady's Lark—above her.

Here are the lines:

"God with me lying down,
God with me rising up,
God with me in each ray of light,
Nor I a ray of joy without Him.

. . . . .

God with me protecting,
The Lord with me directing,
The Spirit with me strengthening,
For ever and for ever more. Amen.
Chief of chiefs. Amen."

What beautiful imagery is in this prayer:

"O God,
In my deeds,
In my words,
In my wishes,
In my reason,
And in the fulfilling of my desires;
In my sleep,
In my dreams,
In my repose,
In my thoughts,
In my heart and soul always,
May the Blessed Virgin Mary,
And the promised Branch of Glory dwell.
Oh, in my heart and soul always,
May the Blessed Virgin Mary,
And the fragrant Branch of Glory dwell."

UIRNICH. *(Original Gaelic.)*

Adhia,
Ann mo ghniamh,
Ann mo bhriathar,
Ann mo mhiann,
Ann mo chiall,
Ann an riarachd mo chail,
Ann mo shuain,
Ann mo bhruail,
Ann mo chluain,
Ann mo smuain,
Ann mo chridh agus m' anam a ghnath,
Biodh an Oigh bheannaichte, Moire,
Agus Ogan geallaidh na glorach a tamh,
O ann mo chridh agus m' anam a ghnath,
Biodh an Oigh bheannaichte Moire,
Agus Ogan cubhraidh na glorach a tamh.

And how sublime are some of the

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

No. 1.

"Hey the Gift, ho the Gift,
Hey the Gift on the living.

Son of the dawn, Son of the clouds,
Son of the planet, Son of the Star,
Hey the Gift, etc.

Son of the rain, Son of the dew,
Son of the welkin, Son of the sky,
Hey the Gift, etc.

Son of the flame, Son of the light,
Son of the sphere, Son of the globe,
Hey the Gift, etc.

Son of the elements, Son of the heavens,
Son of the moon, Son of the sun,
Hey the Gift, etc.

Son of Mary of the God Mind,
And the Son of God, first of all news,
Hey the Gift, ho the Gift,
Hey the Gift on the living."

No. 1. (*Original Gaelic.*)

Heire Bannag, Hoire Bannag,
Heire Bannag, air a bheo.

Mac na niula, Mac na neula,
Mac na runna, Mac na reula,
Heire Bannag, etc.

Mac na dile, Mac na deira,
Mac na spire, Mac na speura,
Heire Bannag, etc.

Mac na lasa, Mac na leusa,
Mac na cruinne, Mac na ce,
Heire Bannag, etc.

Mac nan dula, Mac nan neamha,
Mac na gile, Mac na greine,
Heire Bannag, etc.

Mac Moire na De-meine,
Us Mac De tus gach sgeula,
Heire Bannag, etc.

No. 2.

"Hail King! Hail King! Blessed is He,
The King of whom we sing;
All hail, let there be joy!

This night is the eve of the great Nativity,
Born is the Son of Mary the Virgin,
The soles of His feet have reached the earth,
The Son of glory down from the height,
Heaven and earth glowed to him;
All hail, let there be joy!

The peace of earth to Him, the joy of heaven to Him;
Behold His feet have reached the world,
The homage of a King be His, the welcome of a Lamb be His,
King all victorious, Lamb all glorious,
Earth and ocean illumed to Him;
All hail, let there be joy!

The mountains glowed to Him, the plains glowed to Him,
The voice of the waves with the song of the strand,
Announcing to us that Christ is born,
Son of the King of kings, from the land of salvation,
Shone the sun on the mountains high to Him;
All hail, let there be joy!

Shone to Him the earth and sphere together,
God the Lord has opened a door.
Son of Mary Virgin, hasten thou to shield us,
Thou Christ of hope, Thou Door of joy!
Golden Sun of hill and mountain,
All hail, let there be joy!"

No. 3.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE FLOCK WAS BORN.

"That night the star shone
Was born the Shepherd of the Flock,
Of the Virgin of the hundred charms,
The Mary Mother.

The Trinity eternal by her side,
In the manger cold and lowly,
Come and give tithes of thy means
To the Healing Man.

The foam-white breastling beloved,
Without one home in the world,
The tender holy Babe forth driven,
Immanuel!

Ye three angels of power,
Come ye down,
To the Christ of the people,
Give ye salutation.

Kiss ye His hands,
Dry ye His feet
With the hair of your heads;
And O, Thou world-pervading God,
And Ye, Jesu, Michael, Mary,
Do not Ye forsake us."

Original Gaelic.

Oidhche sin a dhealraich an reult,
Rugagh Buachaille nan treud
Le Oigh nan ceudaibh beus,
Moire Mhathar.

An cobhrach, ciochrach, caomh,
Gun aon dachaidh fo'n t-saoghal.
Am Fogaran naomha, maoth,
'Manul.

A thri ainglibh nam buadh,
Thigibh, thigibh a nuas,
Do Chriosd an t' sluaigh
Thugaibh failte.

Pogaibh a bhasa,
Tioramaichibh a chasa,
Le falt bhur cinn,
'S O! Thi na cruinne,
'S Iosa, Mhicheil, Mhuire,
Na Fagaibh sinn.

But one of the sweetest of the carols is the Rune of the Muthain, or slumber song of the young Virgin Mother:

"Thou King of the moon,
Thou King of the sun,
Thou King of the planets,
Thou King of the stars,
Thou King of the globe,
Thou King of the sky,
Oh! lovely Thy countenance,
Thou beauteous Beam."

Arich na gile,
A Righ na greine,
A Righ na rinne,
A Righ na reula,
A Righ na crinne,
A Righ na speura,
Is aluinn do ghnuis,
A lub eibhinn.

What a tender devotion is expressed in the following ejaculations to the Blessed Virgin:

"Thou art the joy of all joyous things,
Thou art the light of the beam of the sun,
Thou art the door of the chief of hospitality.

Thou art the surpassing star of guidance,
Thou art the step of the deer of the hill,
Thou art the step of the steed of the plain,
Thou art the grace of the swan of swimming,
Thou art the loveliness of all lovely desires."

And what could be more exquisite than this apostrophe to the Holy Mother:

"The lovely likeness of the Lord
Is in thy pure face,
The loveliest likeness that
Was upon earth."

Cruth aluinn an Domhnuich
Ann do ggnuis ghlain,
Ann cruth is ailinde,
Bha air talamh.

Then come the poetic legends, of which some of the most ancient are those relating to "Bride." A few refer to the Saint of Kildare. But there were several Brides, Christian and pre-Christian, whose personalities have become confused in the course of centuries, the attributes of all being now popularly ascribed to one. Bride is said to preside over fire, over art, and all beauty beneath the sky or sea. And man being the highest type of ideal beauty, she presides at his birth and dedicates him to the Blessed Trinity. The tradition is that Bride was a serving maid in the inn of Bethlehem. Great drought occurred in the

land and the master of the hostel went away with his cart to procure water from afar, leaving with Bride a stoup of water and a bannock of bread to sustain her until his return. He also enjoined her not to give food or drink to any one, as he had only enough for himself, and not to give shelter to any one during his absence.

As Bride was working in the house two strangers came to the door, a venerable man and a very beautiful and modest young woman. They craved a resting place, food and drink. Bride could not give them shelter, but she bestowed upon them her own bannock and her own stoup of water, of which they partook, thanked her, and turned away. Setting the remainder of her supper within, she wistfully followed them a short distance. Upon her return, what was her amazement to find the bannock whole, the stoup filled with water as before.

Going out again to look for her whilom visitors, she beheld a brilliant golden light above the stable door and, knowing that it was not "areag a bhais"—a meteor of death—she went into the stable, was present at the Nativity, and received the Child in her arms; for the strangers were Mary and Joseph, and the Child was Jesus, the Son of God.

Bride is called the Foster-mother of Christ in the legends. Fostership among the Highlanders is a peculiarly close and tender tie, sometimes closer and tenderer than that of blood. There are many proverbs on the subject; for instance, "Blood to the twentieth, fostership to the hundredth degree." A church in Imlay is called "Cill Daltain,"—the Church of the Fosterling. An Irish legend says that Bride walked before the Blessed Virgin with a lighted candle in each hand when she went up to the Temple to present her Child therein. The winds were strong on the Temple heights, and the tapers were unprotected, yet they did not flicker nor fail. From this incident Bride is named "Bride Boillsge," Bride of Brightness, and the day is occasionally called "La Fheill Bride nan Coinnle"—the Feast Day of Bride of the Candles.

Many old superstitions and charms that have come down from pagan times are made use of on Bride's Day; but there are, too, many poetic little ideas connected with the popular reverence for this mythical saint. The linnet is named "the little bird of Bride"; the bird called the oyster-catcher is "the page of Bride," and the dandelion is "the flower of Bride."

In the fishing districts lots are cast for the best fishing banks on the feast of Bride, or Candlemas Day. Bride is invoked at the birth of children, and in temporal necessities; she is named "the holy maiden Bride,"

"Radiant flame of gold, noble Foster-mother of Christ."

But to return from the legendary to the genuine traditions of the faith in Catholic Scotland. The hymns show a reverence for the Holy Trinity like to that which exists among the ancient Irish hymns.

Take this stanza for example:

"O Father, O Son, O Spirit Holy!
Be the Triune with us day and night;
On the machair plain or on the mountain ridge
Be the Triune with us and His arm around our head.
Be the Triune with us and His arm around our head."

Original Gaelic.

Athair! a Mhic! a Spioraid Naoimh!
Biodh an Trithinn leinn a la's a dh' oidhche,
'S air machair loim no air roinn nam beann
Bifh an Trithinn leinn's bidh a lamh mu'r ceann,
Bidh an Trithinn leinn's bidh a lamh mu'r ceann.

Many allusions are made to the Holy Cross and the Passion of Christ, to the truths of the Catholic religion, to the angels and saints, the Archangel Michael being especially reverenced. He is called "Brightness of the Mountains, Valiant Michael," and again, "Michael the powerful," "Micheil murrach," and "Michael mild," "Michael the Strong Shield of my love," "Michael white," "High King of the Holy Angels."

"Michael the Victorious,
of the white steeds,
of the bright brilliant blades;
Conqueror of the dragon,
Ranger of the heavens,
Bright servant of God!
The glory of mine eye,
The jewel of my heart;
Michael the victorious,
God's shepherd thou art."

Here is an ancient invocation:

"Be the Cross of Christ to shield us downward,
Be the Cross of Christ to shield us upward,
Be the Cross of Christ to shield us roundward."

Gaelic.

Crois Chriosd bhi d'ar dion a nuas,
Crois Chriosd bhi d'ar dion a suas,
Crois Chriosd bhi d'ar dion mu'r cuart.

And here is a prayer at going to rest:

"God, and Christ, and Spirit Holy,
And the Cross of the nine white angels,
Be protecting me, as Three and as One,
From the top tablet of my face to the soles of my feet";

the Cross of the Angels being a triple symbol of the Trinity.

The intercession of Sts. Peter and Paul, of Columba, and of the Scottish saint, Magnus, is also devoutly sought.

It would be difficult to find a more beautiful prayer than this, sung by a pilgrim when setting out on his pilgrimage:

"Life be in my speech,
Sense in what I say,
The bloom of cherries on my lips,
Till I come back again.

The love Christ Jesus gave,
Be filling every heart for me;
The love Christ Jesus gave,
Filling me for every one.

Traversing corries, traversing forests,
Traversing valleys long and wild.
The fair white Mary still uphold me,
The Shepherd Jesu be my shield;
The fair white Mary still uphold me,
The Shepherd Jesu be my shield."

The spirit of prayer followed, and still follows, these Scottish people throughout all the tasks and duties of the day. There are prayers for the blessing of the kindling, for the building of the fires; for the sowing of the seed and the reap-

ing of the grain; for the milking, and the herding, and the guarding of the flocks. Thus:

"May the spirit of peace preserve the flocks,
May the Son of Virgin Mary preserve the flocks,
May the God of glory preserve the flocks,
May the Three preserve the flocks
From wounding and from death loss."

There is the consecration of the loom, of the warp, and the cloth; of the boat and the fishing. As:

"Bless, O Chief of generous chiefs,
My loom and everything anear me;
Bless me in my every action,
Make Thou me safe while I live.

In the name of Mary, mild of deeds,
In the name of Columba, just and potent,
Consecrate the four posts of my loom,
Till I begin on Monday."

Of the cloth:

"May the man of this clothing never be wounded;
May torn he never be;
What time he goes into battle or combat,
May the sanctuary shield of the Lord be his."

On Christmas Day the young men of the townland go out to fish. All the fish they catch are given to the widows and orphans, and to the poor. There is a tradition among the people of the Western Isles that Christ required Peter to row seven hundred and seven strokes straight from the shore when He commanded him to go and procure the fish for the tribute money. The people of Uist say that the haddock was the fish in whose mouth Peter found the tribute money, and that the two black spots are the marks left by his fingers when he held the fish to take the money from its mouth. The haddock is called Peter's fish, and a family of birds are termed "Peter-like," or petrels, because in their flight they seem to be walking on the sea.

"The Day of Light has come upon us,
Christ is born of the Virgin.

I will sit me down with an oar in my grasp,
I will row me seven hundred and seven strokes;
I will cast down my hook;
The first fish which I bring up,
In the name of Christ, King of the Elements,
The poor shall have it as his need.
And the King of fishers, the brave Peter,
He will after it give me his blessing.
Ariel, Gabriel, and John,
Raphael benign and Paul,
Columba tender in every distress,
And Mary fair, the endowed of grace.
Encompass ye us to the fishing bank of the ocean,
And still ye to us the crest of the waves.
Be the King of kings at the end of our course
Of lengthened life and of lasting happiness.
Be the crown of the King from the Three on high,
Be the cross of Christ adown to shield us."

"Bless the boat, God the Father bless her.
Bless the boat, God the Son bless her.
Bless the boat, God the Spirit bless her.
God the Father,
God the Son,
God the Spirit,
Bless the boat!"

The very charms and incantations of these good people are but prayers. Take, for instance, this "Charm for Bursting Vein":

"Rosary of Mary, one,
Rosary of Mary, two,
Rosary of Mary, three,
Rosary of Mary, four,
Rosary of Mary, five,
Rosary of Mary, six,
Rosary of Mary, seven,
Seven rosaries of Mary ever
Between pain and ease,
Between sole and summit,
Between health and grave.

Christ went on an ass;
She sprained her foot.
He came down and healed her foot;
As He healed that,
May He heal this,
And greater than this,
If it be His will to do."

And—

"I will pluck the yarrow fair,
That more benign shall be my face,
That more warm shall be my lips,
That more chaste shall be my speech;
Be my speech the beams of the sun,
Be my lips the sap of the strawberry.

May I be an isle in the sea,
May I be a hill on the shore,
May I be a star in the dark time,
May I be a staff to the weak;
Wound can I every man,
Wound can no man me."

Again, here is the charm of the Mothan, or bog-violet:

"Pluck will I the mothan
Plant of the nine joints;
Pluck will I and vow me,
To noble Bride and her Fosterling.

Pluck will I the mothan,
As ordained of the King of power;
Pluck will I and vow me,
To great Mary and her Son.

Pluck will I the mothan,
As ordained of the King of life,
To overcome all oppression,
And the spell of the evil eye."

"I will pluck the gracious yarrow,
That Christ plucked with His own hand."

The following blessing is often murmured by mothers as they make the sign of the cross over their sons and daughters,

when the young people leave their homes in the outer isles for the towns of the south or for foreign lands:

"Be the great God between thy two shoulders
To protect thee in thy going and in thy coming;
Be the Son of Mary Virgin near thy heart,
And be the perfect spirit upon thee pouring:
Oh! the perfect spirit upon thee pouring."

Want of space alone prevents the including of the original Gaelic in every case.

But one might continue long, giving every runic hymn and prayer in the collection, for each has its own peculiar charm or quaintness. The examples quoted, however, will serve to show that, like the ancient Irish chants and invocations, which they so closely resemble, these early prayers and hymns of Catholic Scotland breathe the very essence of adoration, and evince a power of sublime and poetic thought in the character of these people, which came as a heritage to MacPherson, for instance, and inspired the weird beauty of Ossian.

The repetition of the same phrases, over and over again, in litanies of fine and devout similes, is the very spirit of prayerful reiteration. The imagery is that of fishers, or of a pastoral people, and is like to the imagery of the Scripture, yet is quite distinct and different in simile. Ancient as they are, too, it is of interest to remember that these prayers and hymns are still daily used in the remote Highlands and islands, which during a greater part of the year are enwrapt by the mists of the ocean; as though the saints of these western Isles had enfolded them in their protection, and "the Great White Michael" himself hovered above them, and held between them and the unbelief of the outer world his "Shield of Truth."

IS THERE ANY SYSTEM OF PUBLIC SCHOOL THAT WOULD SATISFY CATHOLICS?

BY LORENZO J. MARKOE.

THE resolutions adopted by the Conference of Catholic Colleges at their last meeting in Chicago, together with the closing address of Bishop Conaty, President of the Association and also Rector of the Catholic University at Washington; the addresses delivered last spring at the graduating exercises in Catholic colleges all over the United States, and various other occurrences since then, have all served to again emphasize the unpleasant fact that a large body of citizens, which may be safely counted in round numbers as containing nine millions of our population, including many of the brightest intellects and most honored men of the Republic, stand outside of our system of public schools, and devote annually twenty-five millions of their hard-earned money to the support of another system, which they maintain for the avowed purpose of keeping their children out of the public schools, and preventing them from coming under the influencc of our present national system.

For our own part, we are painfully impressed by this fact, in so far as it would seem to indicate an impassable gulf between the advocates on the one hand, and the critics and opponents on the other, of our public-school system as it now exists. As an American citizen, whose ancestors have been in this country since a date prior to our Revolutionary War, and whose family traditions all point us to a genuine love of country as our supreme duty, we—in common, we believe, with all thoughtful lovers of their country—see in this constant division on so important a question as that of the education of our people one of those perpetual sources of weakness, one of those causes of irritation and dissatisfaction, which the true statesman will always seek to eliminate, if possible, in order to unite all in a common effort for the good of the community as a whole, without regard to differences—religious, political, or national. And, as a Catho-

lic who has studied this question from the stand-point of his his own church as well as from that of her opponents, we claim to be in a position to suggest a few reflections that may deserve respectful consideration from the general reading public.

The fact that various writers, apparently deeply interested in the cause of true education, should see nothing more in the earnest words of the Catholic educators assembled in Chicago, and fairly representing the great body of Catholics in this country, than an attempt "to make religion an essential element in public schools"—apparently meaning thereby a *conditio sine qua non* for the existence of *any public school*—serves to emphasize the importance of studying in an impartial manner the attitude of these critics of our present school system as stated by *themselves*, and not as misstated by their avowed opponents, if we wish to reach a just conclusion as to the merits of a controversy so old and yet so new and vigorous, so long-drawn-out and yet so fresh and irrepressible. Had these writers said an "optional" element instead of an "essential" element, we would not challenge the fairness of their statement. It is this constant misapprehension and consequent misstatement of our position that makes it the solemn duty of Catholics to incessantly and persistently reiterate their real attitude towards our public-school system. We would, therefore, ask permission to recall briefly certain principles which we believe should control our action in this matter of education; and then to call attention to a plan for conducting our public schools which, from our personal knowledge of the position of Catholics, we believe would bring them into line as enthusiastic supporters of our school system, instead of being, as at present, in constant opposition to it as now conducted under exclusively secularist control.

We speak as a citizen to citizens. Whether we are Catholics, Methodists, Jews, Pagans, or Mohammedans, is a matter of no consequence here. This is a question of the welfare of our common country, and we discuss it here precisely as we all meet in a political assembly, merely as fellow-citizens, standing on precisely equal grounds, and possessing equal rights in all questions discussed or disposed of by such assembly. Therefore, we repeat once more, we write here as a citizen to citizens; not as a Catholic to Protestants or to any other section of our people. We address all, on a basis of perfect equality before the law.

There are two general classes of citizens with whom we have to deal in this school controversy. They may be distinguished as the Religionists and the Secularists. We say "Secularists" in preference to "non-Religionists," because the Secularist does not profess *necessarily* to be *opposed* to Religion in itself, although many Secularists are so opposed; but he looks upon it as a disturbing element, which he sees no safe way of admitting to any consideration without endangering the whole fabric of our public-school system. Both these classes profess to seek a common end, viz.: the progress and welfare of their country; but, unhappily, they disagree, both as to what constitutes true progress and as to the most effectual means of promoting it..

The Secularist seeks to provide solely for the *material* progress and welfare of the Republic. He considers *that* the essential purpose of our schools. He desires to make of the scholars good citizens, noble men and women, scholars who by their intellectual vigor and energy will advance our material interests in every way; will extend our possessions, add new inventions to the old, increase our great commercial relations with the world, and add in many other ways to our material greatness. In all this he believes that Religion is not an "essential element"; in fact, it can be dispensed with altogether. Therefore he advocates a purely secular education.

On the other hand, the Religionist is firmly convinced that the very foundation of the country's greatness must be true Religion. He believes—with such out-of-date characters as George Washington and many other men who once stood high in the esteem of former generations of our citizens—that without morality no solid material prosperity *for the masses of the people* can ever be established or maintained, and that there can be no morality without Religion as its source and strength. Recently many Secularists have come around to the view that morality is indeed essential to even our material progress; but they still believe that it can be successfully developed in the character of the children by a system of "Ethics" without religion, or at least without any definite religious instruction in the schools.

Must we, then, conclude that these two classes are absolutely irreconcilable; or, rather, must we conclude that one or the other of these great sections of our people must necessarily lord it over the other, trample that other's convictions under foot, and force the defeated minority, *nolens volens*, to support the

dictatorial majority in its efforts to propagate its views through a so-called public-school system to which the defeated party is utterly opposed? Either this must be our conclusion, or we must adopt some method of treating each section of our citizens with that equal and impartial justice to which all are undoubtedly entitled under our existing form of government. This is the sole question that confronts us in this educational problem. Religious or anti-religious prejudices have no proper place here. They merely confuse and becloud the intellect, and render us incapable of considering the question purely on its merits, as concerning all citizens alike.

We, therefore, lay down the first principle that all are entitled to be treated precisely alike and to share equally in the benefits of any *public*-school system which all are *taxed to support*. But we now find a second point on which the Religionist and the Secularist seem to be as hopelessly at loggerheads as upon the character of the education to be imparted in the schools. We refer to the question as to who or what body should control the education of the child, or have the right to dictate what that education shall be for each child? Here we have the pith of the whole controversy, as far as it concerns our schools in this country; and upon the settlement of this point depends the character of our school system.

One body of citizens insists that, as the state is so deeply interested in the prosperity of the country as a whole, it therefore has the right to dictate and control the education of the child. The other side declares emphatically that the parent is the natural guardian and educator of his own child; that his interest in the happiness and welfare of that child is at least as great as that of the state; and that he is as a rule a better judge as to what will best develop the character of his child than any state officials can ever be. In the one case the state is the great controlling power, moulding the individual character to its own aims and purposes, and the individual becomes simply an atom in the great body known as the State. In the other case the state is simply the creation of the people, having merely such powers as the people have delegated to it, and established to secure the greatest possible individual liberty and independence in the community that are consistent with the common welfare and safety. We maintain that the Secularist theory of state rights is but the resurrection of the principles

of ancient pagan civilization, when the great state was ruling immense possessions and amassing wealth, whilst within her bounds the mass of the people were mere slaves, employed for the welfare of the state as a whole, but, as individuals, crushed to the earth, dependent on masters having over them the power of life and death. Such a condition is impossible under a system based on parental rights and on limited, delegated powers of the state.

Our solution of the school problem in this country depends upon our adoption of the one or the other of these two theories of state or parental control of the child. If the theory of state control be correct, then the Secularists have no alternative to their present policy of deliberately crushing out their opponents by admitting them to a participation in the benefits of our public schools only on condition that they abandon their theories of parental rights and their religious opinions and beliefs; and the possibility of ever adjusting the school system to our people as a whole must be for ever abandoned as a chimera, not to be realized in this country, despite all our boasted equality and freedom of conscience. But, if the theory of parental rights be accepted, the solution of the problem, on the basis of equal justice to all, becomes not only possible but, we verily believe, quite feasible and simple.

There would then remain only one other obstacle, which many of us look upon with dread, and shrink back from, affrighted, not daring to attempt its removal from our path. Even many individual Catholics seem afraid to touch this point, apparently believing that a mere reference to it must necessarily engender bitterness and endless controversy. But, with the two principles of equal rights and parental control, already mentioned, accepted as correct, this difficulty melts away into insignificance at the first touch. It is this. We have all grown tired of bitter religious divisions and controversies. The mention of autos-da-fé, Gunpowder Plots, A.-P.-A.ism, and similar matters, makes us all shudder; and we declare that we wish no more of the slimy things, and will have no religious controversies served up to us in these latter days. On this we all agree; but in the application of this principle we grievously err. Because we wish no "destructive and diabolical" religious controversy, we coolly inform our Religionist fellow-citizens that they can have no share in our public-school system—except, of course, the

privilege of helping to pay for it!—unless they give up the notion of having Religion taught to their children, and agree to send them to schools absolutely controlled by the Secularists, from which Religion shall for ever be excluded. Now, right here there is an egregious fallacy. It is the source of all the existing division and discontent upon the present school system, and, therefore, deserves our calm and impartial consideration.

The Secularist takes advantage of our dread of religious animosities and controversies to foist upon us a system of schools from which Religion is absolutely and for ever excluded, where all mention of it is tabooed. The Religionist has a different preventive, which he recommends as being more effective, and as really removing all legitimate discontent, without subjecting either party to the controversy to the control or supremacy of the other. He says in effect: "You hold one theory, I hold the opposite. We are both brothers in a common cause, viz.: the defence and advancement of our country. I have no right, under our form of government, to forcibly impose my views of Religion upon you; neither have you any right to impose your views of the non-essential character of Religion upon me and my children. Let us, then, agree to disagree. You instruct your children as you deem proper; I will do the same with mine; then let the state distribute the school fund impartially between us according to the actual results obtained in the prescribed branches of instruction, and we will confidently abide the consequences and await the outcome."

But, it may be asked, what then becomes of our great system of schools; our splendid buildings, our great normal schools, our immense expenditure for text books, teachers, etc.? We reply that all this will very readily adjust itself to the new order of things. The children of the Catholics, Lutherans, and others who are now getting their education in their own schools, will not require those buildings any more than they do at present; whilst those who now use them will continue to do so as long as they are found to be required. As the Catholics, Lutherans, and others are actually bearing the expense of educating their own children, thereby saving the state an immense outlay for additional buildings, etc., it will be but a simple matter of justice and fair play that those taxes which they are now paying in to the state treasury *for the support of their neighbors' children* should be apportioned to them.

But, again, it may be asked: How can we ever find a fair basis for that apportionment? To our mind nothing seems simpler. The religious training of the child and the development of its moral character belong to the parent; therefore the state cannot interfere in this domain—as it now does so officiously and tyrannically under the present system—and say that Religion and morals shall *not* be taught to those children. Its duty is merely to encourage and foster such secular training as every citizen should have to fit him for at least the ordinary duties of citizenship. All classes of schools—state, church, and private—now teach certain secular branches as necessary for an ordinary education. Let the state provide that the teachers in all schools wishing to share in the apportionment of the school fund must undergo a satisfactory examination in those secular branches, and receive their certificates for teaching those branches from the proper state officials. Then let the funds be apportioned to all schools according to the actual proficiency in those studies of each child as shown by a state examination. For each child falling below the standard of proficiency required by the state no apportionment would be allowed; whilst for every child successfully taking the examination a *pro rata* apportionment would be allowed. Thus the funds would be used for the actual education of each child; a system much more just than that of distributing them according to the number of children *attending school.* This system is based on real *merit* and actual *results,* and not on mere school *attendance.* Schools would readily spring up suited to the views of each parent, who would send his child to the school that he approved, and thus get the benefit of the school system without any straining of his own conscience, or any imposing of his views upon his neighbor who may hold opposite views. Under the plan here proposed only the truly successful educators would get the children, and only they would be encouraged and sustained by the apportionment of the school fund. Competition would bring to the front the educators of real intrinsic merit; and those of inferior abilities would soon drop out of sight.

This is no mere fanciful sketch of our own. It is in successful operation in other countries. The same system has frequently been proposed by Catholic writers for this country, and has been endorsed by many of our educators of all phases of thought upon the educational question. It is in strict con-

formity with the principles of our system of government, secures equal justice to all, and treats all citizens upon a basis of perfect equality, leaving each to hold his own views and adopt his own practices in religious matters absolutely without dictation or interference by the state officials, who certainly know *at least no more* about Religion than the parent or individual citizen. Their position as state officials gives them no mysterious prerogative or inside knowledge upon religious questions not possessed by the ordinary citizen; and it is absurd to invest them with the right to oust Religion *from all schools* as a *conditio sine qua non* for sharing in the funds contributed by all alike for the promotion of universal education amongst the masses.

This solution of the difficulty would at once relieve the community from the dead weight of the immense octopus now pressing so heavily upon us, in the shape of a huge state monopoly in the schools, expending great sums of money for the exploiting of the peculiar educational theories of one section only of the community, and endeavoring to compel, as far as they dare, the children of all other sections to attend those schools and be experimented upon with those theories. The rule would apply to secondary or higher as well as to primary education; and the present absurd attempts to provide an expensive high-school system for the children of well-to-do parents who prefer to send them to private colleges would be abandoned. The immense sums that are now being expended in the attempts to uphold a system showy, cumbersome, and expensive, but utterly unsatisfactory and disappointing in the small results obtained, would go directly to reward and encourage deserving scholars and teachers; and an immense impetus would thus be given to the educational movement in all parts of the country.

That it is not Catholics alone who are opposed to the present unjust school system is well known to every observant citizen. Many parents of various denominations or of no religion are sending their children to church schools or to private schools, simply because they find those schools more efficient in training their pupils than our much-vaunted and overrated public schools. Their children get a more thorough training even in mere secular studies at those schools than they do at the public schools. Those parents have a just title to their share of the school funds for their children, but are deprived of

that share under the present system. Under such a system of competition as we have here outlined the present public schools would either very quickly eradicate the inefficiency of which their own superintendents now so bitterly complain, or they would speedily be driven to the wall by their successful competitors and deserted by the people for the more efficient schools.

Of course the great cry will be raised against this plan that the state cannot support any form of Religion. We reply: Certainly *not;* therefore let it keep its hands off. We ask no support for Religion; but we utterly repudiate the absurdity that because it cannot *support* Religion therefore it must *suppress* it. This is the illogical position in which the originators of this objection find themselves placed. In its last analysis it is but a veil to conceal the unbridled hostility of the Secularist leaders to all Religion in whatever form it shows itself. In public assemblies of educators their spokesmen have not hesitated to warn them that the recognition of equal rights to all would result in the teaching of "Popery" and Catholic doctrines to the children of this fair land! We say let them *feel* that hostility as much as they like—however much we may regret it—so long as it does not show itself in overt acts; but the moment they make it the ground for suppressing or excluding Religion from amongst those who desire it and profess it, they violate all the principles upon which our government is founded, and they intrude their personal hates and loves upon a domain that does not belong to them. Their conscience is their own; so is *ours* our own; we will each answer for it to the Almighty God who gave it to us, and not answer for it to one another. When we look at this objection dispassionately we can but wonder that it has so long passed current for genuine coin amongst intelligent citizens.

Another argument advanced in favor of the present state system is that all the children should be moulded in a common system and turned out on a common American pattern, that they may all equally prove good citizens of a common country—an argument based, of course, on the purely gratuitous assumption by the Secularists that they are the only really loyal and typical Americans! We believe that precisely the reverse of this argument is true. The state is here to secure the greatest possible good to each individual that is compatible with the

general welfare. To accomplish this, each individual should be trained according to his individual character as far as possible, and not moulded upon a common plan destined for all alike. What is needed is individual development to the highest point; not a mediocrity common to all.

In conclusion: When we engage a recruit for the army or navy, we do not inquire whether he is a Catholic, Protestant, or Secularist before we allow him the privilege of shedding his blood in defence of his country. When we engage a man to build a fence or dig a well we do not ask his religion before we employ him. It is only when we come to the great question of Education that we say: "Let him who would enter here leave his religious opinions behind, or go elsewhere for his education." It is only in our schools that we make this invidious distinction between man and man; that we brand as an outcast the very same Religionist who has fought in our army or our navy, and welcome the Indifferentist or the bitter enemy of all Religion as his superior, to be preferred before him and educated *partly out of his pocket*, whilst he himself is exiled from the schools.

As long as those who are hostile to Religion can hold the reins the present system will be foisted upon the people, and those opposed to it will be slightingly told that they are setting up "a straw man" and unmercifully knocking it about; but when the fair-minded, unprejudiced, and even-tempered citizen gets control of our school system, it will be so readjusted as to open its doors to all, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or Secularist, without any prying into his personal views or opinions upon religious questions.

And as to Catholics in particular, such a system will perfectly satisfy them; and they will loyally uphold the rights of their Secularist, Protestant, or Jewish fellow-citizens with the same tenacity with which they have so persistently opposed the present outrageous system. Catholics founded and maintained free public schools centuries before the so-called Reformation was ever dreamt of; and they will always be found in the front ranks as zealous advocates of public schools that are really and honestly such; and that are not controlled, as at present, by one section or sect of the community to the exclusion of all who dare to differ with that sect on religious or any other matters.

White Bear, Minnesota.

THE SEERS.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who signals peace and brings glad tidings."

I.

THE World 's a plain—
With here and there a hill of aspiration, where
Some Moses once again
Gazes on promised land and lifts his heart in prayer.
Fearful, he may forfeit entrance, but his hail is heard;—
And the multitude move forward on the promise of his word.

II.

White-sandalled on the mountain top he stands,
—Enframed between the earth and sky,—
A picture, pale with vigils and outstretching hands,
Signalling to the valley's anxious eye
Sights full of meaning, glory and of peace,
Tho' still enwrapt in the Dawn's mysteries.

III.

O Seers! sad that you cannot wholly tell
The distant message which you dim perceive
And from still further Orient peaks you spell,
Half-waked to the Truth's splendor:—yet believe
And trust, as they do farther down the way,
Whatever good you see or say
Will be eclipsed by the full radiance of the Day.

ALBERT REYNAUD.

ANSWERED.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

OW," said Hester Deane in a triumphant tone, and with an extensive sweep of her arm,—"now confess, Eleanore Lee, that I have not exaggerated the beauties of Ireland! Where would you see such coloring, such greens and purples? And look at the clouds! They are distinctly Irish clouds."

The two girls had dismounted from their bicycles, and stood on a slight elevation that commanded a fair view of the country around. On the right hand the hills, covered with the tender green mountain grasses and patches of heather, rose to a considerable elevation; on the left was the bold rocky coast that is so characteristic of the West of Ireland, and beyond that the restless Atlantic.

Eleanore Lee laughed. She was some years older than her companion, and the strain and worry of a journalistic life made her look less young than she really was. She had consented to spend her short annual holiday in Ireland at her companion's urgent entreaty. Despite their difference in years, and also in disposition, a very warm friendship existed between the two, though Hester Deane never guessed how much of her success in finding abundant employment as an artist on various illustrated papers was due to Eleanore and to Eleanore's influence.

"Yes," the latter assented, "the country is very beautiful; but the clouds. Don't they foretell rain?"

Hester looked up to the sky.

"I think not, and we may as well walk down this hill. It is rather rough."

"Rather!" Eleanore laughed.

"Well, rough then," Hester said; and after a momentary pause added, "I can scarcely believe it is two years since I was here before."

"Time flies."

"I suppose so. I was summoned to Monte Carlo from here, Eleanore."

"I know."

"Poor Lionel!" Hester's voice grew a little tremulous. "He was my only brother. He lost the money of his employers—he was a clerk in a big London warehouse—at the gambling table, and then—" Hester paused.

"Yes, dear." Eleanore had never before heard Hester speak of her dead brother, but she had learned from others how the foolish lad when on a business journey had been tempted "to try his luck" in the fair southern town; how he had lost, not only his own money but that of others, and ended by taking his own life. She had heard, too, that Hester had arrived at his bedside in time to hear his last words and close his dying eyes.

"It was dreadful. Poor Lionel! Poor boy! I hate the name of that place. I was ill for a long time afterwards."

"Yes."

There was a silence broken by an exclamation from Hester.

"Why, it is going to rain! And we shall be drenched."

"Are there no houses near?" Eleanore asked.

"Not one; but get up, Eleanore. There is an old chapel a short distance away; I think it is always open. We can take shelter there."

Ten or twelve minutes brought the two to Mountrath Chapel. The building was a small one and showed signs of disuse, being used only on rare occasions as a place of worship. The door was partially open and the two entered it as the rain began to come down in torrents.

"Well, we're in luck to gain shelter," Hester said. "Come inside, Eleanore."

Eleanore hesitated.

"I have never been in a Catholic church before. I have always tried to avoid entering one," she said.

"Oh, you strict—Calvinist, is it?" Hester laughed. "I wonder you haven't grown more liberal-minded, Eleanore—really I do."

"I suppose it comes from my up-bringing," Eleanore explained. "I don't think I am illiberal, but I confess I like to see people keeping to the practice of their religion, whatever it may be."

"And I don't find fault with any one's religion, nor approve of any one's," Hester laughed. "I am new-womanish enough for that."

"I wish you were n't," Eleanore said, rather sadly. "I dislike that expression—'New Woman.'"

"Eleanore!"

"Yes, I do. A woman should be religious. If she is n't—"

"Well, if she is n't—?"

"Never mind now. What a very small building, and how ruinous the place seems!"

"Mass is only said here on the occasion of a funeral or the like," Hester said. "A new church has been built a mile or so away."

"And that altar! Is it an altar?" Eleanore paused where, just outside the sanctuary rails, a statue of the Blessed Virgin stood. As a work of art it possessed little value, and the lace drapery surrounding the wooden erection on which the figure stood was worn and yellow; but half a dozen lately gathered bunches of wild flowers testified that some pious persons still came there in reverential mood.

"No, no; not an altar. It is just a statue of the Blessed Virgin, of the Madonna. I wonder what is written on that paper in her hands." Hester spoke in clear, high tones.

"If you care to hear I shall tell you," a man's voice said, and the two strangers turned round to meet the pleasant smile of a young priest. The rain was running into little pools from his long, thin coat.

"Like yourselves, I presume," he said, "I have been caught in the shower. One needs to remember that the Irish climate is a variable one. I am the curate of the parish, Father Greer."

"And we two tourists from London," Hester explained. "I was wondering what might be written on that paper." She pointed towards the sheet of paper in the statue's hand.

"You can see," Father Greer replied quietly, and he reached for the paper and held it forth. "Just these words: 'I leave Michael to your care, Mother. Bridget Joyce.'"

"What do they mean?" Hester asked, bending forward to examine curiously the slip of paper in the priest's hand.

The priest, before answering, drew forward a rough bench.

"Will you not sit down?" he said courteously; "the shower promises to be a rather lengthy one."

"Thank you," Hester said. She had constituted herself spokeswoman, and Eleanore, naturally shy, and always distrustful of anything Catholic, allowed her to do so.

"To me," the priest began, "Bridget Joyce's simple faith and confidence is most touching. She was a poor peasant woman who had suffered much. Her husband had been evicted from his farm, and died from exposure to cold. Her one son, the Michael spoken of here"—Father Greer touched the paper—"was rather wild, I am told. No one said there was much harm in the lad. He was merely a bit unsettled and very impulsive. Well, on one of his hunting—poaching, perhaps, I should say—expeditions, the son of the landlord who had evicted his father had him arrested, and Michael was sent to jail for three months. On his liberation he made use of many threats against Captain Deverill."

"Yes," Hester said. Eleanore was listening quietly.

"Three weeks after Michael's release from jail Captain Deverill was murdered. He was hurled from the cliffs that lie between this and his father's estate. Michael was seen lurking about the spot not very long before the time the murder—for I fear it was murder—was supposed to have been committed."

"Could not Captain Deverill have fallen over?" Eleanore asked.

"There was evidence that a struggle had taken place. The ground was soft," the priest explained. "Michael was arrested, tried, and failed to account for his whereabouts on that particular evening in any satisfactory manner, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. He said he had fallen asleep in Garva Wood."

"Garva Wood!" Hester ejaculated, rising from the bench on which she had been seated. "Garva Wood! The little grove that lies beyond Fallon Head?"

"Yes," the priest answered.

"When—at what date was Captain Deverill murdered?" the girl demanded. Eleanore was looking towards her friend in some surprise.

"On the afternoon of the 20th of July, two years since," Father Greer said promptly.

"Oh!" Hester exclaimed. "I was here then. On that very evening I received the telegram from Monte Carlo,"—the girl turned to Eleanore.

"Yes; but what do you mean?" the latter inquired.

"I saw a man lying sleeping in Garva Wood on that day, that afternoon, and—" Hester paused.

The priest smiled faintly.

"That might not mean much in Michael's favor," he said. "Did you never hear of the murder?"

"No; I was summoned to Monte Carlo, to a brother's death-bed, and then I was ill for a long time," Hester explained.

"Your statement might be useful to poor Michael, but I don't know. However, it might be well to acquaint the proper authorities with it," Father Greer said.

"But there is more." Hester spoke nervously and hurriedly. "I had a camera with me and I was in the habit of taking instantaneous snap-shots here and there of the scenery and houses. That afternoon I had been busy, as usual, and I had just taken some photos on tin plates. When I examined them long after I found the appearance of two men, wrestling as I supposed. The men were standing on or near some rocks known as—" Hester paused.

"Grania's Rock," Father Greer said.

"Yes, yes; and should these figures be Captain Deverill and his murderer, the murderer could not have been Michael Joyce. That is, if it were Michael Joyce I saw in Garva Wood," Hester added.

"I see, I see!" the priest exclaimed. "Should you know the man again?"

"Yes. I have a keen memory for faces. I remember remarking his," Hester said. "He was of a very dark complexion, and—oh, he had lost the first finger of his left hand!"

"Yes," the priest said excitedly, "Michael had but four fingers on the left hand! It looks as if his mother's confidence in Mary, our Mother, was well founded."

"What do you mean, father?" Eleanore added the las word half grudgingly.

"Well, while poor Bridget Joyce lived she always protested her son's innocence of the crime with which he was charged. With no less insistence did she express her belief that the Blessed Virgin would aid him. She lived about a quarter of a mile from this church, and there was never a day, foul or fair, but she was to be found on her knees invoking Mary's aid. I attended her on her death-bed. Even then her hope of her son's ultimate liberation did not fail. She had the lines on this paper written out, and I promised her that I should place it

where you ladies saw it. Your evidence"—the priest bowed to Hester—"should leave Michael a free man."

"Oh, I hope so, I hope so!" Hester cried. "Somehow I blame myself for being in ignorance of the trial."

"I don't see how you can," Father Greer said.

"And now what is to be done?" Hester asked. "I know nothing of what should be done."

"But I do," Eleanore said. "A distant cousin of mine is Under Secretary of State for Ireland. He will know the quickest way in which to set to work. I never knew the use of influential relations before. Won't you go to Dublin at once, Hester? And"—she addressed the priest—"you too, father?"

"I must obtain permission first, and then see the lawyer engaged in Michael's defence," Father Greer replied.

Notwithstanding the Under Secretary's willingness to give all the help and assistance possible, it was some considerable time before Michael Joyce was again a free man. Ere he was so, the police, started on a fresh track by Hester's photograph, and various items of news that had leaked out concerning Captain Deverill's life in his regiment, had managed to accumulate sufficient evidence to fix the guilt on a young soldier whom the captain had treated with considerable severity. The man had been dismissed from the service and had been seen in the vicinity at the time of the murder. When charged with the crime, he had at once admitted it; and informed his accusers that his trial would take place before no earthly tribunal, for he was dying.

Hester Deane found herself quite a notable person on her return to London, and very much enjoyed telling the story in which she was so prominent a figure. Lately she ends it with:

"And would you believe it? Eleanore Lee—a most intense bigot I always told her she was—is now a Catholic. Religious! Oh, yes, she was religious in a stern, severe way of her own at all times. Now if I had become a Roman it would n't have been wonderful. But it was wonderful, you know, that poor old peasant woman's confidence in the Madonna, and the return made for that confidence! And I—oh, time will tell if I am to go over to Rome!"

Eleanore Lee prays and hopes hopefully that her friend may do so.

ASPIRATION.

EACH mountain crest that lifts its head on high
Seems yearning for the sky,
For that vast calm the white stars and the moon
Give as a heavenly boon.

Oh, they may never reach that wondrous height,
Yet softly, day and night,
The pitying clouds come down like angels blest
To kiss the hills to rest.

So, when I seek to gain a summit where
White peace shall crown despair,
And when I faint and falter wearily,
Lo! God comes down to me!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE BISHOPS OF AMERICA.

IN the ninety-third year of his age Pope Leo XIII. has written a memorable document for the Catholics of the United States. On behalf of the American hierarchy Cardinal Gibbons sent, on the occasion of the Venerable Pontiff's recent jubilee, a letter written in admirable form, pervaded with a spirit of filial devotion. The *Osservatore Romano* published the letter in the original Latin text, from which the following translation was prepared:

MOST HOLY FATHER:

Let this letter be an ample testimony of the joy with which we have hailed the auspicious day which has just brought with it a new source of rejoicing to the whole world. Rightly do we call auspicious the day which has inaugurated the twenty-fifth year of your Pontificate. For, as the Church of Christ rejoiced when you became pilot of the bark of Peter, so does she rejoice to-day while the helm is still in your hands, for she knows that you have always steered a safe course through the many storms that have risen on all sides. Wherefore, Most Holy Father, we too, your most obedient sons, rejoice, return thanks, and congratulate you on this truly wonderful event, almost unique in the history of the long line of Pontiffs. Every one of us, the Bishops of the United States of North America, rejoice; and the clergy of both orders, together with the flocks entrusted to us, share in our gladness. We thank God for this great gift of His Divine bounty conferred only on you and one or two others of the long line of the successors of the Blessed Peter. We congratulate you on having, by all your great labors for the church, brought glory to God, salvation to the faithful, and won for yourself a brighter crown and one which will never fade.

THE NEW SPLENDOR ADDED TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST BY LEO XIII.

But we cannot consent to stop at the expression of these

sentiments. For it is fitting that sons should commemorate a father's glorious and illustrious deeds which have added with the flight of years new splendor to the Church of Christ. Since you have worn the triple crown you have most worthily fulfilled your triple function as Vicar of Christ, the supreme king, master, and priest. For you, wisest of kings, have extended the Kingdom of Christ on earth committed to you, and brought it unscathed through all the assaults that have been made upon it; you, guardian most faithful of unity, hearkening to the admonition of Christ, have confirmed your brethren, and have left no means untried to bring schismatics to due subjection and heretics to the centre of Catholic truth; you, illustrious defender of liberty, have borne aid to every individual church when racked with tempests, in your supreme desire to have the public powers recognize the right of the Catholic religion to be propagated all over the world; you, ardent lover of peace, have striven amain that harmony between pastors and their flocks might, with the help of God, be maintained safe, tranquil, undefiled. That zeal for peace which shines out in you, together with an equal love for justice, has had such influence on the minds of the most potent rulers that they have not hesitated to select you as an arbiter of their rights and entrusted to your verdict the solution of disputed questions. And you have willingly undertaken this noblest of tasks, and brought it to a happy termination with marvellous prudence and to the complete satisfaction of the contending parties.

THE ABUNDANT FRUITS OF THE POPE'S WISE TEACHINGS.

Nor have you been unmindful, Most Holy Father, of that other charge which has been laid upon you by Him who, constituted by God as king over Sion, His holy mountain, was at the same time the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world—for you have done service by teaching as well as by ruling; and would that all those whom you have labored to instruct in the words of life had lent a docile ear to the voice of such a teacher. For there is not a single error threatening the welfare and the peace of modern society which you have not striven to root out by your wise teaching; there is no truth making for the salvation of souls in our days which you have not inculcated to be taught to the people from the pulpit. Your salutary guidance has been applauded by all the faithful

who have received from you those principles which so well provide for human liberty, for the sanctity and perpetuity of Christian marriage, for the secure constitution of states, that the individual rights of all are preserved inviolate. Nay, even those out of union with the Roman See have bestowed praise upon you for these great documents of instruction.

Then again, as Vicar of the Supreme Priest, you have entered heart and soul on the task of promoting divine worship with all zeal, and, by fostering piety in the sacred ministers and increasing the devotion of the faithful, of revealing to all the efficacious sanctity of the church.

For through you the salutary devotion to the Sacred Heart has been spread, the most fruitful practice of the Rosary has been sedulously promoted, the confidence of all, especially of the working classes and those whom the poverty of Christ has glorified by straits, has been stimulated in the patronage of the blessed Joseph. Withal you have not only with supreme kindness provided for the necessities and the advantages of the religious families who follow the evangelical counsels, and commended to all the faithful for the increase of Christian perfection the Third Order of St. Francis, the ancient laws of which have now been wisely adapted to modern standards of life, but you have also held up as an example to every Christian family the Holy Family of Nazareth, and have confirmed devotion to it and imitation of it by the sanction of your supreme authority.

THE BENEFITS CONFERRED ON THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

These are assuredly striking evidences of your solicitude in ruling, teaching, and sanctifying the Church of Christ. But it is eminently fitting that those who have been honored with special tokens of your benevolence should call to mind the proofs of your marked paternal goodness to them, and return heartfelt thanks for the benefits they have received at your hands. In truth, of all the main offices included in the solicitude of the Supreme Pastor, it would be difficult to find a single one which you have not exercised to the especial and notable advantage of this American Church. At the very beginning of your Pontificate you turned your eyes to this part of the flock which has been entrusted to your keeping, and after a few years you convoked by your authority the Plenary

Council of Baltimore, and devoted all care and thought to the promotion of the welfare of this entire country. This council, from which we are still deriving happy and most abundant fruit, had scarcely been summoned when you graciously acceded to the wishes of the Bishops by confirming with a legal constitution the Urban College, already founded by your distinguished predecessor, Pius IX., for the formation of youths of this republic for the sacred ministry. You deigned to bestow canonical sanctions upon it, to distinguish it with the name and title of Pontifical, and to enrich it with all the prerogatives and privileges of pontifical colleges.

MORE PROOFS OF LEO'S SOLICITUDE FOR AMERICA.

These were but the beginning of the benefits you have conferred upon us. We will never forget the kindness with which you received our plan for the founding in the heart of this republic of a Catholic university. For, Most Holy Father, nobody questions that the great centre of study, founded several years ago at Washington, is mainly your work. Without your approval and encouragement we would never have put our hands to the task; and we know that it never could have achieved completion were it not for your sanction and for your bestowal of the rights of a university.

Besides all this, we must record still another proof of your benevolence in the annals of the American Church. For, when you heard that we were about to celebrate the centenary of the establishment of the hierarchy in the United States of North America, you sent letters of congratulation, in which you once more showed us your special love for the Bishops and the faithful. Nor was it strange that you should have been greatly rejoiced at those centenary celebrations after all you have done for the increase of the hierarchy here. For of the fourteen provinces, with their sixty-nine dioceses, into which the Church of the United States of North America is to-day distributed in hierarchical order, three metropolitan sees and not less than twenty-four episcopal sees glory in having you, Most Holy Father, as their founder.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATION AT WASHINGTON.

Yet not even here do the manifestations of your paternal

love for us stop. For among others there is one which cannot be passed by in silence—I mean the establishment of the American Legation. You yourself have more than once enlightened us as to the importance of this, giving many reasons why the presence of an Apostolic Delegate is to be regarded as a proof of your affection for us. But if the institution of this delegation has in a sense crowned the edifice of ecclesiastical ministration, it has not, however, put a term to your benefits to us. For we think it worthy of mention that even after the institution of the Apostolic Delegation, Your Holiness has been pleased to address us by letter time and again, and in that way to aid us in those matters which you have so often approved.

As we ponder on these and other such thoughts, we see clearly, Most Holy Father, that it is not enough for us merely to call to mind all the benefits we have received from you, but that we must show our gratitude in deeds rather than in words.

We pray Your Holiness to accept this manifestation of our filial love and deepest veneration, which we declare to be in the name of all the faithful of this country. To maintain unity among ourselves unimpaired, to defend the rights of the Apostolic See, to profess the truth of the Catholic faith—for this we strive, for this we shall strive to the shedding of our blood. Such, Most Holy Father, are the sentiments we would express to you in our joy and in token of our filial devotion and our due reverence, while we pray the Divine Majesty to preserve and prosper you, and to keep you to the years of Peter and beyond as the good father of the Christian family, bringing forth from the treasury of the supreme primacy new things and old for your children.

✠ J. CARDINAL GIBBONS,

In his own name and in that of all the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States.

BALTIMORE, March 3, 1902.

POPE LEO'S RESPONSE TO THE AMERICAN BISHOPS.

To our Beloved Son James, of the title of Sancta Maria in Trastevere, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Gibbons, and to the other Archbishops and Bishops of the United States of America:

BELOVED SON AND VENERABLE BROTHERS, HEALTH AND BENEDICTION.

Certainly we have reason to rejoice, and the Catholic world, through reverence for the Apostolic See, has reason to rejoice at the extraordinary fact that we are to be reckoned as the third in the long line of Roman Pontiffs to whom it has been happily given to enter upon the twenty-fifth year of the Supreme Priesthood. But in this circle of congratulations, while the voices of all are welcome to us, that of the Bishops and faithful of the United States of North America bring us special joy, both on account of the prominent merit of your country and of the special love we entertain for you.

You have been pleased, Beloved Son and Venerable Brothers, in your joint letter to us to mention in detail what we have done for your churches, prompted by charity, during the course of our Pontificate. We, on the other hand, are glad to call to mind the many and various ways in which you have ministered to our consolation throughout this period. If we found pleasure in the state of things which prevailed among you when we first entered upon the charge of the Supreme Apostolate, now that we have advanced beyond twenty-four years in the same charge, we are constrained to confess that our first pleasure has never been diminished, but, on the contrary, has increased from day to day by reason of the increase of Catholicity among you. The cause of this increase, although first of all to be attributed to the providence of God, must also be ascribed to your energy and activity. You have, in your prudent policy, promoted every kind of Catholic organization with such wisdom as to provide for all necessities and all contingencies, in harmony with the remarkable character of the people of your country.

THE WONDERFUL PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN AMERICA.

Your chief praise is that you have promoted and sedulously continue to foster the union of your churches with this chief of

churches and with the Vicar of Christ on earth. Herein, as you rightly confess, is the apex and centre of government, teaching and priesthood; the source of that unity which Christ destined for His Church, and which is one of the most powerful notes distinguishing it from all human sects. The fruitful exercise of this government and teaching has never been left wanting to any nation by us, and we have never permitted that you or your people should suffer the lack of it. For we have gladly availed ourself of every opportunity to testify the constancy of our solicitude for you and for the interests of religion among you. And our daily experience obliges us to confess that we have found your people, through your influence, endowed with perfect docility of mind and alacrity of heart. Therefore, while the changes and the tendencies of nearly all the nations which have for long ages been in possession of Catholicism give cause for sorrow, the state of your churches, in their flourishing youthfulness, cheers our mind and fills us with gladness. True, you are shown no special favor by the law of the land; but, on the other hand, your lawgivers are certainly entitled to praise for the fact that they do nothing to restrain you in your just liberty. You must, therefore, and with you the Catholic host behind, make strenuous use of the favorable time for action which is now at your disposal by spreading abroad as far as possible the light of truth against the errors that prevail and the sects of absurd opinions that continue to spring up.

THE GREAT WORK DONE IN THE UNITED STATES BY CATHOLIC EDUCATORS.

We are not unaware, Venerable Brothers, of all that has been done by every one of you for the establishment and the success of schools and academies for the proper education of children. By your zeal in this respect you have clearly acted in conformity with the exhortations of the Apostolic See and the prescriptions of the Council of Baltimore. Your magnificent work on behalf of ecclesiastical seminaries has assuredly been calculated to increase the prospects of good to be done by the clergy and to add to their dignity. Nor is this all. You have wisely taken measures to enlighten dissidents and to draw them to the truth by appointing learned and worthy members of the clergy to go about from district to district to address them in

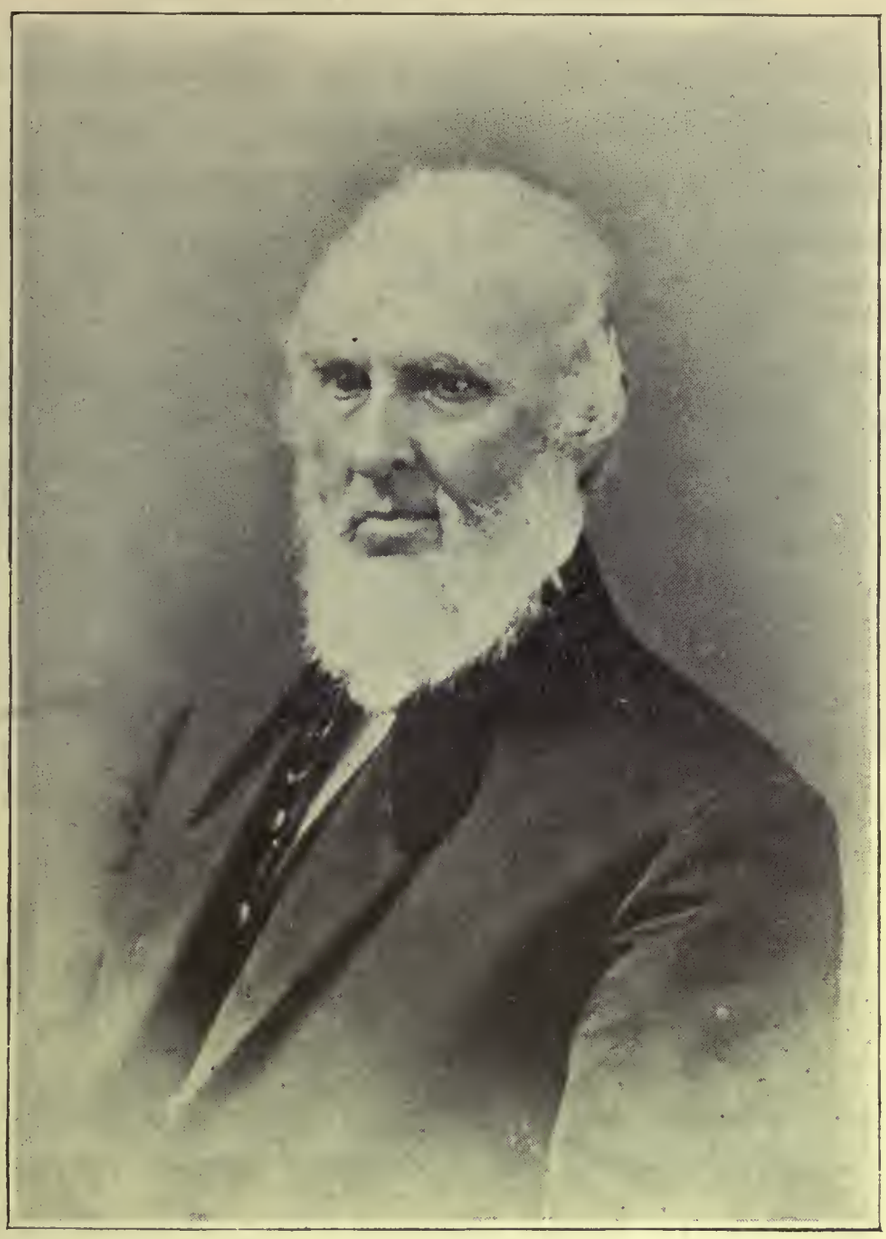
public in familiar style, in temples and other buildings, and to solve the difficulties that may be advanced. An excellent plan, and one which we know has already borne abundant fruit. Nor has your charity been unmindful of the sad lot of the Negro and the Indian: you have sent them teachers, helped them liberally, and you are most zealously providing for their eternal salvation. We are glad to add a stimulus, if such be necessary, to enable you to continue these undertakings with full confidence that your work is worthy of commendation.

Finally, not to omit the expression of our gratitude, we would have you know what satisfaction you have caused us by the liberality with which your people are endeavoring to contribute by their offerings to relieve the penury of the Holy See. Many indeed and great are the necessities for which the Vicar of Christ as Supreme Pastor and Father of the Church is bound to provide in order to avert injury and to promote the faith. Hence your generosity becomes an exercise and a testimony of your faith.

For all these reasons we wish to declare to you again and again our affection for you. Let the Apostolic blessing, which we bestow most lovingly in the Lord upon you all and upon the flocks entrusted to each one of you, be taken as a token of this affection and an augury of Divine gifts.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the fifteenth day of April, in the year 1892, the twenty-fifth of our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., *Pope.*



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ASSOCIATIONS OF WHITTIER.

BY MARY E. DESMOND.

OVER associated with the progressive, bustling city of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, which enjoys the distinction of being the largest shoe-manufacturing city in the world, although its population is only 37,175, will be the name and fame of the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, who by his facile pen has made that city and its suburbs famous for all time.

Although Whittier cannot be classed in the category of learned American poets to which belong Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, and others, his work invariably had a lofty ideal and by his genius he cast a halo about the seemingly commonplace events of life, and by so doing glorified them for all time. He

was also a poet of nature, appreciating the beautiful in Nature's handiwork, and finding

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

He wove into verse the homely incidents of his daily life, and the haunts of his childhood and the legends told by the gray-haired villagers of East Haverhill present a new and a deeper meaning when his genius has thrown about them a halo of romance.

> "The daily round, the common things,
> That with the day begin and end,"

appear in a new light, and what is often termed a commonplace life becomes one filled with human sympathies and all that goes to make up the tragedy and comedy of which life in any environment consists.

Since the death of Whittier, in 1892, his birthplace at East Haverhill has been the Mecca for thousands of admirers of his genius from all parts of the country, and many from foreign lands have been among the visitors. The old homestead is reached from Haverhill by the electric cars of the Haverhill, Merrimack, and Amesbury street-railway company that pass the quiet spot, which is about three miles from the city proper. Starting from the Boston and Maine Station at Haverhill, after a few minutes' ride through what is known as the "shoe district," the route is along the residential part of the city. Soon Monument Square, where the marble soldier sentinel has watched over the city since 1869, is reached, and not far distant is a pretty little public breathing-place known as Gale's Park, which was the gift of one of Haverhill's philanthropic citizens, John E. Gale. This spot has a historical interest, for on its site stood the home of Captain Samuel Ayer, one of the most fearless of Haverhill's earliest settlers, who met his death at the hands of the Indians on that fatal morning of August 29, 1708, when sixteen of the villagers were massacred by the redskins. A little further on the left is Concord Street, over which the Indians came from New Hampshire that eventful day when bent upon their murderous work.

On the right, a short distance further, is Winnikenni Park, with its beautiful undulating landscape. Its area is about thirty-four acres. On the hill within its limits is a picturesque ivy-

covered castle built of stone, which was fashioned after an old mediæval stronghold of feudal times. The fine view from the turret of this castle proves that it well merits its Indian name—Winnikenni—which, translated, is "Beautiful View." It was built in 1873 by James R. Nichols, of Haverhill, and was his

BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER, EAST HAVERHILL, MASS.

summer residence for many years. Six years ago the castle and grounds were purchased by the city, and the castle is later to be occupied by the Haverhill Historical Society.

Bordering on Winnikenni Park is beautiful Lake Kenoza, with a wooded background of hills reflected in its clear waters. Its name, given by the Indians, has a euphonious sound which is much more pleasing than its translation, "Lake of the Pickerel." It is said to much resemble one of the famous lakes of Killarney in Ireland. Whittier has immortalized the beauty of this spot in the lines:

"Kenoza! o'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail,
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade
Shall break with harsh resounding din
The quiet of thy banks of shade,
And hills that fold thee in.

And when the summer day grows dim
And light mists walk thy mimic sea,
Revive in us the thoughts of Him
Who walked on Galilee."

Almost opposite the lake are the buildings which until recently composed the Hale Hospital. The patients are now much more comfortably housed in more handsome and commodious buildings which have been erected about a mile distant. The two pumping stations on the shore of Lake Kenoza have powerful engines, and their ivy-covered chimneys and trim lawns add much to the picturesqueness of the spot. Near one of the stations, on a grassy plot, is a solitary deer in a startled but immovable attitude, which has caused the place to be facetiously dubbed "Deer Park."

About two and a half miles from Lake Kenoza, on the left of the highway known as the Merrimack Road, is the commodious old farm-house, built in 1688, where Whittier was born in 1807. It stands back a short distance from the main road and fronts on a side road. At the junction of these roads a large granite block or monument has been placed, inserted in which is a bronze tablet bearing the inscription "Whittier Birthplace." Not long ago the writer was at this spot when four lady visitors alighted from a car. One of the quartette was a stranger, and was visiting the birthplace for the first time. As she glanced at the monument she exclaimed: "Well! What a queer place to bury Whittier!" She was amazed at the laugh which followed, but on learning her mistake she joined in the merriment.

Before reaching the house Whittier Brook is passed. It is a very picturesque stream, and it winds in and out through the low land of the farm and runs quite close to the house. There Whittier waded in his youth and dreamed of the outside world, as yet to him an unopened book. As he so well described in "The Barefoot Boy," he found much to admire in the mirrored surface of this brook and amusement in its noisy gurgling:

"Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night;
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked to me from fall to fall."

The birthplace of Whittier has for many years been the property of the City of Haverhill, having been presented to that city by the late Hon. James H. Carleton, who was a very philanthropic and public-spirited citizen. It is held by a board of trustees, and the members of this board have complete control of it. Visitors are admitted from one o'clock until sundown on the last four days of the week, and at other times by permission of the trustees.

The spacious kitchen which is the scene of that inimitable New England idyl, "Snow-Bound," extends nearly the entire length of the rear of the house. The open fireplace is the central point of attraction in this room. Before it the Whittier family gathered on the long winter evenings and on that "bleak December day" described in the poem, when

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger seemed to fall;
And, for the winter's fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood."

Over the fireplace was

"The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointing with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine";

which was the bedtime of the family. An ancient watch hangs on the identical nail where hung the old chronometer, and grouped near the fireplace are saddle-bags, a Dutch oven, a tin kitchen, a warming-pan, and a foot-stove. A large braided mat is before the fireplace, and it recalls the lines in the poem:

"Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat."

Elizabeth, Whittier's favorite sister, is the person referred to in these lines. Near the entrance is the poet's desk, where all visitors register. An old-fashioned mirror and a framed picture of that staunch old Quaker, William Penn, hang on the walls. Not the least object of interest is the quaint old dresser with its pewter plates and ancient china. A large part of this old ware was used by the Whittier family. Several ancient chairs and a deal table complete the furniture of this room, which is so vividly described in the poem which has made it famous.

Leading from the kitchen is a small room reached by ascending four steps. In it is a high-posted bed, an ancient bureau, and several old chairs. All of this furniture was used by several generations of the Whittier family, and the linen sheets on the bed were spun and woven by the poet's mother.

In the front of the house, also leading from the kitchen, on the left of the main entrance, is what was known as the "best room" in Whittier's time; and there the poet was born. A life-size portrait of Whittier, taken in early life, which was the gift of Joseph Lindell Smith, of Boston, hangs on the wall. There are also old mirrors, and a "sampler" of the long ago which was worked by hands long since crumbled to dust. There is a fireplace in this room, and near it are andirons, a bellows, a linen chest, a wood-box of ancient make, and a flax wheel which was used by Whittier's mother. In one corner stands a fine old clock, the works of which are all of brass. One of the weights of this ancient time-keeper weighs twenty pounds and the other seventeen. Two tables of an ancient pattern and several quaint chairs complete the furnishing of this room.

In the unfinished attic or loft, which was the chamber occu-

VIEW OF THE MERRIMACK RIVER.

pied by Whittier and his brother Matthew, and through the cracks of which the snow sifted down on the counterpanes as they slept, is an old-fashioned high bed, a small table, and a few chairs. Whittier thus describes this attic chamber during that New England storm of over eighty years ago:

"Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snowflakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew;
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores."

All the rooms shown to visitors have been restored as near as possible to their appearance at the period described in "Snow-Bound." A large part of the furniture was donated by Elizabeth Pickard, a niece of Whittier's, and many pieces were contributed by one of the trustees, Alfred A. Ordway, a prominent shoe manufacturer of Haverhill, who is greatly interested in the preservation of the shrine of the poet. The remaining rooms of this interesting house are occupied by the family of the caretaker of the premises.

An old-fashioned well-sweep is conspicuous in front of the house, and at the entrance to the grounds is a large stepping-stone used in Whittier's day, and the bridle post so aptly described in the lines:

> "The bridle post an old man sat
> With loose-flung coat and high-cocked hat."

Across the road is the large barn to which Whittier and his brother tunneled a path through the snow, and

> "Reached the barn with merry din
> And roused the prisoned brutes within."

As a picture of New England farm-life of nearly a century ago the poem "Snow-Bound" stands pre-eminent. It will ever be associated with this house, and its record of that eventful storm and the memories it recalled to Whittier many years later, is a touching picture of happy home-life.

The family burial lot in the rear of the house has not been used for interments for many years. A short time before the death of Whittier all the bodies interred there were removed to Union Cemetery, Amesbury, Mass., where also sleeps the poet. The lot was later enclosed with a fence, and a small granite monument was erected on which is inscribed the names of those once buried there.

Almost within sight of the house, a little further up the road, stands the Whittier Elm, a fine old tree the beauty of which has been marred by ruthless relic-seekers, as the dead and dying branches bear witness. Reference was made to this tree by the poet when writing an ode in the album of an old schoolmate. The opening lines are:

> "Thou dweller in the ample shade
> Of the old elm, where once I played."

The person referred to in the sonnet was Lydia Ayer, who lived in the comfortable-looking old farm-house directly opposite. She is also the girl noted in "My Playmate":

"She left us in the bloom of May;
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she comes back no more.
O playmate of the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean."

Further still up this road is the site of the old school-house described in "In School Days":

"Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknives' carved initial:

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!"

The old school-house was removed many years ago, but a tablet marks the spot where it stood.

Across the main road from the birthplace is a hill about three hundred feet high, which was named for an old Indian chief, and it is known as Job's Hill. A fine view of the surrounding country can be seen from the top, and the beginning of the chain of the White Mountains in New Hampshire is visible in the distance. This hill was a favorite place of study with Whittier, and when a boy he spent many hours there reading over and over a copy of Burns's poems and the few other cherished books that he possessed.

Directly opposite the birthplace, on the right of the main road, is a driveway known as the Middle Road. Leading from

this on the left is a very pleasant drive called the Country Bridge Road, as it crosses a bridge so named. The first bridge in this picturesque spot was built in 1665. For a long distance along this road the trees arch overhead and it presents a bower-like appearance. This is one of the pleasantest drives in the suburbs of Haverhill. Many handsome ferns nod and wave in this secluded spot, and it is not to be wondered at that it was a favorite haunt of the poet. Country Bridge crosses Whittier Brook. A short distance from the bridge the brook becomes East Meadow River, and a half mile further it flows into Milvale Lake—an artificial water basin which was constructed in 1895, and which is one of the four lakes that constitute the water supply of Haverhill.

Middle Road, above noted, is a pleasant drive for about half a mile from the main road, as it is bordered by large trees. After that distance they give way to scraggy pines and juniper bushes, and the vegetation is scant. On the left, quite close to the road, is a small pond, the waters of which are almost stagnant. It presents a lonely appearance, and is known by the weird name of Suicide Pond. This name was conferred upon it after the suicide of Miss Hannah Chase, a beautiful young lady who resided in a farm-house not far distant, and who, for some unexplained reason, found death in its depths in 1819. Whittier has immortalized the sad event in the poem entitled "Suicide Pond," in which occur the lines:

"Why she perished so strangely there
No mortal tongue can tell;
She told her story to no one, and death
Retains her secret well.

Seldom or never the foot of man
Is heard in that lonely spot,
For with all the dwellers around that pool
Its story is unforgot."

At some distance from Suicide Pond, about a mile from the birthplace, on the same road, is about an acre of land enclosed by a high fence which is painted white. A small house, which resembles a shed, is used as an entrance to this enclosure, and also as an office and tool-house. This house is patriotically painted red, white, and blue, and the passer-by would be at a

THE COUNTRY BRIDGE.

loss to determine the use of this plot were it not for the few mounds built up with common stones and the one white marble headstone, on which is an inscription in the Hebrew language. It is called the Children of Israel Cemetery, and was laid out in 1893 as a resting-place for the Hebrew population of Haverhill, which in recent years has become an important factor in its manufacturing interests.

About half a mile from this peculiar burial-place is Walnut Cemetery, which is often termed East Parish Cemetery. It was set apart by the town for this purpose in 1748. This portion of the town was among the earliest settlements in Haverhill, and many of the old black slate stones bear dates of the seventeenth century. There sleeps Rev. Isaac Tompkins, who was pastor of the East Haverhill church, not far distant, and whom Whittier describes in the introduction to the poem "The Countess":

> "The parson ambling on his wall-eyed roan,
> Grave and erect, with white hair backward blown."

There also rests many of the early English colonists who settled in Haverhill, among them several descendants in the third and fourth generation of John Alden, the timid lover of Priscilla described by Longfellow, in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," as

"Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Youngest of all was he of those who came in the Mayflower."

Many direct descendants in the fifth and sixth generation of this Pilgrim of Plymouth are living in Haverhill to-day.

Quaint epitaphs on many of these old stones tell a life-story in a few words, while others laud the virtues of the departed in high-sounding terms. Similar eulogies caused a Western visitor to one of Haverhill's two-hundred-year-old cemeteries to recently exclaim: "It strikes me that nearly all of your good and right smart people hereabouts are dead"; and, in the light of these effusive epitaphs, his terse comment was not without some justification.

Another cemetery in East Haverhill, of a little later period, having been laid out in 1785, is Greenwood Cemetery, which borders on what is East Broadway, but is generally termed the River Road. It is situated on a high bluff which commands a fine view of the Merrimack River for several miles. Here it may be that Whittier stood when he thus apostrophized the Merrimack:

"Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
Thy sunset rays the valley fill;
Poured slantways down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and flower beneath them smile."

In Greenwood Cemetery is interred Mary Ingalls, a native of East Haverhill, who, when twenty years old, in 1807, married Count Francis de Vipart, a French exile, who fled to this country when Napoleon took the reins of government a second time. He landed at Newburyport at the mouth of the Merrimack and strayed up the river to East Haverhill, where he met his fate, and in less than a year his marriage to this village belle and her funeral took place from the village church. Whittier thus writes of the romance in the poem "The Countess":

"Ah life is short, though love be long;
The altar and the bier,
The bridal hymn and burial song,
Were both in one short year."

Soon after the passing away of his bride Count de Vipart returned to France, and at his death, many years later, he was interred in the family tomb at Bordeaux. Whittier thus contrasts their position in death:

"Her rest is quiet on the hill,
Beneath the clover's bloom;
Far off her lover sleeps as still
Within his scutcheoned tomb.

The Gascon lord and village maid
In death still clasp their hands;
The love which levels rank and grade
Unites their severed lands."

The gray slate stone which marks the grave of the countess is very near the road, and it is covered with an iron network to prevent relic-seekers from destroying it. About one-third of the footstone has been carried away by these unscrupulous curiosity collectors.

In the same cemetery, not far from the grave of the countess, sleeps Dr. Moses H. Elliott, the early lover of that strange woman, Harriet Livermore. He contracted yellow fever while in charge of a hospital at Pensacola, Fla., and died there in 1822. Whittier has immortalized Miss Livermore in "Snow-Bound" in the description:

"Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest;
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A woman, tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee."

The Rocks Bridge, part of which is an ancient wooden covered structure which was built in 1828, and the remaining spans of iron added in later years, is not far distant. It is the bridge noted by Whittier in the opening lines of "The Countess":

"Over the wooden northern ridge
Between the houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down."

This bridge connects Rocks Village, as this part of East Haverhill is called, with the pretty little farming town of West Newbury on the opposite shore of the Merrimack River.

About half a mile from the centre of Haverhill, along the bank of the Merrimack River, bordering on Water Street, stood a fine row of beautiful sycamore-trees, only a few of which remain at present. These trees were planted in 1739 by Hugh Tallant, a wanderer from old Erin who, in all probability, was the first Irishman who came to Haverhill. He was a noted fiddler, had a characteristic fund of Irish wit, and his services were in great demand at the village amusements. In the poem entitled "The Sycamores" Whittier thus wrote of him:

"He wrought with spade and fiddle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied
And a heart for ever light.

Pioneer of Erin's exiles,
With his fiddle and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.

Not a stone his grave discloses;
But if yet his spirit walks,
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
And when bob-o'-lincoln talks.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy
Now are Traffic's dusty streets;
From the village grown a city,
Fast the rural grace retreats.

WHITTIER BROOK.

Green memorials of the gleeman!
Linking still the river shores,
With their shadows cast by sunset,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores."

The memorable visit of Washington to Haverhill November 4, 1789, was a red-letter day in Haverhill's history. He entered the then small town on the afternoon of that day and remained until the following morning. During his stay he was escorted about by a triumphant procession and shown the points of interest by the town officials. He passed through the portion of the town then known as Eaton's Square, and from that date its name was changed to Washington Square. At present this square is the centre of the business part of the city, and forms a dividing line between the retail business and the beginning of the "shoe district." All that vicinity is now covered with large brick blocks, and near the spot where Washington stood one hundred and twelve years ago the post-office now stands. At

the time of Washington's visit all of this part of the town was pasture land. There was an uninterrupted view of the Merrimack River for several miles at this point, and he greatly admired its picturesqueness. Whittier immortalized the incident in the following lines:

"When the Father of his Country
Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim,—

Slowly passed that august Presence
Down the thronged and shouting street;
Village girls, as white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew;
On the stately head, uncovered,
Cool and soft the west wind blew;

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down
On the hills of gold and silver
Rimming round the little town,

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
'I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land.'"

Thus did Whittier weave into verse the haunts of his childhood, the legends of the long ago, and the historical incidents of his native town. Other poets have sung of loftier themes, but none have so touched the heart as this poet of nature, who saw in God's handiwork much that appealed to his poetic temperament. While his fame will rest mainly on the poem "Snow-Bound" and his "Songs of Freedom," which aided much in righting the deadly wrong of slavery, he will also be remembered as the singer of songs of love, pathos, and tragedy who has made the valley of the Merrimack River in Massachusetts famous for all time by the touch of his genius.

REUNION.*

BY REV. JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

IT is evident enough to all believers that Christian Unity is a desirable thing; nor is the precept that makes it of positive obligation hard to discover. The spectacle of a wrangling Christendom is little fitted to further the work of any religious body, either in respect of its own adherents or of the external world that still awaits conversion. This is obvious enough, of course, and new to no one; but it is a matter that has been attracting special attention of late because of widespread and rather confusing movements to bring about a practical realization of the commonly recognized ideal. It is in England especially that this has occurred; where, whether between Nonconformists and Anglicans, or between the latter and Roman Catholics, discussions and negotiations directed toward a bridging over of existing divisions have taken place repeatedly. These efforts found expression in 1846, in the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, and again in 1857, in the founding of the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom, the former body being predominantly Undenominational, and the latter Episcopalian, in sentiment. Some of our readers will remember that the first secretary of the Association was Frederick George Lee, who recently, on his death-bed, was received into the church. It is interesting also to recall that among its earliest members the Association included a number of Catholics, such as Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, Father Lockhart, and Bishop Moriarty, and that, by command of the Inquisition, they were forced to withdraw in 1864.

Before us lie two recent books which are really the outcome of these two different movements towards Reunion. One is by Canon Henson, of Westminster, and consists of sermons, preached

* *Godly Union and Concord: Sermons preached, mainly in Westminster Abbey, in the Interest of Christian Fraternity.* By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. Pp. xlvii.–282. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.——*England and the Holy See: An Essay towards Reunion.* By Spencer Jones, M.A., Rector of Batsford with Moreton-in-Marsh. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Viscount Halifax. Pp. xxvi.–440. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

mainly in the Abbey, together with a long and rather controversial preface. For the most part the writer is concerned with recommending such relationship between the Anglican Church and the non-Episcopal churches that the clergymen of the Establishment generally will admit to Holy Communion persons who have not received episcopal confirmation, and admit to the pulpit men who have not received episcopal ordination.

A good deal of advance has been made during recent years in the way of drawing Anglicans and Dissenters into closer and more amicable relations. The influence of Gladstone's career, the throwing open of the universities, the writings of Farrar and Carlyle and Ruskin, the growing science and wealth and culture of Dissenting congregations, the languishing of revivalism, the co-operation in social work, the spreading of latitudinarianism,—these are among the causes a recent writer has mentioned as favoring the movement toward Reunion on the part of the Free Churches, and tending to convert their traditional dislike into sincere appreciation of Anglicanism. On the part of his fellow-churchmen, Canon Henson's book and his more recent article in the *Contemporary Review* for December, 1901, has created quite an extraordinary amount of comment. The April *Church Quarterly Review* rebukes him severely, and declares his position unsatisfactory, whether looked at from the point of view of history or from that of ecclesiastical statesmanship; while his treatment is said to confuse means with ends and to evince a lack of adequate grasp on the subject. On the other hand, in the *Contemporary Review* for January, substantial agreement with Canon Henson's position is professed by the Bishop of Durham, and the Deans of Ripon, Durham, and Ely.

Canon Henson's position gains a peculiar interest from the fact that a decade ago he was an ardent opponent of the policy he is now advocating. He even went to the length of protesting publicly against the late Bishop Perowne, of Worcester, for having admitted Nonconformists to communion; and of reproaching Archdeacon Sinclair for having advocated the recognition of non-episcopal churches. Further study and mature consideration, it seems, have led Canon Henson to repudiate "the conventional belief" in the necessity of Apostolic Succession for validity of orders, and consequently he now pleads for a *régime* of "godly union and concord" on lines of undenominationalism.

The preface to his volume is largely taken up with an attack upon the doctrine of a divine-right Episcopate as the necessary channel of sacramental grace. He sets the testimony of Bishop Lightfoot, Dr. Hort, and Dr. Sanday over against the position of Dr. Moberly and Bishop Gore. At some length he goes into a criticism of Dr. Moberly's *Ministerial Priesthood*, characterizing it as "a notable and suggestive example of false method"; as containing "curiously perverse" criticism; and as preaching in parts "a doctrine of intellectual impotence," and pointing "the moral of intellectual despair." All this, be it understood, is by way of assault upon rigid rules of external unity, and upon the belief that non-episcopal orders are necessarily invalid.

True, Canon Henson is criticising a position of the Episcopalians which is similar to, if not identical with, that of the Catholic Church; yet, as against any but an infallible teaching body, his claim possesses a good deal of force. The Apostolic origin of the episcopate is for Catholics a dogmatic truth, sanctioned and thereby made necessary of belief, by the voice of the living, teaching church. But the Anglicans possess no such court of appeal. Their Rule of Faith is different from ours; their tenets must be justified at the bar of history, if at all. Now, it is not too much to say that in the present state of historical investigation the origins of the episcopate are involved in a certain amount of obscurity; nor can the thesis that the threefold ministry is absolutely coeval with the existence of the Christian Church be demonstrated with such scientific precision as to force assent. Hence it does look like a rather arbitrary proceeding to debar the non-episcopal churches from communion, on the strength of an opinion denied or doubted by many scholars approaching it from a merely historical stand-point.

This is Canon Henson's view; it is put forth again with a strong defence by Professor Vernon Bartlet, writing in the *Contemporary Review* for April, and criticising the arguments brought to bear upon the Canon's suggestion. The disinterested spectator cannot but feel an inclination to agree that the Catholic standard of orthodoxy is possible only when the Catholic rule of faith has been adopted; since, for the due enforcement of such a standard, it is quite necessary that an infallible authority be recognized and that an inerrant living voice be raised. It seems, then, that the Reunion advocated by the Canon of Westminster, in the sense

of opening the door to Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, and the like, is as much of a necessity to the Establishment as is the intercommunion of the High-Church and Low-Church parties. Whatever be his mistakes or weakness of arguments, the writer of *Godly Union and Concord* has a great deal of reason on his side.

The other book to which allusion has been made resembles Canon Henson's in that it bears upon the need of Christian Unity; in every other respect it offers a sharp contrast.

For one thing, it is to Reunion with the Roman See that the second author devotes his attention; and his suggested basis of Unity is a frank and full acceptance not merely of formally defined doctrine, but of opinions and attitudes which in a Catholic would be apt to win the qualification of "Ultramontane." While exhibiting neither marked originality, nor unusual power, the book is certainly unique. It consists of one long detailed plea by an Anglican rector in favor of everything that non-Catholics usually dislike and protest against in the Catholic Church. It is a work that at once and of necessity wins a place in the ranks of pro-Roman controversial literature. Truly it "fills a long-felt want," as the reviewers used to say; but the wonder is that this same want should ever have been filled at all.

The author begins by drawing attention to the spirit of sympathy characteristic of the present age and to the impulse thus given the movement to reunite Christendom. He goes on to say that to-day the great practical question in this matter is the relation of England toward the Holy See, the parent of the Pre-Reformation English Church, and the representative of two hundred and forty millions of Christians. It is clear, therefore, that Reunion involves the reuniting of England to Rome through the restoration of conditions that once obtained; a restoration altogether desirable, since Rome is the Apostolic See, established to be the visible centre of Christendom, and since those in communion with Rome are "numerically, historically, and philosophically" the foremost among Christian denominations. Repeatedly the author complains of the want of a sense of proportion in those Anglicans who protest that a hopeless chasm separates England from Rome, while at the same time they fraternize with Lutherans, Baptists, Methodists, and Moravians, and lend their countenance to Undenominationalism, or again to Rationalism; for, if the Prayer Book is to be taken as a stan-

dard, Roman teaching must be considered as far less alien to the doctrines of the Established Church than the tenets of Evangelicalism are. Further, for the last half-century the English people have been undergoing a sort of progressive conversion to sympathy with the persons and sometimes with the dogmatic positions of Roman Catholics. Distinguished personages like the Duke of Norfolk and the late Lord Russell, of Killowen, have had marked influence on public sentiment. It is time, therefore, to bring forward what may be called the Roman theory of reunion, and to discuss the situation scientifically and honestly.

The author then considers the existing state of the parties in question. First of all, the fact must be recognized that Rome is unchanging and unchangeable as regards her formal positions. She herself so professes; repeated experiments have proven it true. On the other hand, during the past three hundred years England has never ceased to move, but has been swaying backwards and forwards within a range "that touches and even coalesces with Dissent at one end and with the religion of Rome at the other." To convert Rome is an impossibility; it remains to see what can be done by drawing nearer to her. Anglicans at present regard with composure what would have been denounced excitedly a half-century ago. The question is not merely what Keble may have thought in 1856, but what he would have come to think in 1902; for the young men nowadays begin with fresh strength at the place where the older generation dropped down exhausted.

From these premises the author goes on to consider the possibilities of Reunion in the light of the new epoch that is dawning with the century. Consideration of the divine ideal of Unity induces the belief that the most potent type is that known as Roman. Christ plainly meant there should be an Official Head of the Universal Church, and history shows that he appointed Saint Peter to this position. This seems to be the sole conclusion possible for any one who reads pages 85–173 in the spirit in which apparently they were written.

Chapter iv. is devoted to Divisions. The author explains that differences of opinion, sentiment, and custom are a necessity between man and man, between school and school, between nation and nation; and he goes on to show how, in the main, the barriers that have been erected against Rome by Anglicans are really mere exaggerations of very natural and legitimate

differences. To take an instance: "Rome has the defects of her qualities. . . . In the general exercise of her discipline, and more particularly sometimes in her excommunications, she appears to bear with a heavy hand upon her children." But this is, as it were, an inevitable consequence of that very system of hers which secures unity of teaching. The Established Church tolerates contradictory teaching on almost every article of faith; in other words, sanctions a habit which may be described as Organized Latitudinarianism. But "what would happen, let us ask, to a Roman priest who preached against Confession, or denied the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; or warned his congregation against the delusion of supposing that the 'Table' was an 'altar,' or that the preacher could in any sense be called a priest, or that the Pope was infallible?"

Of course, in so vast a multitude of many nations, languages, and dispositions as the Roman Catholics, "there is plenty of bickering and disputing, perhaps also of intrigue, and occasionally the exhibition before our eyes of what can only be described as a furious controversy." However, the distinction between Anglicans and those "who continue to look to the Holy See for their centre, is not that we have antagonisms and contradictions, and that they have none; . . . no, the mark of distinction between us is that whereas disputations upon important if not upon fundamental truths comes at length to some termination in their case, they seem never to do so in ours. . . . And I think that now, after due allowance has been made for actual abuses in the past, there is and ever must be a strong presumption that what the Holy See has to say on central subjects of our faith is to be regarded as right. . . . Why should not that See again be to us what once she was?"

The chapter that follows the one on Divisions is entitled Hindrances and Helps. Surely never before have such pages come from any but a Catholic apologist. They begin with a plea for the recognition of five principles which tend to promote Reunion: Sense of Proportion will weaken insular prejudice against foreign peoples and customs, and will explain the possibility of such scandals as have occurred in the Papacy; Sense of Continuity will dispose toward the repudiation of the abrupt and revolutionary acts of the sixteenth century and toward the getting in line with the past; Contact will destroy prejudices and misunderstandings, which were fostered by three hundred

years of Penal Laws; Prayer will secure identity of sympathies by establishing common agreement with the will of God; Explanation will elucidate and disseminate truth.

The author then adverts to the existence of certain grave hindrances which seem to block the way to ultimate reunion with the Holy See, and writes one hundred and fifty pages in explanation and defence of the Roman Catholic Church with regard to the following points: Scripture and Tradition as the Rule of Faith; Reading of the Bible by the Laity; Devotion to the Blessed Virgin; Infallibility; Decisions of the Roman Congregations; Excommunication; Use of the Confessional; Meaning of Indulgences; Sacrifice of the Mass; Transubstantiation; Communion in one kind; Intention in the administration of the Sacraments; Images; The False Decretals; The Jesuits. On this last point the author says: "It is certain, I think, that few hindrances to Reunion can rank with the hindrance that is known as 'The Jesuits.'" He therefore devotes some twenty-five pages to a sketch of this Society and its rule, and to a rebuttal of the charges made against it whether by Protestants or Roman Catholics. After this the book concludes with a chapter sketching the principal attempts at Reunion, and the principal personages interested in the movement during the last three centuries and a half.

Our readers will agree, one and all, no doubt, that the volume must be an interesting one; nor can it fail of being useful from a controversial view-point. That it will win any specific approval from even the most advanced among the High-Church party is scarcely probable, though they will, and do, commend the spirit of the composition. Lord Halifax disclaims responsibility for Canon Henson's statements; while the *Church Quarterly Review* dissents from his principles and assails his scholarship. This, of course, is only what might have been anticipated; for, as a matter of fact, the author seems to have decided frankly to accept and champion whatever the Holy See stands for; and to have clung to his plan with tenacious determination. History, Holy Scripture, human nature are investigated for arguments, which are put forth boldly, with the readiness of a professed Catholic theologian. He has no qualms, no apprehensions; he never draws back. Nothing, it is clear, would give him greater joy than "Corporate Reunion," which would leave him free to direct his energies towards strictly apologetic work—a depart-

ment in which he would assuredly rank well among living Catholic defenders of the faith. How he can remain outside the pale of the Roman Catholic Communion, while thinking as he does, will be a mystery to some. It is explained, we think, by his account of an Anglican who consulted him about applying for admission to the Roman Catholic Church, and received the answer: "Nothing justifies secession except a profound belief that the salvation of your soul depends upon it." This position—to a Catholic, rather incomprehensible at first—becomes plainer when we reflect that a man like our author possesses only the principles that he has himself worked out or accepted; consequently, he can perceive no obligation to become a Catholic until he has submitted to the church's authority, and he will not submit to her authority until he has perceived his obligation to become a Catholic. By charity and sympathy, no doubt, we are bound to desire and pray that the grace of conversion should be granted to souls like this; and still, as Father Tyrrell has remarked, one feels tempted to wish that the reception of such men into the church might be delayed, in order that they might remain Anglicans a little longer and prepare innumerable conversions at some future date.

The influence of Newman is visible throughout the pages of the present volume; his personal history, his ideas, his very style have made deep impression on the author, whose sentences, consciously or unconsciously and despite occasional lapses from clearness, display a constantly recurring tendency to frame themselves like the great Cardinal's. In arrangement of material, the book is delightful; everything is skilfully and conveniently disposed; nor is any page heavy or dull. The author's modest and tolerant temper of mind, too, is manifested unmistakably,—above all in the opening pages where he outlines the scope of his work.

Put in juxtaposition, the two volumes we have considered certainly suggest an interesting train of thought. At one end of the Establishment is a clergyman pleading for, nay, demanding communion with Presbyterians; at the other end his brother Anglican is proving that in every detail of the traditional dispute with England, right is on the side of Rome. And both of these writers represent vast numbers of people belonging to one or other of these two conflicting classes. In the one case it is a reversion, in the other a development of type.

Souls instinctively drawn to faith and definite dogma are beating their way steadily toward the centre of sound doctrine and firm discipline; those of the opposite sort are gathering together upon a platform bound to grow broader and broader until it is able to support all who are willing to be called religious men, and who yet disbelieve in the existence of a living, infallible teacher. Instead of one kind of Reunion, there are two; for some men rally round the dogmatic principle; others about the rationalistic. By every rule of logic and every principle of consistency, both these reunions should inevitably be accomplished; and then, until faith has overcome, humanity will remain divided into these two hosts, the consistent followers of antagonistic standards,—authority and private judgment. The pity is that, among those disposed to listen to a teacher, there should be more than a single camp. It is to gather these together that the Rector of Batsford has written.

The reader will have noticed the mention of an Introduction by Lord Halifax. These pages are noble, spirited, and stirring. Like most of the Viscount's writing, they have that ring of deep sincerity which prompts us to instant reverence and sympathy. It might have been supposed that Lord Halifax's hope and enthusiasm were pretty well burned out ere this; but they still endure. He is still challenging the attention of Christendom, still pointing to its deplorable and intolerable divisions, still pleading for honest consideration and generous treatment of the problems he presents. He braves criticism from brethren and stranger alike when he does this; but at the same time he is earning the heartfelt admiration of the many who appreciate his singleness of purpose; and even within the church he is meeting with evidences of the esteem in which his ideals and his labors are held.

It is wrong to suppose that because we of the household are in comfortable possession of the truth, Reunion is a question that concerns none but outsiders. Not only are we bound to strive for nearer approximation to the ideal set forth by Christ, but a more selfish motive to labor for the unification of Christendom is to be found in our desire that each group of Christians may enjoy the fuller life possible only to the members of a perfect whole. Nor is it right to suppose that our attitude ought to be merely one of patient sympathy and of readiness to extend a friendly welcome to those who apply for admission to the

church. Any success recorded by history in the matter of Reunion has been due to a more active policy than this. Constant solicitude and repeated attempts to establish a satisfactory basis of negotiations in similar situations have been the chief glories of more than one great churchman of immortal name; and that others than ourselves display greater anxiety and work more steadily for Reunion, should be to us, independently of all question of success or failure, a cause of real confusion.

Catholics are puzzled sometimes to understand how Reunion can be entertained or promoted in any intelligible sense by the members of a church whose eternal watchword is "No Compromise." Nor could their puzzle be solved if indeed the success of Reunion were conditioned by the surrender of a single position to which the unchangeable church has ever for one instant stood committed. But there is no such condition laid down as antecedently necessary. Essentials being safe then, on what conditions will Christendom actually be reunited? No one has said; no one can say. An ideal is being sought for, and the conditions of attaining it have not yet been specified. Though the proposal is as yet but a vague one; though the outlook be hazy and indefined, as is often and truly charged; still, let us at least display some responsive enthusiasm in the presence of so splendid a vision as that of Christendom reunited. But again, let us always remember that enthusiasm is not a cover for compromise; for even supposing, *per impossibile*, that the Church of Rome were to concede some vital points, her concession would necessarily be in vain; for the instant it was made Reunion with Rome would lose its charm for England. Rome's peculiar and unique trait as distinguished from all other claimants is precisely her consistent and everlasting refusal to alter one iota of her teaching. What is expected of us; what charity and honesty and religious sentiment dictate, is the willingness to further reconciliation by every means that it is legitimate for a Catholic to employ.

For ourselves in the Western world a more than ordinary interest and importance attach to the subject of England's Reunion with the Holy See. Whatever Mr. Kidd's latest book may prove, at least it exhibits incontestable evidence of the impression America's prospects are making upon the world. Call them Anglo-Saxon, or what you will, the "principles of western civilization" have come to stay and to dominate. There is a reality underlying

such phrases as "the Americanization of the world." Even were Great Britain's influence as a world-power to diminish, nevertheless the English-speaking races give unmistakable promise of playing a leading part in the future moulding of humanity. What then? Why, it needs no prophet to suggest that the Reunion of England—or even of the High-Church party—with the Holy See would go far toward evolving a condition of Catholicism possessed of "Projected Efficiency,"—nicely adjusted, that is to say, to the needs and aspirations of the coming age. Were England Catholic again as of old, and America as Catholic as there is hope of making her, then we would hear no more of the popular calumny that our church is a thing of the past and built in conformity to conditions that have disappeared for ever. Apart from mere mass—in itself no despicable consideration—irresistible influence would be at the command of a Catholic people so undeniably dominant that even to think of refusing them a proportionate representation in administrative bodies would be a patent absurdity.

It is the fair promise of the future, this dream of a Christendom reunited and rejuvenated, with strength renewed as the eagle's. And it is almost all we have to sustain us while we contemplate the present distressing accumulation of numbers and power by the church's enemies. What can be done to further the realization of the blessed vision? No one dare point out in detail. But this is certain: the first great need is readiness to concede all that principle will allow. The indefinite possibilities of adaptation, when things are viewed in this spirit, almost persuade us to delay and speculate on what might be done; but it is unsafe to wander in this maze without official guides. History, honestly studied, however, will throw a broad and searching light over the future by reflection from events and changes in the past. It will even encourage us to dream of wonder-working developments. But before beginning to dream, there is another detail to be attended to, namely, the creation of an atmosphere in which dreams will possess a strong likelihood of being reproduced by reality later on. We dare say the foremost advocates of Reunion would regard it as an amply sufficient cause of thanksgiving and joy if they could hear it said by one and all: "We promise that to promote Reunion we will make every possible concession which is not repugnant to inviolable principles." It is indifference, inertia, a narrow or an unwilling spirit

that must baffle and deaden attempts at reconciliation; firmness, consistency, loyalty to eternally sacred truth cannot reasonably, and will not, be judged worthy of reproach.

Deeper than circumstantial differences are those of type and mental tendency. As has been noted above, it is according to disposition that men must finally be grouped as reunited in a common Catholic faith or in a common protest against it. With regard to the chances of effecting a Reunion between the Catholic and the Anglican Church, in whole or in part, we may say, then, that success depends less upon conclusive argumentation about doctrinal differences than upon the disappearance of animosity and narrowness, in a universal reign of charity. Let Catholics once become such as irresistibly to induce a general and strong wish to believe in Rome on the part of Anglicans, and the issue will be secure. It is by men like Lord Halifax and the writer he introduces that we are encouraged to hope for this consummation. These champions of Reunion display characteristics that cannot but effect results, if reproduced to any noticeable extent. The lesson they teach, therefore, is the imperative need of more earnestness, greater sincerity, deeper religious sense among men. Thus, if ever, will we finally attain that ideal which we shall have pursued indefatigably, despite labor, and danger, and scorn.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.—*Continued.*

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER X.

A BALL, AND A CRISIS.

LANKY little girl, with rear view notable for streaming golden hair, a superfluity of pink sash, and slim legs wriggling in sympathy with the waltz-tune floating from the Raymond ball-room, crouched forlornly outside in the illuminated but deserted grounds of Golden Gate Ranch. Simultaneously, she flattened her diminutive nose against the low pane commanding a view of the ball-room, and crushed the plump proportions of a pampered Skye terrier against her thin little breast. The gasping Skye jingled the bells of his collar, decorated by an immense pink bow suggesting the residue of his lady's sash, and emitted spasmodic whines of canine protest; resigning himself between-times to their evident futility, and imitatively press-

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother.

ing his own snub nose against the glass. Through a veil of hair his bright eyes blinked inquisitive inquiry as to what the interior nonsense signified, since he and his little mistress were out of it? To be out of anything was, as Smudges knew, radically against the principles of Colonel Pearson's younger daughter! By grace of an angelic face and a fiendish temper,—the most despotic of feminine combinations,—the motherless Harriet, popularly known as Harry Pearson, held her own against her father and her elder sister Beatrice, and tyrannized over the world at large.

"Huh!" she confided to Smudges' ear, which, tickled by her lips, flapped vigorously; "I s'pose Breezy Pearson just does think she's somebody, in there in her homely old yeller dress with the circus-spangles onto it! It's dirt-mean to invite just her, and not me and you, just 'cause we ain't grown up! I guess *we*'d know more to do in a ball-room than just to be spoons with a New York dude, like Breezy's Dolly Pemberton! There's Mrs. Raymond with her old French Count, and her glass-eyed Lord; and there's Pa Pearson behind those palms, smirking at Mam'selle for all he's worth: and there's Stephen Morris and that nice Joyce Josselyn, sitting out this waltz with Gladys Broderick! Huh! I guess *I*'d see myself sitting, and Breezy Pearson prancing round like a cow, ev'ry dance! What's Mina Morris sneaking away alone for, like she did n't want any one to see her, I wonder, if she ain't after the ice-cream and candy? Huh! It's dirt-mean not to invite a next-door neighbor to supper, anyways! If one of those Chinamen don't hand me out something before this night's over, Smudges Pearson 'll have his queue!"

The Paradise upon which the poor little Peri gazed so wistfully was, indeed, a luring one, surrounded by the fair estate which was Raymond's love and pride.

For Golden Gate Ranch was no ranch in the rough, inclusive of cattle and cowboys; but a cultivated demesne facing the Pacific, along whose sea-front the low, spacious house stretched its glistening white length, like a languorous giant's body. Behind it the luxuriant valley sloped bloomfully to the mountain foot-hills; a few miles to the north shimmered the blue bay of Monterey, like a vitalized sapphire crescent; while far out from the shore, where a buoy-bell tolled ceaselessly, rose the reef of Island Rock, submerged at high-tide, but the

goal of local pleasure-boats when it rose from the ebb-tide like a lion with dripping seaweed-mane, and brown body girt with green salt-grasses.

The ball-room, known locally as the "Crystal Palace," was the unique extension of Golden Gate Ranch,—a glass wing of ample dimensions which Raymond had added as an indoor-garden for his Eastern bride, in anticipation of California's "rainy season." But Imogen, caring for Nature not at all, and valuing flowers only according to the cards attached to them over the counters of city florists, had promptly turned the conservatory features out-of-doors, paved her house of glass with a perfect dancing-floor, designed an ornamental balcony for orchestral purposes, and made of Raymond's garden a conventional ball room, retaining only its central feature,—a marble Aphrodite, upon whose harmonious figure a noble fountain musically plashed.

To-night the house of glass was converted into a dazzling fairyland. Myriad roses blooming on a colossal lattice of fresh green foliage, criss-crossed glass walls and roof; while electric bulbs shone in the interstices, multiplied in reflection by the shimmering panes that made their effective background. The balcony was banked with roses and palms; and palms framed the room in a series of deep alcoves furnished with chairs and *tête-à-têtes* in glittering gold-and-white. The perfumed fountain was filled with pink pond-lilies; and around it, in picturesque costumes, lounged romantic faced Mexicans, with mandolins and guitars.

An arch of clambering roses connected the vestibule of the ball-room with the Ranch's veranda, which was transformed into a supper-room by an outer wall of tropical plants, jewelled here and there by clusters of fragile orchids. Its floor was strewn with thick, soft rugs; its improvised roof of vines and foliage glowed with glittering lanterns; while candles in gilded candelabra centre-pieced each of the round tables, and shed, through shades of palest yellow, an idealizing light. A jungle of breeze-swayed palms at the further end of the veranda was filled with song-birds fluttering in a prison of gilded net. Sandalled Chinamen, in Oriental costumes, glided noiselessly to and fro.

Raymond, released from his post of hospitable duty, strolled outside for a recuperative cigar. His backward glance at the

brilliant scene betrayed inexpressible weariness. Even the characteristic Californianism of its human spectacle made up, as it was, of robust, vigorous, handsome men;—of splendidly raimented women of superb physical type, noble-figured and warmly colored;—and of beautiful youth, spirited, dashing, and exuberantly joyous as Young America is, typically, only west of the Rocky Mountains, failed to redeem the function in its host's grave eyes! For with an enthusiasm almost fanatical, Raymond had striven to stand for plain living and social simplicity among his Western people,—for rational human intercourse undevitalized by formal and faddish conventions,—for ethics of natural rather than artificial source and significance; and the attitude into which his wife virtually forced him, socially, mocked his dearest convictions, and satirized the precepts of his life.

"What! *Harry?*" he cried, attracted to his little friend's peeping-place by a soft yet sharp bark from the vigilant Smudges. "Never tell me that *you* are a wall-flower! Why aren't you and Smudges waltzing, inside?"

"'Cause we ain't invited," cried Harry, spinning round like a top, in her indignation. "Pa Pearson let me drive over to see the lights, if I'd go straight back; but Pete said for me to 'take a snooze in the carriage, while he snooped round with the boys!' Huh! I see myself 'snoozing,' and Pa and Breezy Pearson in there, having a ball, and supper, and everything!"

"Why, you poor little waif, are you pining for supper?"

"Woh!" assented Smudges, wagging his small tail ecstatically, while he squirmed for freedom to sit up and beg. To balance himself on his hind legs, and wave his fore-paws in the air, was Smudges' ingratiating little manner of accepting welcome suggestions.

"Come right along in with me," cried the host, his own lonely heart warming to his fellow-outcasts.

"Oh, now, Jim Raymond! Honest Injun?"

"Honest Injun, Harry!"

Harry opened her arms with an abruptness which gave their unfortunate contents a sudden somersault; and leaping up lithely, treated Raymond to a rapturous hug and kiss. Then she swooped down to smoothe the crumpled bow of the still dazed Smudges, who had stubbed his nose in his fall and was disconsolately licking it with a little red tongue, while he shook his bumped head indignantly. Finally, turning a critical feminine eye upon

her rear sash, her frontal stockings, and her all-round frock, Harry adjusted them all by a general shake, and then slipped her hand in Raymond's.

"Now, be sure not to forget that *I'm invited to stay to supper!*" she warned him; and pulled him towards the entrance, while the approving Smudges frolicked about her feet.

Mrs. Raymond was promenading between the titled guests in whose honor the ball was given. They were Lord Buckingham and the Count de Castlevieux,—foreign lions of the recent Newport season; and at present touring America as guests of the Dollard Pembertons of New York and Newport, who recuperated yearly at Monterey. Imogen, who when abroad had been intimate with both noblemen, had recently resumed her social association with them; and, as Gladys' chaperon, entered them in the matrimonial race for the Broderick fortune!

For, honoring in the letter her promise given at Carruthdale to join Raymond at the Ranch, his wife had dishonored it in the spirit by postponing its fulfilment for a month and a week, while she indulged in the gaieties of Newport; and this latest and most flagrantly unloving defection had gone to Raymond's heart! Even his optimism was losing hope, his faith failing, his patient love wearying, at last! As the lover retreated, the husband, as master and man, asserted himself. Imogen's long day of freedom was ended. Raymond resolved that his wife, in future, should share his Western life.

The re-entrance of their host, as the escort of a little girl and a dog, challenged the attention of the surprised foreigners. Composedly ignoring her husband's barbarism, Imogen would have swept on towards the supper-room; but that the Count de Castlevieux, a stately man with a proud, pale face and melancholy eyes, paused with a diplomatic if not quite simple courtesy to champion Raymond's *faux pas!*

"But *le petit tableau* of the *très jolie* little girl with her little dancing-dog,—it is charming, madame!" he protested.

"He ain't a dancing-dog, neither!" refuted Harry indignantly. "He 's my Smudges!"

"Aw, now, really, now, don't you know?" amiably murmured Lord Buckingham, adjusting his monocle.

The local color of the social solecism mildly interested him. What a story of the gilded American West to tell at his club in London!

"Oh, Lord Buckingham," gushed Miss Dollard Pemberton, who aspired to become "My Lady,"—"how this crystal place must remind you,—with a difference, of course,—of dear, darling Sydenham!"

"Ya-as,—no,—I really don't know, you know," differed his lordship, gently. "A fellow—aw—never goes to Sydenham!"

"Give it up, sis!" teased her brother Dolly, escorting Beatrice Pearson. He was a whole-souled young American untouched by Anglomania. In secret, Breezy assured herself that he would make a splendid Westerner!

The orchestra was resting upon the laurels of the last waltz; and now the Mexicans by the fountain began an interluding serenade, supplementing their plaintive mandolins by impassioned human voices. The fountain rippled a liquid accompaniment, and the palms in the alcove swayed murmurously. The color and fragrance of legion roses, heavy upon the air,—the subdued glow of the electrics studding dome and walls like delicate gems,—the material splendor and human beauty responsively flashing everywhere, enraptured Harry as Raymond led her towards the orchestra.

"Oh, ain't balls sweet?" she cried, breaking into a skip in her ecstasy. "Oh, ain't balls lovely? I feel full of sparkles inside me!"

"Say, boys, can't you strike up a polka?" called Raymond, informally. "It's the only dance of the lot I know, and this poor little chick wants a partner!"

"Put *me* down for a dance, Miss Harry!" cried Joyce Josselyn, impulsively darting from Gladys' side.

"Me too," seconded Stephen, though he was not a dancer.

"And me—"

"And me—"

"And me—"

Suddenly every man in the room was in the race for Harry. An influx of new and refreshing vitality reinvigorated the sybaritic atmosphere. The magnetic simplicity of happy childhood vanquished mature convention, and temporarily transformed the formal social function into a revel of youth.

With hearty good-will the musicians started an old-fashioned polka; and hipperty-hop, hipperty-hop, up and down between the rows of delighted spectators, the big man and the small girl, followed by Smudges with his wagging tail, capered jubilantly.

As Raymond, still dancing, circled out of the ball-room through the arbor, there was a laughing rush after him, which suddenly thronged the veranda. Both Colonel Pearson and his daughter hastened up with fell designs upon Harry; but Raymond refused to surrender his supper-partner, and promenaded with her down to the extreme end of the veranda, to the table in the jungle where the song-birds fluttered. Here he hospitably ordered for her "Everything there is!" and the odd little party made as merry, in their Arcadia, as if no social conventions existed.

The veranda echoed with composite music. The sea-wind broke sibilantly against the tremulous orchids; and undertoned by the buoy-bell, the sough of the waves as they deepened over Island Rock, was monotonously audible. Less remotely, gurgled the shallows of the incoming tide; and the netted birds, pining for the sounds of their native forests, trilled plaintive songs of captivity.

Softly yet clearly, from the ball-room, echoed now the violins, now the mandolins; while a festal vocal chorus rose from groups clustering about the tables, and promenading the wide aisles between.

Mrs. Raymond beckoned Joyce towards the Count. She was at her handsomest and haughtiest, and Joyce, who had exchanged scarcely a word with her since her arrival in the West, obeyed her summons with alacrity. In his eyes, to-night, she was a Cleopatra, a Queen of Sheba in beauty and splendor, and it dazzled him to approach her. She was in plain cloth of gold, with a jewelled girdle; and the quiet magnificence became her marvellously. With artistic instinct she had left her throat and arms unornamented; but over her forehead flashed a diamond crescent rivalled in brilliance by her glowing eyes, which scintillated with pride and triumphant vanity. For once Imogen was happy. Her Newport season had recuperated her from the *ennui* of Carruthdale; her ball was impressing her foreign visitors; and best of all, she was anticipating a Continental winter under their distinguished escort:—for she and Gladys were of a party forming to sail with the returning Europeans. Raymond had not yet been consulted, but that little omission did not trouble Imogen. She had no presentiment that the night would reveal her a husband with whom she must reckon, in future. Her pride was at its zenith, in the hour of its fall.

"Is he an Ac-Count or a No-Account?" democratically questioned Joyce of Gladys, as he rose and passed up towards

the Count. He did not "dearly love a lord," and would not have transformed Joyce Josselyn into either nobleman, had the miracle been possible! His ambitions concentrated upon the title of A. M.—American Millionaire!

Mrs. Raymond smiled with amusement at the ease of her *protégé* as, comparing impressions of "God's country" with the Count, Joyce somewhat startled the reserved nobleman by the jubilant confidence that he, at least, was "getting on in the West like a house afire"! The Count murmured to Mrs. Raymond that her young American was a *beau garçon;* and the legion smiling eyes of which Joyce was momentarily the cynosure corroborated the tribute. Even bluff old Colonel Pearson, behind a scowl of apparently savage disapproval, commended the talent and industry of his young associate to Mam'selle; who, beautiful in mauve brocade and white French lace, was indulging in a dignified flirtation with the gallant widower.

The handsome brown eyes of the Colonel's daughter followed his gaze towards Joyce. She was a Junoesque girl, splendidly complemental of her suitor Dolly Pemberton, who was manly and vigorous, despite the somewhat effeminate veneer which was New York's social stamp. The coquettish Breezy, who was a "*belle dame sans merci*," proceeded to play Joyce against him.

"That Joyce Josselyn is quite the nicest Easterner we ever imported," she remarked with cruel emphasis. "*He* has real Western *go* in him!"

"Glad he has, I'm sure!" retorted the aggrieved Dolly, pulling his blond moustache. "Staying-power would be the last straw—"

"Dolly Pemberton! If that is not the worst joke—"

"It's my best earnest!"

"Oh, if you're yearning to be earnest, talk to Gladys Broderick!"

"Buckingham and Morris are talking her to an Anglo-American death, already."

"Well, to Mina, then!"

"Miss Morris? Haven't seen her this eve!"

"Why, where is she? *I* haven't missed her!"

"Thanks awfully, sweetheart!"

"For what?"

"For agreeing with me that two's company,—when you and I are the two! Make it a contract for life, Breezy!"

"Well! If *this* is an Eastern proposal—"

"It is,—and likewise a Western acceptance: which makes it

a national engagement! Glorious little American girl, kiss hands under the table!"

"O Dolly!"

"O Breezy!"

And thus, this one of the many love-dramas of the night went on.

Glowing with the joy of life, the bliss of youth, the shy spell of young love, or its coquettish precursor, light-headed flirtation, the junior guests drifted back to the ball-room; even monster strawberries and champagne-ices failing to rival the attraction of the cotillion's strains. But the guests of honor lingered on the veranda, for both were the *bon vivant* type, and had passed the golden years of after-supper dances. The succulent novelty of native mushrooms surpassing the dimensions of whole broiled chickens, tempted even the stolid Briton to sincere enthusiasm; while the peculiarly sweet lobster of Pacific waters appealed to the Count's epicurean taste. Early venison and canvas-backs completed the European subjugation; and though experimental sips of the vintages of Raymond's famous native cellar were disillusioning, the old *Chateaux* clarets, dry champagnes, Rhine-wines *Berg*, and Imperial Tokay which were the unpatriotic Imogen's special importation, recuperated the foreign digestion.

Dismissed by his hostess, Joyce returned to Gladys,—to whose party he had attached himself,—with an unconscious sigh of relief. Under Mrs. Raymond's spell, he was fevered and restless; but by Gladys' side, he found peace. To-night she was transfigured by an elaborate creation of white-and-silver, upon which Newport had set its seal. Pearls gleamed on her throat and in her hair; and the fringe of white violets edging her fan fluttered as fragrantly as the pulse of Spring. When Stephen claimed her for the ball-room, Joyce sauntered outside for a turn in the darkness, during which to recover self-poise. Life seemed to whirl about him,—a maze of beauty and radiance, unspeakably fascinating! Soft lights and sweet music,—glowing flowers and lovely womanhood,—flashing eyes and bright jewels,—all blended before him. The glittering world of wealth, of fashion, of sumptuous function,—what a wonderful world to Joyce!

It was a splendid young figure that was silhouetted against the moonlit sea-front as he strolled along manfully, pulling at

one of Raymond's choicest Havanas,—his head high, his eyes rapt, his face flushed with exultant excitement. Three months of success and happiness had matured and vitalized him phenomenally. The atmosphere of prosperity had stimulated his development The triumphant youth, the dashing impetus of the West, were in his spirited pace and carriage. All that was most vital, most magnetic, most victorious in California, he had assimilated instantaneously, by force of affinity.

As he rounded the north-eastern angle of the Ranch, the scamper and bark of Smudges, and a violent collision with Harry, who was running for dear life towards the house, somewhat startlingly interrupted his train of thought. Steadying the little figure as it rebounded, he was surprised to have Harry nervously grasp his hand, and urge him towards the deserted road stretching between the Ranch and the eastern foothills.

"Mina!" she panted. "Mina's running away with a man that talks awful funny! I just know she is, 'cause she's got her cloak and hat on, and the station-buggy's waiting!"

"Mina?" he cried, incredulously. "Mina?"

A sudden pang of self-reproach reminded him sharply that he had not given even one thought to Mina! Now he realized that he had not seen her in the ball-room. Why had no one missed her? Why had no one searched for her, he queried mentally, with annoyance. Surely, it was for Mam'selle and Stephen and Raymond to guard their erratic young relative! What right had he, a guest, a comparative stranger, on the mere suspicion of this ridiculous child, to obtrude himself upon a daughter of the Ranch in the moment when her unconventionality was placing her in a delicate position?

But Joyce's mental arraignment was too sweeping. Mina had not been unmissed from the ball-room; but experience had accustomed Stephen to his little sister's wilful truancy from the social floor; while the long-suffering Mam'selle had shaken her head indulgently, fancying her whimsical charge solitarily dreaming her art-dreams in some secluded nook within sound of the strings. Gladys had thought of her as haunting the orchestra, to discuss the respective beauties of *Cremona* and *Stradivarius* with some enthusiastic violinist, or caressing the mandolin of one of the Mexicans, under cover of the palms. But Harry alone had witnessed her sudden exit from the ball-room. Harry alone, sleepily peering through the apertures of the jungle, as,

forgotten by all and deserted by even the faithful Raymond, she lingered on the veranda, had remarked her stealthy flight towards the rear of the Ranch, and been inspired to pursue and investigate. Verily, Raymond's stretch of hospitality had entertained an angel unawares,—an angel guardian for the reckless little Mina, who in love and pique and artistic passion was taking her life into her own childish hands!

"You absurd little baby," chided Joyce, realizing that he must make short work both of Harry and her suspicions,—"the idea of Miss Morris running away with any one! Why, that gentleman and I are simply going to give her a turn in the moonlight! Now, aren't you just a poor little silly?"

"Huh!" exclaimed Harry, in sleepily indignant disappointment. "Go and take your moony old turn, then! I guess *I've* got my own carriage to go to! Silly old balls ain't any fun after supper, anyways! Find Pete, Smudges! Find the horses, Smudges! Sic 'em,—sic 'em,—sic—c—c—"

As she sped away in a huff, Joyce made up for lost time, and gained upon the fugitive pair before him. Just as the concealed carriage turned a sharp corner out of the road-side shadows, he sprang to the horse's head.

"Mina!" he called imperatively, forgetting formality in his excitement. "Mina!"

Her escort leaped to the ground. His caped coat flung open, his soft hat pushed back, disclosed a distinguished and handsome face and figure of foreign type. His evening-dress had a touch of bohemian eccentricity about it. His pallid, intense face with its dreamful dark eyes and Vandyke beard exposing a sensitive mouth, was the face of a good man, of a gentleman, typically of an artist; but it was likewise the face of an idealist, an enthusiast, an unconventional visionary. Clearly, he and Mina were as irresponsible children, heedlessly daring the pitfalls of life!

"The young Signor is the Signorina's brother?" he questioned. "I, Lanza the maestro, Lanza the impresario,—am at the Signor's service!"

Joyce understood all.

"No, no!" cried Mina. "He is not my brother, Signor! He has no right to stop us! Drive on!"

"Excuse me!" said Joyce, calmly walking around the horse and mounting to Mina's side, "if I claim the right to represent

your brother at the present moment! As for you, Signor Lanza, you may thank your stars that Mr. Stephen Morris is only substituted! With him you would have a severe reckoning."

The perplexed Signor gestured his despair to the stars.

"But to the Signorina Mina do I refer it," he cried, excitedly lifting his hat and running his hand through his hair. "Is it with the young Signor she will return? Is it with Lanza she will go? Madonna! Shall it not be for thee, then, *stella mia*, to make the choice between us?"

"Look here, you scoundrel—"

"Signor!"

"Signor Lanza is not at fault," defended Mina, eagerly. "He is seeing me safely to the train, only because he found me determined to start alone, otherwise; and it was his own condition to return and notify Stephen of my destination! I go in secret to join his troupe, only to spare all concerned the pain of vain opposition! I am of legal age, of independent income, and am quite at liberty to choose my profession. You, at least, have no right to hinder me; and as for the Signor Lanza, he is the most honorable of men!"

"Honorable men do not take advantage of innocent girlish folly, Mina!"

"But the young Signor does not understand," protested the maestro, gently. He stepped to Joyce's side, and gazed at him appealingly with his poet-eyes.

"Signor, the great name of Lanza is not of the operatic fame only! Of a race that has given priests to the altar, virgins to the cloisters, heroes to my Italy, as well as great singers, great painters, great poets to Art, I, Lanza, come! Not of such come the 'scoundrels,' (I pardon the Signor, who spoke, was it not, under the natural mistake?) It is of the elopement,—the romance of the sentiment, of which the young Signor thinks? But no, by the Bambino, no! It is to Lanza the maestro, the impresario alone, that the artist Signorina comes!"

"Then just call round for Miss Morris by daylight, at the front door of the Ranch, will you, Signor? This backyard business is wholly beneath the admirable sentiments you profess!"

The Signor was resentful at last. A dull, dark flush, visible even in the moonlight, burned on his face; and his eyes began to smoulder with a wrathful light. Joyce was playing with perilous fire.

"The Signorina has but to say the word," he panted, "and

the young Signor gives way, or lies on the road! Is it, then, that thou speakest, *stella mia?*"

"No, no!" cried Mina, as Joyce sprang to his feet. "You shall not quarrel! Oh, how cruel you are to me,—both of you,—how cruel! I apologize for him, Signor! If you touch him, if you hurt him—you will—break—my—heart!"

"If he hurts *me?*" scoffed Joyce, angrily. "Well, I like that!"

But the Signor, more sensitive than the heedless Joyce to the emotional significance of Mina's words, scarcely realized the challenge, in the shock of his surprise and disappointment. So Art, beautiful Art, was second, after all:—not first with his little genius! A blank look succeeded the passion of his face. He resumed in a voice of courteous patience.

"The young Signor infers that Lanza goes not to the front door?" he asked. "What, then, of my call on the Signora Delacroix who guards the Signorina at the villa? But once, at the Kindergarten *Charité*, did I see the dance of the Signorina; but in that hour Lanza recognized the divine gift, the genius, and saw in the Signorina the ideal, the dance-spirit, for the new Grand Opera, *La Visione*. Yet, repulsed by the Signora, did I seek the little Signorina in secret, by word or letter? No! But Art unites its own! From the feasts, the fashions, the light loves of the fashionable world, the artist appealed to Lanza, who responded,—*si!* But is the Signorina not sacred as an angel of the Madonna? *Chè!* It is *la bella* who knows! To the maestro, the artist is as holy as yonder star! Yet say to the guardians of the Signorina that at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, I shall answer to them! Where Lanza the one, the only is, does not the whole world know?"

The pride and purity of the man, his artistic fanaticism, the social irresponsibility of his erratic genius, were unmistakable. In spite of his indignation, Joyce felt himself liking the Signor. Yet his charm but made Mina's peril the greater. She must be saved, at any cost!

"Mina," he pleaded, with an unconscious tenderness meaning nothing to him, but everything to her,—"you will come back with me, dear? You will bid good-night, now, to the Signor?"

He called her "Mina"! He called her "dear"! Poor little Mina hid her face in her hands, and sobbed softly.

It was the Signor who gently lifted her to the ground. Then he raised her hand to his lips, and bowed gravely.

"*Mia stella*," he sighed, gazing after her sorrowfully, "it is the love-fate, the maiden-destiny! A woman is never an artist till her heart is broken! Thou wilt not be the dance-spirit of *La Visione*, but only the *sposa* of the handsome young Signor-lover! Lanza loses an artist,—the Signor gains a woman, a bride, a wife! Ah! none save Lanza is faithful to Art,—Art the pure, the divine—"

The desolate darkness engulfed him.

"Now, little runaway," Joyce was saying lightly, "steal back as you came, and rush repairs; and I'll wait outside the ball-room for you. You must show yourself for a moment, you know, if only to refute Miss Harry!"

But Mina's mood was not light. She was keyed up to high tragedy, and Joyce's commonplace words disappointed her.

"You despise me," she sobbed. "You do not believe that it was Art,—Art only, and not the Signor at all, that tempted me! Then why did you force me back? I am nothing to you! Did you care for as much as a single dance with me? Oh, let me go back to the Signor!"

He supported her trembling little form with his encircling arm.

"Let you go back to the Signor? Not much!" he laughed. "Why, of course I believe you, little one! I was tempted at first to despise the Signor, yes; but the fact is, he is n't all there, you know! These geniuses need a keeper!"

"Apparently—you think—*I* need one!" she coquetted, reluctantly releasing herself from him.

"I certainly do, very badly! Therefore *I* apply for the vacant place! May I keep the little niche into which I have stumbled by happy chance to-night, Mina?"

He meant it so innocently, so simply, so chivalrously,—desiring only to be to her a younger Stephen, a tender friend, a protecting confidant: happy to feel that he, even like Stephen, might have a little sister to cherish!

But the impetuous Mina misunderstood him. Incredible as the unexpected happiness seemed, she believed that Joyce had proposed to her. The dazzling transformation of her face instantaneously betrayed her. Through their lingering tears, her eyes flashed him her soul; and face to face with its tender secret, much that had perplexed Joyce in the past was suddenly luminous to him. There was no conceit, no complacence, no unworthy vanity, but only a sudden sense of sacred, of almost

terrible responsibility in Joyce's realization that Mina loved him! What was he to do with this girlish heart, which had come to him unsought, undesired? What did honor answer? What did chivalrous manhood answer? Joyce stood in dismayed silence.

The sea-wind hissed in his ears, and the echo of the dance-music seemed as reverberant as peals of thunder. In truth, it was the sound of his own heart-beats that deafened him; for Joyce realized the brink upon which he trembled. Love in the abstract was full of subtle appeal to him,—the love of this fair young girl doubly alluring and tender: yet a divine instinct within him seemed to cry out against Mina as a light love, a false love, a usurper, a despoiler. His heart claimed its freedom, its liberty, its right of selection, with the imperativeness of his sex and youth!

But Mina was smiling up at him with a burning blush, her eyes glowing like stars,—her lips trembling upwards as instinctively as a child's mouth lifts for a kiss. Then her face sought his shoulder, rubbing its soft cheek caressingly up and down his coat.

"Oh, Joyce," she murmured, "do you mean—do you mean—Oh, *what* do you mean?"

Joyce's heart throbbed one last rebellious plea for liberty. To say that he meant to be her second brother, her platonic friend, was still open to him in honor, though it would not be open an instant later. Why should he risk the sacrifice of his heart-life, his highest love, his tenderest happiness,—perhaps even of his ideal career, since surely marriage must go far towards making or marring a man's life,—simply because a romantic young girl had chosen to imagine him her hero? But was Mina only a romantic young girl, he wondered? Was there not all a woman's depth and strength of passion in her, precocious and intense by grace of her artistic nature? Did not genius imply ripe spiritual development? And what had Raymond told him of Father Martin's miracle with her? Was a soul with which Father Martin had wrestled, at his mercy? How would dear Father Martin trust him to deal with it? Joyce's selfishness and ideals were at war!

Yet potential self-sacrifice did not lack its compensations. True, inopportune memories of Mrs. Raymond, of Gladys, even of Pearl Ripley,—one and all of the discrepant trio more congenial to Joyce, though in diverse ways, than this immature,

unreasonable, fantastic little Mina,—flashed across his tortured mind. Yet Mina's proximity appealed to him inevitably as, like a delicate human flower of the moonlight, she drooped within his reach. Her beauty, her daintiness, her impassioned little heart, all touched him. And even finer considerations were pleading eloquently in Mina's favor! Had not this exquisite girl a double claim upon him, inasmuch as her kindred were his generous benefactors, with a lien upon his honor and service to which his personal dreams must yield? Unformulated, undefined as yet, Joyce's dreams of love! He recognized only that they beckoned him afar from Mina. But chivalry and gratitude summoned him towards her! Finally, the conclusive thought flashed upon him, that if such an innocent, reckless, beautiful, imperilled little sister as Mina had been his own, he would have counted Stephen Morris's life well lost in serving her happiness and welfare.

The sea-wind sighed, and the distant strings sobbed plaintively, as Joyce's resolve was taken.

"What do I mean?" he echoed. "Why of course I mean —whatever you are willing I should mean, little Mina!"

"Oh, then, you know—you know you may keep—the niche I never knew you wanted,—" she faltered. "O Joyce, it was love,—this strange ache of love—that made me wild—to do anything to numb it! I knew it in Carruthdale;—and in Newport, I—I just pined for you;—and when here at the Ranch you did not seem to care, I—I wrote to the Signor to come for me! I thought that the music and the dance—would kill the hurt of love unreturned! But now—oh, now I know why my mother failed Art for love! That is what I am doing for you, Joyce; so you must love me, love me, love me!"

He stooped and pressed a long kiss on her hair. It was a caress not of passion, but of submission, of renunciation, of consecration, of sacrificial tenderness,—a caress infinitely pathetic in its passivity and joylessness! For of all human things, young love should be most vital in its bliss!

But Mina, in her happy ignorance and tender delusion, remade her ball-toilette rapturously. Love was her secret and Joyce's: he had warned her imperatively that it must be so, until he could speak to Mr. Raymond and her brother; but the spell of its glory was no less upon her! It was Mina's golden hour.

The Pemberton party were just departing. They had de-

clined the hospitality of the Ranch, the novelty of a drive through the beautiful Californian country as the late moonlight merged in early dawn, appealing to the foreigners. Dolly the happy had disappeared outside for a strictly private ceremony which included Breezy. Mrs. Raymond, indiscreet in the pride of her triumph, had followed her guests to chat vivaciously and audibly of her European intentions. Just as Joyce re-entered the ball-room vestibule, Raymond was initiating his marital assertion. His unexpected words fell upon all concerned like bolts from a cloudless heaven.

"Though duly reluctant to differ from my wife," he said, stepping forward resolutely, "I regret, Count, that the ladies will be compelled to defer their anticipated voyage. In the spring *I* may run across the pond with my wife and ward; but our common interests are bound to keep us in America this winter!"

The Count de Castlevieux bowed profoundly, with a murmur of conventional regrets.

"One counts too much upon the amiability of these Americans!" he muttered, later, to his friendly rival. "After all,—*Monsieur le mari,—il est là!*"

"By Jove, ya-as, you know! Very much—aw—there! But —where are *we?*" inquired his lordship, forlornly.

Mrs. Raymond, low-voiced but menacing, turned resentfully upon her husband.

"If marriage becomes a fetter," she warned him, "there is always—divorce!"

"Till death us do part, Imogen!" he refuted, gravely.

"Oh, cousin Raymond," interrupted Mina, ecstatically dancing in, in a delirium of love and happiness,—"isn't this a dear, lovely, beautiful, perfect ball? Isn't it, dear old Jim? Isn't it?"

A sudden chill and shadow as of tragic presentment overwhelmed Joyce, as he watched her little hand steal into Raymond's.

"*Until death us do part!*"

What had young love in common with mournful death, that Mina,—happy little Mina in her golden hour,—should have rushed in upon the haunting prophecy?

The star of the ball had set in darkness for Joyce:—the common ending of *gloria mundi!*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. HENRY HARLAND'S NOVELS.

BY REV. JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.

INNUMERABLE are the ways by which souls have journeyed to the Catholic Church. The stories of converts, although all ending with the same sentence, tell us how differently, how unexpectedly oftentimes, the truth seized upon them, and how they achieved the courage to follow it. An interesting and manifold evidence of this is found in a recent compilation, *Roads to Rome.* Just lately we have heard that some who are now Catholics, were first led to think well of the church by the reading of Mr. Henry Harland's *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.* This work has won great popularity among the American people. Eighty-five thousand copies have been sold; and it justly deserves the welcome it has received.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box is one of the most delightful books offered to the public for many years past. Within its covers a love-story of Italy, with a good and kind cardinal playing an important *rôle,* is presented with a rare artistic skill and a delicate finesse that charmed every one of its readers. The teachings and the practices of the Catholic Church were often touched upon throughout the work. They were treated intelligently and sympathetically. There was no evident purpose to expose them dogmatically or lead others to accept them. But their very presentation in this natural and artistic way gave them a share in the attractiveness of the whole work. The reader could not but see how they affected, directed, and exalted the prominent characters of the story, and thus be led, almost unconsciously, first to admire them and afterwards to seek a wider knowledge concerning them. So it was not a surprise to learn that the volume had led some into the Catholic Church.

The charm of Mr. Harland's pen has again been exercised in his latest production, *The Lady Paramount.** In general lines it is much similar to *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.* The scene opens in Italy, but we are transported almost immediately

* *The Lady Paramount.* By Henry Harland. New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

to England, and then back again to the isle of Sampaolo. The heroine, the Countess of Sampaolo, is a girl of Italy, very beautiful of course, well educated, and quite self-willed. Believing that she has not a true title to her name or her property, she determines to seek the rightful heir, her cousin, Anthony Craford, who lives in England. Chaperoned by a Miss Sandus, and under an assumed name, she travels there and rents a house upon Craford's estate. Craford also is young and unmarried. He meets with his fair tenant and love is born at once. But playfully the heroine tells him that he should be true to his country, marry the Countess of Sampaolo, and perpetuate his historic family. When he avows that he will have her or nobody, she exacts a promise from him to journey to Sampaolo, see the countess, and learn of the possible riches that may be his. If, in spite of all these, he remains faithful to her, then she will marry him. The comedy is carried out well. She journeys secretly to the castle of Sampaolo. He goes also, according to his promise, and rejects the offer of marriage from the countess, made seriously by her deceived guardian. When he visits her, he finds that the countess and his loved one are the very same person, and "all 's well that ends well." Another important character in the book is the very talkative, always optimistic, and at times philosophical Adrian, "rather a fat man, to avow the worst at once, but, for the rest, distinctly a pleasant looking; with a smiling, round, pink face, smooth shaven, and a noticeable pair of big and bright blue eyes."

It will be seen that there is no intricate plot to the story. In truth, after reading the first few pages we know with certainty how it will end. But without the distraction of plot, the reader's mind is free to enjoy the pointed conversations, the idyllic descriptions of scenery, the varied plays of the human emotions. From the stand-point of artistic writing Mr. Harland's work leaves little to be desired. The attracting power of it lies in the graceful, poetic quality of the writing, the innocent charm of the characters, and their bright, interesting conversations. The common, trivial incident, the play of the birds, the beauty of nature's song, the change of weather, the perplexities of a lover, are all clothed by Mr. Harland with an interesting importance. His work above all else is throughout clean, wholesome, and elevating. It has its moral, though that is not put down in black and white.

The popularity of these volumes is a most welcome and promising sign, among many of ominous portent. It proves that there is a widespread desire and liking for wholesome books. The reading world has been and is still being flooded with novels that are of no value in the way of inspiring healthy thought or laudable ambition. Many of them have been and are but the unholy allies of the Master of evil and impurity.

The problem novel that would clothe sin with a garment of attractiveness; the novel of emancipation that would mock at the sanctity of the marriage tie; the realistic novel that picks out with skilful hand the refuse and the vices of human kind and exposes them for no other purpose than to feed the morbid curiosity of readers; the non-committal novel that is unmoral, that takes the backbone out of the human will and leaves it the victim of circumstance,—all these have had and are having their day. We cannot but pray that they will cease to be.

Meanwhile the works of Mr. Harland should be a cause of congratulation, not only to himself but to us also who look for the further moral progress of our countrymen. They give a final answer to the objection, that to know the best "style" of the day one must read the writings of those who have prostituted that style to dress up immorality. But Mr. Harland has a double claim to our gratitude. All the leading characters of his latest book are good practical Catholics. What a blessing that is in our day when, for the most part, priests and sisters are grotesquely written up.

Oftentimes non-Catholics are under the impression that Catholics cannot live and act as human beings if they are true to the teachings of their faith. It is because that faith is unknown, and is mysterious to them. "Mystery, like the shadowless night, exaggerates for them every object that it touches." To them there is ever something hidden and beyond in the life of a Catholic. They will scrutinize him when he refuses meat on a Friday. They will commiserate the young man who enters the priesthood, or the girl who "immures" herself in a convent. They think the whole economy of the Catholic teaching is unnatural. Perhaps this is so because they cherish a remnant of the old doctrine of total depravity. They forget that the truly natural is also good; that, as St. Augustine said, the supernatural is built upon it, and is its divine perfection. Catholic faith and practice can and do enter into the lives of

men in a manner becoming their nature, and thus enable those lives to run smoother and happier in this world as well as in the next. The subject need suffer no unnatural straining or effort or show himself queerly out of harmony with that humanity in which we all share. Mr. Harland is most successful in bringing that truth home in a happy way to his readers. His characters are natural and also Catholic. They are not strange or inhuman. They possess something more than the mere natural man because they have the supernaturalizing power, the divine comfort of their Catholic faith. The reader cannot but see that that faith is the very soul of the book. He will learn its power and its beauty, and if he has it not himself, will be led to fill the void in his heart which that knowledge must create. Mr. Harland does not write his latest work for that purpose. He is creating a love story, and never loses sight of the object of his creation. But love with true Catholics is a thing of God, and their faith cannot but enter in and direct it. Nor can Mr. Harland refrain from expressing that truth. His art would be incomplete and false if he failed to do so. He shows how it created a higher and sweeter harmony in the lives of his hero and heroine; how it blended with the chords of nature and perfected them. The true glimpses that he thus gives of the power of the Catholic faith cannot but open up a wider vista to eyes that formerly would have blinked at the light of dawn.

Moreover, other passages in his work show how the soul, through its Catholic faith, may mount to higher and sublimer things than human eye hath seen or ear heard. That intimate, spiritual bond of communion by which, through the perpetual life of Christ upon earth and his enduring sacrifice, all are knit together in holy love, made one in the mystical body of Christ, one in charity, one in aim and aspiration, common children of the One Father, is laid in some measure before the readers of Mr. Harland's book.

Thus does he write of the love of man and woman in union with the love of Christ: "The Mass was said by an old Capuchin, Father David. It was served by Adrian. You know 'the hidden and unutterable sweetness of the Mass.' For Anthony, kneeling there with Susanna, the sweetness of the Mass was strangely intensified. He followed with devout attention the Act that was being consummated there; the emotion of her presence merged with and became part of the emotion of

the Mass. They were offering the Holy Sacrifice side by side; they were offering it together, they were sharing the Sacred Mystery. It seemed to him that by this they were drawn close to each other, and placed in a new relation, a relation that was far beyond the mere acquaintanceship of yesterday, that in a very special and beautiful way was intimate. The priest crossed the sanctuary, and they stood together for the Gospel; the bell was rung, and together they bowed their heads for the Elevation. They knelt side by side in body; but in spirit was it not more than this? In spirit, for a time, were they not absolutely at one?—united, commingled, in the awe and the wonder, the worship and the love, of the Presence that had come, that was filling the dim and silent little chapel with a light eyes were not needed to see, with a music ears were not needed to hear, that had transformed the poor little altar into a painless Calvary, whence were diffused all peace, all grace, all benediction. They knelt side by side, adoring together, breathing together the air that was now in very deed the air of Heaven. And it seemed to Anthony as if the Presence smiled upon them, and sanctioned and sanctified the thing that was in his heart.

"'Domine, non sum dignus,' solemnly rose the voice of the priest. 'Domine, non sum dignus.' . . . It was the supreme moment. They went forward and, side by side, knelt at the rail of the sanctuary."

We are also told in this exquisite book the story, from Alban Butler, of St. Guy Valdescus of the Thorn. Again, we hear this thoughtful word on the thoughtlessness of men: "Oh, the strange tale of Man! Conceived in sin, brought forth in pain, to live and amuse himself in an impenetrable environment of mystery—in an impenetrable fog. And never to see, of all things, his own face. To see the telescopic stars and the microscopic microbes, yet never to see his own face." How close is this to the words of the "Imitation": "This is the highest science and the most profitable lesson, truly to know ourselves."

Another choice passage is a veritable prose poem on the Annunciation. It will explain why Catholics often repeat the "Hail Mary":

"What would we have heard (there)? What did our Blessed Lady herself hear? Look! It was the spring-time and it was the end of the day. And she sat in her garden. And God sent His Angel to announce the 'great thing' to her. But

she must not be frightened. She so dear to God, the little maid of fifteen, all wonder and shyness and innocence, she must not be frightened. She sat in her garden among the lilies. Birds were singing round her, the breeze was whispering lightly in the palm-trees; near by a brook was plashing; from the village came the rumor of many voices. All the pleasant, familiar sounds of nature and of life were in the air. She sat there, thinking her white thoughts, dreaming her holy day-dreams. And, half as if it were a day dream, she saw an Angel come and kneel before her. But she was not frightened—for it was like a day dream—and the Angel's face was so beautiful and so tender and so reverent, she could not have been frightened, even if it had seemed wholly real. He knelt before her, and his lips moved, but as in a dream, silently. All the familiar music of the world went on—the bird-songs, the whisper of the wind, the babble of the brook, the rumor of the village. They all went on —there was no pause, no hush, no change—nothing to startle her—only, somehow, they seemed all to draw together, to become a single sound. All the sounds of earth and heaven, the homely, familiar sounds of earth, but the choiring of the stars too, all the sounds of the universe, at that moment, as the Angel knelt before her, drew together into a single sound. And 'Hail' it said; 'Hail, Mary, full of grace!'"

These passages are strong and beautiful in themselves, but to know their full power one must read them in connection with the entire book. When the love of both hero and heroine at last is plighted, they go to consecrate and offer it to the God of all blessings.

"When you were here the other day, 'as a mere visitor,'" she said, "I suppose they didn't show you the chapel, did they?"

"No," said Anthony.

"They don't show it to mere visitors," she went on. "But come with me now, and you shall see it. Father Angelo is going to give Benediction. That is what the bell is ringing for. She led the way towards the palace. Then they went in to Benediction."

THE AMAZING "CHURCH."

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

THE Episcopalian body—the Anglicanism of the United States—has tried to agree at its Convention in San Francisco, and has failed again. And so each member returns to practise his own religion, and to declare to you that his opinion is the teaching of this church.

"I wish I could live up to its teaching," says one who will not listen to the One Voice. And yet that person knows many Episcopalian clergymen, and knows that these his friends, taken together, could not agree about the meaning of any Creed of Christendom. Well may *Loss and Gain* pose the question as, "What is *the* Faith of the Church of England?"

The last two appointments by Lord Salisbury to bishops' sees are of Dr. Moule, an extreme Low Churchman, to Durham, and of Canon Gore, an extreme High Churchman of a sort, to Worcester, where he succeeds Dr. Perowne, who scoffed at the notion that the Reformation Church had priests in the sense of his predecessors of days pre-Reformation.

The two new bishops have been bold controversialists, and have spoken out in tones all may hear, that there is no such thing as *the* teaching of their church. For if they cannot decide, how am I to know? A book, a document, a law, and no expounder, are nothing; do not common sense and reason agree in so declaring?

Is there to be a branch theory for Northern England, Durham branch, and Southern England, Worcester? It would be less outrageous than the branch theory which makes you change the true church between Dover and Calais; for Durham cannot be reached from Worcester in an hour and a half.

Oh, but a *Church Times* exclaims: "An individual bishop's opinion does not bind." And these are would-be Catholics! What would St. John, St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, those great bishop defenders of faith, say to such a word? What does common sense say, as well as the Holy See, but simply that the body that makes no protest thereby makes known

she cares nothing about what in these matters her representatives teach?

Dr. Liddon wrote very differently; as if indeed this seeming trifling caused him anxious thought and pain:

"We of the English Church are unable to assert before Christendom that we practically hold even serious doctrinal differences to be a bar to religious communion. We co-operate with those who deny that which we deem true, or assert that which we deem false" (1874).

And Dr. Pusey goes as far as to say that—

"Every matter of faith is openly denied [in the Church of England]. The being of Almighty God is denied by his creatures, and doctrines which are the centre of the Christian faith, such as the Incarnation of our Blessed Lord, are claimed to be open questions" (1880).

Dr. Pusey and Dr. Manning met, with others, when the state said that baptismal regeneration might or might not be held in the Established Church (c. 1850). If the Church of England said nothing, expressed no faith, did not protest, then, declared all those present, this church will forfeit her position of being any guardian of faith. Strange, this trying to lash that body into supernatural life! Of course, it said nothing, protested not, made no act of faith. Dr. Manning and half those present reached the clear air, and stood in freedom on the rock of the church of their baptism, untroubled further by the foggy atmosphere and turbid waters, in which other good souls continued to flounder and wander.

And fifty years later, here are some saying, "Oh, wait awhile; the truth—*my* truth—will be accepted." Meantime we live and die. And the strange institution still plays with souls. Or rather, it is the pious souls who play with it, and try to give it, not its own human more or less useful life, but an instinct to declare God's truth. No wonder a work of man gets confused, being asked to be what it knows naught of.

Natural life is full of difficulties; supernatural also. We see through a glass darkly. But to say of what you *do* see that the contradictory is true and the affirmation also, or that a body tolerating both teaches either, or that an acceptance of both with equal cheerfulness, and a daily permission to declare both, means that you are the guardian of one, this is a difficulty of another sort. It is the denial of reason, unless it be honestly met.

Those who keep on saying, The Church of England will teach something some time, and so we are justified in clinging to her, "just fall," Cardinal Manning could not help noting, "into a confirmed habit of babbling."

Think what it is that you are speaking of, may we not respectfully and humbly say to those "Ritualists" who hold Catholic doctrine. Indeed, "God, God forgive us all," should be their cry and ours, if we do think.

But picture one openly teaching God's doctrine of the Holy Sacrament of the Altar—*Adoremus in æternum*—and then saying, "I am in communion with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Archbishop Arundel in 1414, and with the Archbishop of Canterbury of to-day!" Here are their words:

The Catholic.

"The sayth and determination of Holy Church touching the blissful Sacrament of the Altar is this: That after the sacramental words be said by a priest in his Mass the material bread that was before is turned into Christ's very Body, and the material wine that was before is turned into Christ's very Blood, so that there remaineth no material bread nor material wine, the which were there before the saying of the sacramental words."

The Protestant.

"There is not a word in the New Testament which can be wrested in support of the doctrine of the conversion of the substance of bread into the body of our Lord, or of the wine into His blood. . . . The Church of England has condemned the teaching—condemned it as unscriptural and inconsistent with the very nature of a sacrament."

So much for the two.

But what a plain Protestant cannot see—or a plain Catholic—is how those two archbishops can both be binding, as an Anglican arguing for "continuity" must imply, or how their two churches (pre-Reformation and post-Reformation) can be the same church.

Whatever may be the sense of these things, that is surely non-sense.

"I am heartsick and weary of having part or lot with the inheritance of those bold, bad men the Reformers, and of dwelling in the tents of the English Establishment." So says a philanthropic, unself-seeking Ritualist.

So far the heart.

And an American Ritualist, the Rev. Henry Percival, judges up to this point with a clear head:

"We cannot see any reason why the practice of the Church of England and of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the last three hundred years should be decisive of anything. . . .

"I do not know what the traditional teaching of Anglicanism is. . . .

"Anglican writers of the last four hundred years—the foes of Rome and Eastern Christianity, and the friends of Continental Protestantism, . . . must be read with the greatest caution, as their surroundings and sympathies were so adverse to the plain statement of truth."

And for the hearts of mourners, softened, and ready to listen to the truth, hear heresy, as inhuman as impious:

"Let us not, therefore, dream either of purgatory or of prayer for the souls of them that be dead."

That is in the Anglican Homilies, which are approved by the Thirty-nine Articles.

But the Anglican Mr. Percival goes on:

"Such is the doctrine of the Book of Homilies. The greater part of this Homily (as also of several others of the Homilies) is erroneous, ignorant, and subversive of the truth."

Yet the Article (which Mr. Percival subscribed, did he not?) declares the Homily to contain pious and salutary doctrine which ought to be read out loud so as to be heard by the people.

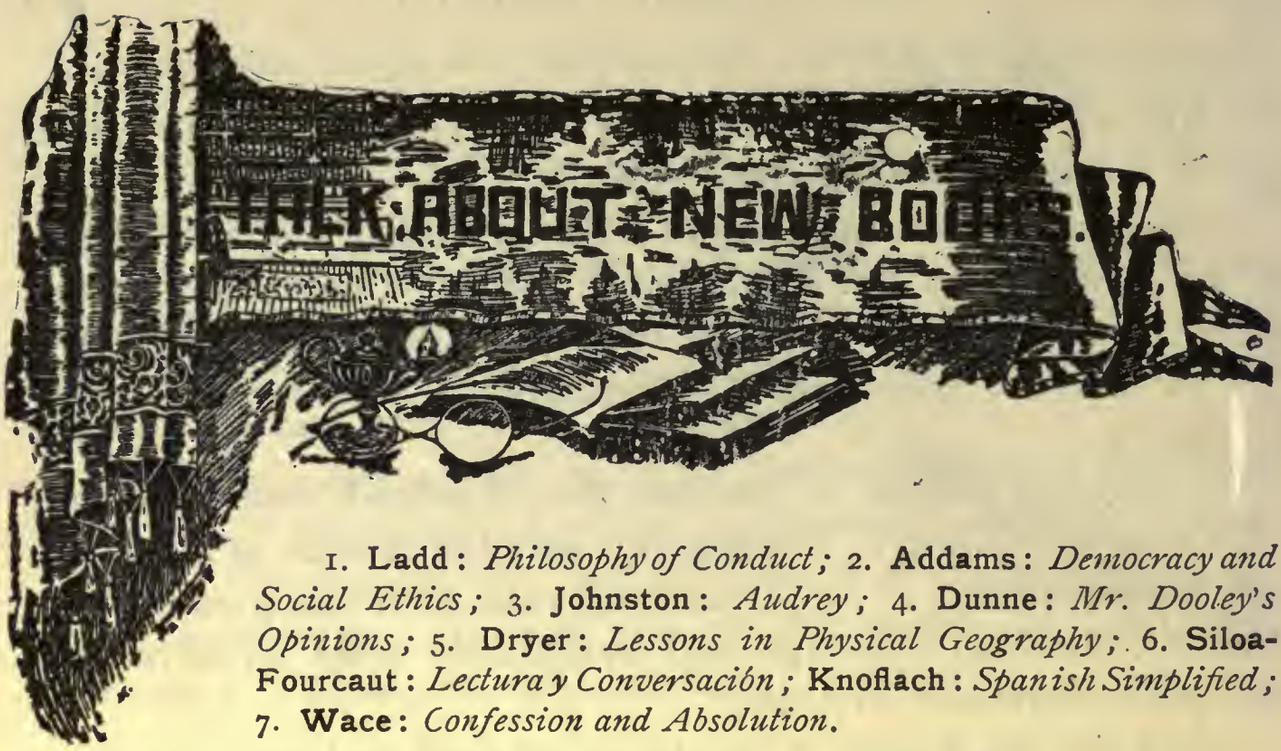
Mr. Percival concludes:

"The doctrine of this Homily then, being proved not to be the doctrine of the Latin or Greek Church to-day, nor of the Church of the Early Ages, cannot be true, and hence"—oh the power of a preconceived opinion!—"*cannot be the doctrine of the Church of England*"!

And why in the name of reason, if the Church of England's opinions are not decisive of anything, should the opinions be so comforting of one Church of England man, Canon Gore, about whom Mr. Percival is delighted?

Why should one be comforted to hear some other Canterbury magnate tell the truth, if another had told the untruth, and his church be just as content?

It is truly amazing.



1. **Ladd**: *Philosophy of Conduct;* 2. **Addams**: *Democracy and Social Ethics;* 3. **Johnston**: *Audrey;* 4. **Dunne**: *Mr. Dooley's Opinions;* 5. **Dryer**: *Lessons in Physical Geography;* 6. **Siloa-Fourcaut**: *Lectura y Conversación;* **Knoflach**: *Spanish Simplified;* 7. **Wace**: *Confession and Absolution.*

1.—Professor Ladd has won widespread fame in the philosophical world, and his latest volume* is certain of a hearty welcome and, let us trust, a more effective reception than he anticipates. It may happily be said of Professor Ladd that his work is always constructive and elevating. The introduction of the present volume deals with the sphere and the problems of ethics and the conception of the Good. The body of the treatise is divided into three parts. Under the title of "The Moral Self" comes an analysis of moral consciousness, of the ethical judgment, and of moral freedom. The second part is devoted to the virtuous life, the classification of the virtues, the notions of duty and moral law and casuistry. The last part deals with ultimate questions: different systems; the relation of morality and religion, the basis of morality.

The first two parts are rather empirical and historical studies, but they are also in great measure speculative. Professor Ladd has carried his Idealism into the ethical field, and indeed his present volume, in many of its postulates, is founded on his former works, particularly his *Psychology* and his *Philosophy of Knowledge.* Professor Ladd starts with the truth that all conduct is the doing of a moral Self. Ethics regards the total life of man inasmuch as it is under the control of the will and consciously directed to a worthy end. The standard, with Professor Ladd, "which sets the worthy end and which becomes a man-

* *Philosophy of Conduct.* By George Trumbull Ladd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

date to its own progressive realization, is the Ideal of a perfect Self, existing in social relations with other selves." Conduct, "of its very nature and essence," must regard social relations. Yet it is fundamentally personal; "the harmony at which all virtuous conduct aims may be expressed not simply as an adjustment of the individual self to society, but as an adjustment which goes on within the individual self." From the notion of the Ideal Self spring the notions of obligation, of virtues, their classification and their unity, and by a faithful adherence to it a man is worthy to be termed "good."

There is much weakness and incompleteness to all this owing to the lack of a sure foundation. The reader turns for help to the discussion of the ultimate questions. Professor Ladd there presents a most telling refutation of Utilitarianism and of Legalism, and then adopts his own system of Idealism. Left by itself, that system would be open to as many and as grave objections as are the systems which the author rejects. Professor Ladd evidently sees the absurdity of thus leaving it helpless; for in answer to the question: "Can the mind frame a rational system of ethics without admitting the Divine Being so conceived of as to be the Source, the final Sanctioner, and the Guarantor of morality among men?" he answers "Most emphatically, No."

The statement of that truth by Professor Ladd is a hopeful and cheering sign, at a time when evolutionary and agnostic ethics have wrought such harm in the philosophy and in the conduct of men. One cannot but wish that Professor Ladd had taken that truth as the foundation of his whole system and built upon it logically. It would have enabled him to write more clearly about the virtues, more satisfactorily concerning conscience; enabled him to understand the synthetic work of Thomas Aquinas, and saved him from what seems an evident contradiction when he writes that "religion is not the sole ground, nor does it afford the only sanctions of morality." If Professor Ladd refers here to proximate sanctions, he is free from the charge; yet he is discussing ultimate problems. The work is most valuable in that it recognizes that ethics without God, morality without religion, obedience to some great impersonal It, are absurdities. Though somewhat diffuse, it will more than repay a careful study by every student of moral philosophy.

2.—Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, has for many years past done generous and energetic work for the poor and the laboring classes. Her present volume* contains some twelve lectures delivered at various colleges and university-extension centres. The lectures are of interest to students of sociology, and in general to all who have an interest in the betterment of the poor. Among the subjects are: "Charitable Effort," "Household Adjustment," "Educational Methods," and "Political Reform." Upon such living questions we are glad to have the views of one such as Miss Jane Addams, who can speak directly from personal experience. The author, however, does not limit herself to relating incidents or suggesting questions. She attempts to find a solution of the various social problems presented, by a theory of "democracy." Democracy is the recognition of every one's place and value in human society; his conscious share and individual importance in the world's work and well-being. From that mutual recognition and that self-consciousness will come "peace and freedom." This theory forms the basis of the author's "social ethics," which are largely evolutionary. It is not original with Miss Addams, nor has she led it further out of the land of dreams into that of reality. In its exposition the author is led into many fallacies. The individual has rights of which society may not deprive him; the family has claims which are anterior and superior to all social claims, and the knowledge of one's power may lead to discontent as well as to peace. Moreover, while a man may rightly use the knowledge of others in forming his conscience, that conscience in its last analysis is not the slave of such knowledge and the individual should follow it, even were all other men opposed.

The author's recital of the needs of the poor and some of her studies in the way of reform are interesting and suggestive. Miss Addams writes that she has made no attempt to arrive at conclusions, and her book would not lose a great deal of its value were it confined to her instructive experiences.

3.—In the prologue of Miss Johnston's latest story† a picture is presented to us of a body of Virginians travelling to the West. They pass a settler's cabin in the woods. There one of the Virginian gentlemen is attracted by a young girl. After-

* *Democracy and Social Ethics.* By Jane Addams.

† *Audrey.* By Mary Johnston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

wards he leaves his companions on the march, returns to the cabin, and finds the whole family massacred save the little Audrey, the girl who had attracted him. He brings her home, promising to be her guardian, and has her settled with a rather disreputable and profligate clergyman. Her guardian travels to Europe, and upon his return has forgotten all about his ward of the woods. She, on the contrary, has ever cherished his memory in a grateful way, as one who was her earthly providence. He again makes her acquaintance, and is interested and amused by her. Audrey worships him with an ideal affection; but at most her worship meets with only a wavering love in return. The winds of scandal spread rumors about their relations. The climax is reached when he brings her, the wild *protégée* of the woods, to the select Virginian society at the governor's ball. Audrey awakens to a sense of her position, and finds that she has adored only an ideal. She runs away from the settlement, returns and is taken up by a good-natured actor and actress. She gives evidence of unusual histrionic abilities, the echoes of which reach even to the wits of London. Then Haward finds that he loves her. Without real affection, she finally gives her consent to the marriage. The night before the ceremony she is to give a final performance. During it she sees a French half-breed who had long pursued her as a lover, and who hates with a hate that dieth not the Virginian, Haward. Suddenly Audrey stops in the middle of a scene, for she sees the half-breed approaching her lover. She rushes down to stay his hand and receives the knife in her bosom.

Miss Johnston in this present volume has done far more creditable work than was evidenced in her *To Have and to Hold.* There is a unity here that her former work did not possess. Some of the descriptions are of exceptional power and beauty. The efforts to bring in crowded passages on colonial times are at times too evident. The fitness of the ending will, of course, be disputed; but no one can deny that *Audrey* is an excellent contribution to American literature.

4.—At the birth of his Dooley dialogues Mr. Dunne set a pace for wit and humor that was difficult to live up to, particularly when the pleased public constantly cried for more. There was danger that, like so many others, Mr. Dunne would grow stale and uninteresting. But, to our joy, his spontaneity continues

still fresh and attractive, as is evidenced by his latest book.* After the manner of his other works, it is a collection of humorous satires on various political and social topics of the day The "opinions" are as bright and interesting as ever. Mr. Dooley's wit has not lost its edge, and his concluding words are still terse and pointed. And Mr. Henessy always artfully introduces the subject. The best praise that we can give Mr. Dunne's work is to say that, besides its laughing humor, it abounds with examples of a serious, practical philosophy that give the whole permanent value and place its author in the front rank of American writers. Mr. Dunne knows well the weaknesses and the failings of human kind. He never hesitates to point out the shortcomings of both parties to the dispute, or show the ridiculous aspect in many cases of the unstable popular verdict. Now and again, by the dash of his pen, he anticipates the statesman and the sober thinker. May he long continue to amuse and to instruct us!

5.—Our modern scientific text-books are becoming remarkable for their simplicity and attractiveness. They entertain while they teach. Professor Dryer's new Physical Geography † is no exception to this rule. It contains an unusually large number of illustrations, maps, and diagrams. There are complete appendices, and a splendid list of reference books on the subject.

In one point do we emphatically disagree with Professor Dryer, and that is in the chapter on the "Geography of Man" where he says, "There is no reason to doubt that man, like other animals, has descended from animals who were unlike himself."

Although Professor Dryer may see no reason to doubt that statement, many scientific men do so for grave reasons, and put forth the theory only as a good working hypothesis. As a proof that the statement is not unchallenged by scientific men, we have only to mention the names of De Quatrefages and Dr. Russel Wallace.

The intellectual nature of man, with its manifestations of religious and moral appreciation, goes against the theory that reason is but a development of brute consciousness.

We suggest that Professor Dryer amend the next edition so that it read less dogmatic and more scientific.

* *Mr. Dooley's Opinions.* By F. P. Dunne. New York: R. H. Russel.

† *Lessons in Physical Geography.* By Charles R. Dryer, M.A., F.G.S.A., Professor of Geography, Indiana State Normal School. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company.

6.—The growing class of Americans engaged in the acquisition of the now indispensable Spanish language should direct their attention toward two little volumes * now on the market. *Lectura y Conversación* is a very small book well adapted for conversational training, and containing elementary instruction on the fundamentals of Spanish grammar, together with reading lessons so arranged as to familiarize the beginner with short and simple passages from some of the best Spanish authors, including Lope de Vega and Calderón. *Spanish Simplified* is a larger and more pretentious volume which contains, together with concise instruction in the principles of the language, a great many examples and exercises. It should suffice to give a fair acquaintance with the grammatical forms and to enable the reader to read correctly and fluently, though of course within a limited vocabulary. The system of exercises is so arranged as to facilitate use in private study.

7.—Acting in accordance with the expressed wish of the London Diocesan Conference of 1901, the Bishop of London issued a letter last December calling together a conference † at Fulham Palace to discuss matters connected with the teaching of the Anglican Church. The meeting was the second of its kind, the first having occurred in October, 1900, at the instance of the late Bishop Creighton. At the first conference the subject of discussion had been the Doctrine of Holy Communion and its Expression in Ritual; and the conclusion of the conference practically amounted to a thorough disagreement on all vital points. The subject for discussion at the second conference was Confession and Absolution; the *personnel* of the conference was arranged with a view to an adequate representation of all schools of thought in the Anglican Church; and the points on which general agreement was attained were: 1st. "That our Lord's words in St. John's Gospel, 'Whosesoever sins ye remit,' etc., are not to be regarded as addressed only to the Apostles or the clergy, but as a commission to the whole church, and as conveying a summary of the message with which

* *Lectura y Conversación.* A New and Progressive Spanish Method. By T. Siloa and A. Fourcaut. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company.——*Spanish Simplified.* By Augustin Knoflach. New York: University Publishing Company.

† *Confession and Absolution: Report of a Conference held at Fulham Palace on December 30 and 31, 1901, and January 1, 1902.* Edited by Henry Wace, D.D., Chairman of the Conference. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

it is charged"; and 2d. "That our other formularies permitted such confession and absolution in certain circumstances."

The significance of such a conclusion can be estimated properly only when we remember that it was attained after a full and free discussion carried on in the absence of the Bishop, and shared in by all classes of Churchmen—Low, like Canon Aitken and Principal Drury; High, like Lord Halifax and Rev. R. M. Benson of Cowley; and scattered representatives, such as Dean Strong, Professor Moberly, Dr. Wace, Canon Body, and Mr. Smith, Chancellor of the diocese of Manchester.

The minutes of the four sessions, taken down by Dr. Wace and subsequently revised twice by each member of the conference, make up a volume of some hundred pages. It ought, indeed it admittedly does, present a faithful reflex of the various existing tendencies and the actual conditions in the Establishment. Fondness for theology, patient study of history, longing to reproduce the practice of the Roman Church—all these are evidently possessed in large measure by our separated brethren. But it must have been—we can almost perceive that it was—a disappointment to so ardent a promoter as Lord Halifax, when he found the conference unable to get farther along toward a recommendation of confession than a grudging acknowledgment that the practice was sometimes permissible. What is even more noteworthy is the unanimous acceptance of the interpretation of the passage in St. John's Gospel alluded to above. The implication is that the conference stood committed to a thoroughly Protestant conception of the priesthood in this very important regard.

On page 97 is a statement unintentionally luminous as to differences between Anglican and Roman Catholic practice and sentiment about the secrecy of confession. Canon Aitken related, quite incidentally, how the Bishop of Bedford expressed regret once that a clergyman had refused absolution to a certain man, and how the clergyman replied to the bishop: "Did he tell you why I refused? Did he mention that I found he owed a large sum of money to you, and that, although he was in a position to repay it to you, he would not?" The case was cited to illustrate an argument of Canon Aitken's; and apparently caused no excitement and drew forth no comment from any member of the conference.

The Tablet (19 April): The report that the Holy See is about to withdraw its prohibition against Italian Catholics voting at Parliamentary elections is contradicted; the mistake arose because the *Voce della Verità* construed Cardinal Capecelatro's statement, "It is not impossible," as meaning, "It is not improbable."

(26 April): T. A. M. writes in favor of forming "an international committee" for the purpose of settling upon a final uniform, universal, and obligatory system of Latin pronunciation among Catholics. The Pope has granted to the Catholics of Great Britain a dispensation from the obligation of abstinence on Friday, June 27, and from that of fasting and abstinence on the Vigil of Sts. Peter and Paul, in order that they may more easily participate in the national rejoicings on the occasion of the Coronation.

The Month (May): Fr. John Rickaby, writing on a recent volume of Essays in Constructive Theology, by six Oxford tutors, selects points for comment from three of the ten essays; namely, from one on "The Ultimate Basis of Theism" in which the idealist stand-point is positively adopted and God's absolute infinitude denied; and from two on the Incarnation and the doctrine of the Incarnate Word, in which there is a weakening of the historic certainty of the Gospels and a tendency not to regard the taking of flesh by the Son of Man as an act quite beyond the order of natural events. In a criticism of Henry Seton Merriman's romance, *The Velvet Glove*, Fr. Gerard examines the charges made by the author against the Jesuits. M. Maitland writes on "Boyer, Mayor of Bodmin, 1549," who "deserves at least a passing remembrance in the multitude of those who died for the Faith in England." Fr. Sydney Smith continues his papers on the suppression of the Jesuits in France. The present article of Fr. Thurston's series on "Our Favorite Devotions" deals with the origin of the midday Angelus.

The Dublin Review (April): Dom Edmonds contributes a paper on "Coronation Rites," and Miss Kinloch one on

"Scottish Coronations." In an article on "Editing and Reviewing" Abbot Gasquet deplores the lack of "thoroughness" among the English people as compared with their Continental neighbors, especially in the matter of editing and reviewing, and cites examples to illustrate his point. C. S. Devas analyzes the Political Economy of Leo XIII. John Freeland writes on St. Gregory Nazianzen's disposition as displayed in his letters.

Church Quarterly Review (April): Sketch of the changes in the Coronation Rite during the three hundred years following the Reformation, a time of mutilation and degradation. An article on the value of devotional Bible Reading. Reviews of several novels on Irish Peasant Life, including a kindly notice of *My New Curate.* A plea for concerted action to prevent the passing of the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister (the majority for a second reading of the bill, on February 5, was 125), and a theological indictment of the bill. Description of the Nonconformists' advance in breadth and their greater friendliness toward Episcopalianism. A consideration of present-day Scriptural difficulties, whether moral or intellectual. An appreciative sketch of R. L. Stevenson. Statement of what has been learned from the Hebrew text (200 B. C.) of Ecclesiasticus lately discovered. A defence of the divine institution of the episcopate against Canon Henson. Expressions of satisfaction at the general character of the new Education Bill, despite certain defects.

The Critical Review (March): Rev. J. A. Selbse, writing on "The Present Position of Critical Opinion on the Book of Daniel," holds that historical criticism has proven the prophecies of the Book of Daniel to be simple history written in the form of prediction, while the narrative portions of the book, however, may be essentially true for aught that criticism can prove to the contrary. Rev. Professor R. Mackintosh, writing on Windt's *Principles of Morality and the Departments of the Moral Life,* believes that the author has done well in basing his work upon the facts of experience, and of phenomenal science rather than upon metaphysics. The most striking characteristic of the theory, he says, is anti-individualism.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 April): P. Touzard reviews the

first volume of Vigoroux's new Dictionary of the Bible, and praises the fidelity with which it records the present state of information regarding each subject treated. P. Naguel describes the state of the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, in the different parts of Germany. P. Bricout comments upon a great number of recent philosophical works.

(1 May): P. Baudin remarks in Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" an incorrigible philosophical megalomania, a disregard of scientific limitations, a passion for hypotheses, and an imperturbable dogmatism. P. Turmel tells of Mabillon's controversy and subsequent reconciliation with the Jesuit Papebrock (who was condemned for having denied that Elias was the founder of the Carmelites); of his bold defence of Vossius (who denied the universality of the deluge); of his controversy with De Rancé of La Trappe respecting the right of monks to study. Reproduces a remarkable article of Prof. Paulsen, of Berlin (in the anti-Roman *Tagliche Rundschau*), defending the justice and the value of the Catholic theological faculties in the German universities. Dr. Surbled shows how small-pox has practically disappeared from Germany since universal vaccination became obligatory; and he advocates a similar law in France, which presents annually more than five thousand cases as against a few dozens in Germany. P. Delfour reviews at length, with some praise and some reserve, M. Cagnac's recent volume on Fénelon as a director. The Superior of a *Grand Séminaire* tells how fifteen years ago the project to federate the seminaries fell through because of the aloofness of Religious Orders, the suspicions of certain bishops, and the timidity of those in charge of the seminaries. A letter from P. D'Alcanta is reproduced, which strongly dissuades a young priest from aspiring to ecclesiastical dignities for the sake of being able to exercise an influence for good.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (March): P. X. defines the science of apologetics. Mme. de la Martinière congratulates P. Denis on his "brave campaign against sacred routine," and demands that thorough religious training be accorded the more intelligent laity by means of public conferences on scriptural difficulties and on doctrinal

questions of the day. Dr. Jousset refutes Dr. Topinard's materialistic *Science et Foi*, a work that shows the influence of the pantheism of Paul Carus. From five different points of view telling criticisms are directed against the brochure lately issued by Mgr. Turinaz, who attacked a number of the most eminent French Catholics, clerical and lay. P. Martin answers P. Fontaine's insinuations against his orthodoxy.

Revue Bénédictine (April): D. Morin describes four MSS. discovered by him in the Vatican and Milan libraries, containing fourteen hitherto unedited treatises of St. Jerome. D. Chapman discusses the authority of the earliest Episcopal lists of Rome. P. Porée gives some interesting correspondence by eighteenth century Benedictines. Favorable reviews are made of P. Hogan's *Clerical Studies*, and of Dr. Ehrhard's *Catholicism and the Twentieth Century*.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 April): J. de Cloture commends the American and condemns the English policy in the Far East.

Revue de Lille (March): P. Didiot, reviewing *Science et Foi*, makes some amendments to the very flimsy arguments advanced by the character Abbé Jozon, a supposed defender of the faith. M. Delmont praises M. Faquet's excellent History of French Literature from the seventh to the sixteenth century. P. Florin, writing upon the apotheosis of Victor Hugo, states as his opinion that Hugo was exceptional in three things—his physical constitution, his prodigious imagination, and his dexterity in making verses; but was neither admirable in character, rich in natural gifts, nor a deep thinker.

Le Correspondant (10 April): The Vicomte de Meaux gives an account of the National Assembly at Bordeaux, in which he took part; and he brings out in strong relief the patriotic conduct of the French aristocracy during the Franco-Prussian War. M. Joly shows from the statistics of the past decade that throughout France the number of law-breakers is steadily increasing, while, from political motives, the authorities are diminishing their efforts to secure the conviction of offenders. Discussing the *rôle* of the anti-slavery society founded by Cardinal Lavigerie, M. Darcy indicates two lines along which it must work—

the creation of an anti-slavery sentiment and the education and Christianizing of the slave-holding peoples in the Franco-African colonies. M. Béchaux shows the French economic school to be antagonistic to socialism; and he comments unfavorably on the innovations in the programme of secondary education; and reviews the recent efforts of the independent workingmen to shake off socialistic tyranny.

(25 April): General Bourelly strongly condemns as destructive of the army's efficiency the projected legislation, which, under the watchword "L'Armée, c'est la Nation," would reduce the period of military service to two years, restrict the dispensations from service, and loosen the bonds which bind officers to the army as to a life-career. In a somewhat despondent tone M. Leger, writing on the Americanization of the world, relates the gigantic invasion of Europe by American industry, commerce, and religious and social ideals, and expresses satisfaction at the homage paid by Mr. Stead to Father Hecker. The correspondence between Liszt and the Polish Princess de Sayn-Willgenstein, whom he hoped to marry previous to his receiving Holy Orders, is the subject of a very interesting article (to be continued) by Marie André.

Études (20 April): P. Méchineau writes of the advantages of taking the Canon of Scripture on the authority of the church instead of investigating it by means of historical study. P. Bremond writes sympathetically of the great Arnold of Rugby, paying a high tribute to Arnold's ability as a preacher to boys, his spiritual discernment and his rare graces of style. M. Gaston Sartais writes discriminatingly of the work of Pinturicchio.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (20 April): In an article on atoms and molecules M. A. de Lapparent considers M. Duhem's rather unscientific objections to the atomic theory. He makes use of this occasion to discuss concept of ions to which theoretical chemistry has led. P. Dellattre, S.J., writes of the travels of Marco Polo. M. Édouard Van der Smissen continues his discussion of the check's function in modern banking. Dr. Moeller writes of the progress made in the science of medicine through the discoveries of bacteriology. M. L. Torres suggests principles on which machines could be constructed for the integra-

tion of various kinds of differential equations. P. Peeters, S.J., summarizes and discusses the views of M. Couturat on an international language.

La Quinzaine (April 16): Mlle. Faure begins a series of studies in Dante. M. de Marolles gives an account of the anti-duelling league recently formed in France, and which now numbers in that country eighteen hundred members; he takes occasion from his subject to make an historical survey of duelling and of the church's attitude in regard to it. The 14th of April of the present year was the one hundredth anniversary of the publication of *The Genius of Christianity;* so M. Victor Giraud writes an enthusiastic eulogium of the work, as a jubilee offering to the great mind and happy influences of Châteaubriand.

(May 1): M. Baumann declares that the plans for social progress advocated by Auguste Comte are possible of fulfilment only with the help of the Catholic Church. P. Griselle gives another instalment of reasons for re-editing the works of Bourdaloue.

L'Ami du Clergé (27 March): Cautions against the reorganization of clerical studies on too naturalistic lines. Declares that unduly to exalt episcopal power by saying its only bound is the bishop's own pleasure, is to endanger this power and to provoke a reaction.

La Justice Sociale (22–29 March): M. D. sketches the changes that have been introduced, and the works that have been published, during the last five years, in the matter of clerical studies.

(5 April): P. Naudet scores pseudo-pious literature and foolish devotional practices.

(12 April): P. Naudet intimates that priests give too little thought to the Christianization of society and of social institutions.

L'Univers (14 April): P. Gayraud praises P. Hogan's *Clerical Studies* as an example of "orthodox progressiveness" and recommends it to seminary professors.

Science Catholique (April): M. le Marquis de Nadaillac considers the question of the unity of the human species, as affected by recent discoveries of the neolithic age. P. Laveille contributes a description of De Lamennais and his friends. P. Bourlon gives a historical sketch of the controversies

between the Jansenists and the Calvinists, whom he calls "cousins-german."

Rassegna Nazionale (16 April): A. Brunialti describes the Touring Club of Italian cyclists with its 27,000 members. Commenting on the *Civiltà's* recent article upon relics, etc. (which described certain limits of the sphere of infallibility), X. X. says that had the *Civiltà* used the same sort of language when Rosmini was condemned, a great deal of harm would have been avoided. P. Ghignoni defends the study of the classical languages as necessary to a real appreciation of classical literature. R. Corniari describes the impression made by M. Brunetière's discourse on Religious Progress delivered at Florence.

Civiltà Cattolica (19 April): Shows the evils to which the rage for divorce leads. Insists on the necessity of educating clerics along lines different from those pursued in the education of the laity.

(3 May): Comments on the close connection between anti-clericalism and atheism. Gives great praise to Barden-Lewer's new Patrology, and shows his various differences with Harnack. Publishes the letter of the American hierarchy to Pope Leo XIII. and the Holy Father's reply (to be found in our present issue).

Studi Religiosi (March-April): P. Minocchi treats of the question of divorce in the Bible. P. Palmieri describes the general characteristics of the science of theology in the Byzantine Church. L. Grammatica describes Roman road-making in Palestine after the destruction of Jerusalem. Continues the publication of the *Leggenda Antica* of St. Francis of Assisi discovered by Sig. Minocchi.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (21 April): P. Wasmann writes on the phenomena and the laws of cell-division. P. Kugler describes the state of science in ancient Egypt. P. Stiglmayr concludes his sketch of Plato's ideal of virtue as represented in the Apology of Socrates. P. Hilgers concludes his description of the Sistine Chapel.

Razón y Fe (May): P. Fita impugns the scholarship of l'Abbé Duchesne for statements made in his denial of St. James's visit to Spain. P. Ocaña discusses the alleged legal power of the Crown to interfere with religious orders. P. Minteguiaga, from the view-point of law and morality, denounces strikes.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

READERS are often bewildered by the claims of certain books as presented by the publishers. The following advertisement appeared in several New York dailies, with display type, on May 1:

Edith Wharton's distinguished novel, *The Valley of Decision* (third edition).

Hamilton W. Mabie: "Rare and fine and full of distinction."

Margaret E. Sangster: "Lures from vista to vista with surpassing fascination."

Agnes Repplier: "A genuine *tour de force.*"

Jeannette L. Gilder: "Will give its author a high place among her fellow-craftsmen."

"Will undoubtedly become a classic."—*New York Sun.*

"The most splendid achievement of any American man or woman in fiction."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Stands out giant-like among its surroundings."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

In two volumes, $2.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Regarding this book, which seems to be so highly praised by the phrases quoted from well-known writers, including Agnes Repplier, a critical friend of The Columbian Reading Union writes as follows:

The Valley of Decision is the subtlest assault ever invented in English literature against the Catholic Church. The author had no intention of hurting higher education of women if conducted under pagan or anti-Catholic auspices. Her aim is to hurt the convents and the church. The book is of so squalid a nature that no refined woman would be willing to associate her name even with condemnation of it.

It will be remembered that the same Edith Wharton wrote an offensive poem on a Catholic saint, which was followed by an apology from the editor of the magazine in which it appeared.

Evidently the *Chicago Chronicle* has penetrated the mist surrounding the valley that haunted the imagination of Miss Wharton, until she put it in book form to obscure the vision of many readers. On the editorial page of the *Chronicle*, April 20, 1902, appeared the most satisfactory criticism that we have seen of this higher-education novel, which we gladly reproduce for the interests of historical truth:

The severest blow dealt against the higher education of women has been delivered by one of themselves, the author of *The Valley of Decision*, a somewhat tedious two-volume novel of the spurious "historical" variety.

It has been claimed by the opponents of equal education for men and women that whatever the intellectual results of the attempt, the moral result would be injurious to the family and society. It has been specifically urged that the tendency of the higher education would be to draw women more and more toward the laxer social standards of men, and to make women impatient of those restraints which until now have constituted the bulwarks of the home.

The Valley of Decision supports this theory. The heroine around whom the sympathy of the story is concentrated enjoys from early youth the advantages which other women, at least in the United States, must acquire, if at all, by long years of labor through primary and secondary schools into colleges and universities. A name of evil omen, whether in Roman history or in Ben Jonson's "Catiline," Fulvia starts the heroine out on a path of aspiration, independence, erudition, and ruin.

Her learning fails to develop moral or spiritual growth. In full womanhood, having had abundant experience enabling her to see the evils of society in the fullest glare of their malignity, Fulvia voluntarily accepts an unlawful and immoral social status from which all right-minded women instinctively recoil. She becomes the willing victim of a profligate weakling on a petty ducal throne, and feels neither shame nor remorse in her degradation.

The malign influence of such a novel upon the aspirations of American women for university privileges is made by the author the more certain and the more emphatic because the scene of the sinister fiction is laid in the country which was the first to open university doors to women. The poet Alfieri is dragged into the story to heighten the proportions of its all-pervading moral squalor. Sneering at the idea of a woman taking the degree of doctor of philosophy, the poet is made to say: "Oh, she's one of your prodigies of female learning, such as our topsy-turvy land produces; an incipient Laura Bassi or Gaetana Agnesi, to name the most distinguished of their tribe; though I believe that hitherto her father's good sense or her own has kept her from aspiring to academic honors. The beautiful Fulvia is a good daughter and devotes herself, I am told, to helping Vivaldi in his work, a far more becoming employment for one of her age and sex than defending Latin theses before a crew of ribald students."

But Fulvia's father was a sympathizer with his daughter's tastes, which he habitually promoted. To make the lesson of the moral failure of the higher education of women still more convincing, the author of *The Valley of Decision* reserves the bestowal of her final degree upon Fulvia until after the university and the whole town are familiar with her adoption of a shameless life and her open rejection of religious or conventional standards.

In Italy the universities were open to women soon after their foundation in the Middle Ages. At Bologna, which for centuries was one of the greatest universities in Europe, a number of women justly attained distinction as professors of the sciences, languages, and law. Laura Bassi was of a comparatively late time. So great was her reputation for learning, but also for virtue, that her doctorate was conferred under circumstances of civic and academic pomp. She married happily and became the mother of fourteen children.

Two sisters Agnesi were distinguished in Italian higher education. One, Maria Gaetana Agnesi, was an eminent professor and author in the exact sciences during the eighteenth century, and lived to be upward of eighty years of age. A younger sister was distinguished as a pianist and composer. Upon the entire array of the learned women of Italy whose careers have been historically noted there was never a breath of moral reproach.

The injury which *The Valley of Decision* inflicts upon the contemporary higher education of women is shrewdly designed in the contrast which this repulsive novel makes in its alienation of the higher education from religious and moral control.

The atmosphere which is created for the reader of *The Valley of Decision* is the most repulsive ever introduced into an American literary production. In the large company constituting the chief participants in a story projected along hackneyed guide-book information there is not from the first cover of the first volume to the last of the second one honest man or virtuous woman.

The moral squalor of *The Valley of Decision* is the more surprising because the scene is laid in the land which has given to literature and life the paramount group of ideal womanhood, Dante's Beatrice, Petrarch's Laura, Michael Angelo's Vittoria Colonna; and to Shakspere his two most engaging characters, blending in their mutual devotion of a noble womanhood erudition and chastity, Portia and Nerissa.

The womanhood of the United States may justly deplore that such a volume as *The Valley of Decision* should have its origin in the United States, in which the experiment of the higher education of women has thus far been courageously carried to an advancement which few of the universities have been able to withstand.

NEW BOOKS.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Timothy; or, Letters to a Young Theologian. By Dr. Franz Hettinger. Translated and adapted by Rev. Victor Stepka. Pp. 555. Price $1.50 net. *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.* By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. Vol. I., in two parts. Part I. A. D. 590–657. Pp. xii.–432. Price $3.00 net. *Mary our Mother.* By Rev. L. B. Palladino, S.J. Paper. Pp. 47. Price 15 cts.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Treasure of the Church; or, The Sacraments of Daily Life. By the Very Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D.D. Pp. xi.–242. Price $1.00 net. *Mariæ Corona.* Chapters on the Mother of God and her Saints. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. Pp. 200. Price $1.00 net. *Socialism Exposed and Refuted.* By Rev. Victor Cathrein, S.J. Translated from the German by Rev. James Conway, S.J. Second edition with Appendix. Pp. 215. Price $1.00 net.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, New York:
The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. Pp. 292. Price $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
The French Associations Law: Its Motives and Its Methods. By Rev. John Gerard, S.J. Paper. Pp. 62. *Confession and Absolution: Report of a Conference held at Fulham Palace on December 30, 31, 1901, and January 1, 1902.* Edited by Henry Wace, D.D., Chairman of Conference. Pp. 111.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston:
Dorothy South. By George Cary Eggleston. Pp. 453. Price $1.50. *The Gate of the Kiss: A Romance of the Days of Hezekiah.* By John W. Harding. Pp. 404. Price $1.50.

LIBRAIRIE VIC ET AMAT, Paris:
Mystères Chrétiens. Par Mgr. Bonomelli, Evêque de Crémone. Traduction de M. l'Abbé Ch.-Armand Begin. Tom. I. Pp. 382. Price 3 frs. *Elévations Dogmatiques.* Par Ch. Sauve, S.S. *L'Ange et L'Homme Intimes.* Tom. V. Pp. xxxv.–405. *L'Homme Intime.* Tom. VI.–VII.–VIII. Pp. 403–484–445. *États Mystiques.* Appendice à L'Homme Intime. Pp. 178.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Introduction à la Vie Mystique. Par M. l'Abbé P. Lejeune. Pp. 337. *La Pratique de la Ste. Communion.* Par M. l'Abbé Lejeune. Pp. 375. *La Confession et La Communion des Enfants et des Jeunes Gens.* Par M. l'Abbé P. Lejeune. Pp. 121.

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Modern Madonnas. (*Grass.*)

Ontario

THE

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A THRENODY OF LIFE.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

THE MYSTERY OF TEARS.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our heart knows no rest till it rest in Thee."

I.

COME with the mystery of tears to make things glad,
Oh! Love. Tears are Love's diamonds, only to be had
Thro' pain—then freely given for Love's ornament,
Irradiant gleam for ever in her firmament.

II.

Why tears? Because all stains dissolve:—conceit,
Desire's selfishness, passion's flush of heat—
In these small crystals wrung from sacrifice:
At once Love's test, Love's glory, and Love's price.

III.

Naught can defraud that which is bought with tears;
The worth so purified defies all fears.
Not Death deters, no hap can ever halt
Nor sense of undeserving or of fault
The purpose mar, the appealing trust defeat,
Of love, 'neath the Cross clinging, in tears—
at Love's feet.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

A Threnody of Life.

II.

A WAYSIDE SORROW.

I.

I gleaned a tear in passing, wondering whose?
So pleadingly it gleamed I could but choose
To harbor it and wish to share its woes.
In Heaven are garnered many. Surely those
In the great shining light, knowing mine are there,
They too will remember me in their prayer.

II.

Ah! if we stop here to wipe weeping eyes,
How much more so do angels in the skies
Reverence a tear! and haste to place it where
No sorrow's left uncomforted nor care.
And when God's light shines on it, as dew at dawn,
Endiamonded it gleams for ever in Heaven's lawn.

III.

Tears are Earth's holy water; to dispel
The gloom that chokes us, and the grip of Hell
To loosen from the heart's throat. Come the Day—
When Night has fled—
Tears loving eyes here below have shed,
Will glisten in the glory of Love's resplendent ray.

A Threnody of Life.

III.

BY-WAYS OF PAIN.

I.

Beshrew thee of the paths all laid with flowers
And where no thorns there are;
And all-smooth roadways where only smiling hours
Attend the dallying step, nor ever mar
Progress with effort. Life without a pain,
If such a life be here, is life without a gain.

II.

Men make such paths with money; and they smooth
So their estates. Nay, meaning well forsooth,
Would make of the great globe a lawn—dappled
With daisies, fruits and easy days—ne'er grappled
By toss of trial, struggle or of pain.
Death comes and flings them rudely 'mid its slain.

III.

Men seek such paths. But so are not God's ways;
Who gave us wills to win the glory of His days
By spending self in arduous sacrifice,
To learn Love's cost and earn ourselves the price.
Thus of Earth's stains, when we have reached the goal
Pain-purified—God deifies the soul.

A Threnody of Life.

IV.

HEART SIGHS.

I.

Oh! Love of truth and goodness and sweet things!
Thy echo ever stirs our poor hearts' whisperings.
Are our lives evil or fallen on ill days?
Love, truth, grace, beckon still—
from the parting of the ways.

II.

God made the heart for love, for God is Love itself.
Though man may stray in paths of pleasure or of pelf,
Remembrance-haunted, he halts, 'mid doubting fears
As snatches of Love's music still overtake his ears.

III.

'Tis floating in the cloud thro' which dark sorrows loom;
It sighs in trial's sharp wind. E'en where the flowers bloom
And life 's all carpeted with fragrance and delight,
Restless is our repose foreshortened of God's sight.

IV.

God made us for Himself. Truth beckons, Love is fair;
And Truth and Goodness still pursue us everywhere.
Err as we may thro' life and stumble as we live,
There 's one thing only even Mercy can't forgive:
'Tis to deny God the whisper of a prayer—
Deny Love, loving answer—and dying so, despair.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

IT appears on very good evidence, supported by a detailed statement of facts, that the Public-school system is being used in the Philippines to rob the people and their children of the traditional faith in which they were brought up.

We make this statement only after having approached this question with a mind reluctant to believe that such a thing could be done. It is a recognized fact that the Administration has no end of knotty problems to solve in the Far East. It has to deal with a heterogeneous class of people. It has to build up a government out of a material that has been debased by long years of corrupt Spanish officialdom. It has to accomplish its purpose with a people opposed to the genius of the American Constitution, antagonistic to the customs and habits of English-speaking races. What is most difficult of all, it has to do all this in the face of the bitterest kind of opposition from men in high office at home, who set themselves up as exponents of the Declaration of Independence and the basic principles of our government. The Administration, as a consequence, needs all the support it can get to accomplish its purposes. It needs particularly to be supported by Catholic sentiment wherever and whenever such sentiment can support it and be consistent with the best interests of the church. This reason, apart from others, has made us very reluctant to believe that the Public-school system could be permitted to be used as an instrumentality to crush out the religious faith of the people. We have met and know thoroughly the type of bigot who prates about the school being "the palladium of our liberties," and who recognizes the school system as the best means of doing away with all organized religion and of levelling the barriers of denominational distinctions; but it is certain that such opinions do not prevail in any administrative circles. If there is one sentiment that animates the President more than another, it is that of honesty and impartiality to all, and particularly has this been manifested in his dealings with the delicate topics that have come up for settlement in the Philippines. Judge

Taft, who represents the mind of the President in all his Philippine policies, is also a man of broad views and sympathetic with the best interests of the people. We wish the same statement could be made in reference to some other members of the Philippine Commission; but be that as it may, the primal purpose of the Administration is to do what is right and just.

In spite of all this the fact remains that the management of the school system in the Philippines has fallen into the hands of people who are using it to destroy the Catholic faith of the people. It is full time, therefore, that a protest be made before the evil is irreparable.

The situation is as follows: When the call was made for school teachers to go to the Philippines more than ten thousand applications were registered. The proffered salary of $1,000 and more did a great deal to stimulate this rush for places.

In the organization of the Commission, the committee that was selected to take charge of the Department of Public Instruction was composed of Bernard Moses, a Hebrew; Dean C. Worcester, who published a book on the Philippines filled with anti-Catholic calumnies against the church and the friars; and, finally, Dr. T. H. Pardo de Tavera, a native Filipino who was the first President of the Federal Party. Still there was no reason, with this committee in charge, why the schools should not confine their activities to the education of the people. If the American government was going to succeed it was necessary that the spirit of education be spread abroad, and that with a diffusion of knowledge the principles of patriotism should be instilled into the hearts of the children. Here was the legitimate sphere of activity for the school. Religion need not be interfered with in any way any more than it is in the United States. The fatal step, however, was made in the appointment of Dr. Frederick W. Atkinson, a former minister, to the position of General Superintendent of Public Instruction. In the organization of the school system the largest administrative powers were given to the superintendent. It is his duty to appoint the teachers of English, to assign them to their various posts, to distribute books and other supplies provided by the government for the schools, and to exercise a general superintendency over the educational affairs of the seven millions of people occupying the islands. He is supreme master of the situation, and is responsible to no one, except perchance

to the Secretary of Public Instruction, and this in only a very remote way.

It may be readily seen that if such a man is at all antagonistic to the church, it is very easy for him to use the immense power his office gives him to poison the minds of the children against the church, and to root the faith out of their hearts. In his appointment of division superintendents he can select men to carry out his policy. The division superintendent comes in closest touch with the people in the provinces. He has general supervision of the school-houses and can use them as he desires. He is more than school superintendent. He is the unofficial representative of the American government among the natives, and reaches them in their tenderest relation in life—the parental care for the children. He is moreover empowered to make investigations into the needs of the country, its agricultural resources, its opportunities, and report to the general superintendent. He is to the American government what the friar was to the Spanish administration.

The outcome of the appointment of a Protestant minister to the general charge of the schools has been the appointment of ministers to the division superintendencies. The Rev. Mason S. Stone, a Presbyterian clergyman from Vermont, has charge of the city schools in Manila; Mr. Oliver, a gentleman whose principal occupation when off duty is to denounce the Catholic Church and the friars, is principal of the chief school in the walled city. The Rev. E. B. Bryan is in charge of the Normal-school system, and it is through this gate that every one must go who desires an appointment as a teacher in the schools. Seven out of the ten division superintendents are Protestant clergymen.

A letter has been recently received from an American now travelling in the Philippines, by a prelate of the church who vouches for its trustworthiness. The following statement is made in the letter:

"When visiting one of the Manila public schools three weeks ago one of the American teachers, thinking perhaps that I was a bigot and it would please me to learn of the progress she was making in educating these natives, told me that nearly all her pupils had been induced to join her Sunday-school classes, and were regular in attendance thereat. She was about to tell me more when the Rev. Superintendent Stone, city superintendent,

fearing that she was whispering to me such secrets that would be for him only, called me away to visit another school."

It is only with difficulty that a Catholic can obtain a position in the schools, and if he does succeed, he is sent away out to the frontier provinces; while a recommendation from a Y. M. C. A. secretary, a minister, or a Protestant college is an open sesame to good positions. Inducements are held out to the native teachers to apostatize from their church. It is said to be the open road to preferment. The school teachers act in many instances as the agents of the missionary societies in the distribution of Bibles and tracts.

That the sects are succeeding in their purpose is evidenced by the published reports. Rev. Homer S. Stuntz, who is in charge of the Methodist missions, reports that "twelve hundred of the natives have received Christian baptism and united with the church." In Manila they have built five native chapels, which are crowded at each service. The Presbyterians, under the Rev. James B. Rodgers, are sending home glowing statements of their successes in turning the people away from their old church.

This is the actual state of affairs, and it is very evident to any one who knows how systems work out their ends that there is established under the American flag and with the authority of the government a huge conspiracy to turn the people away from their faith.

The root of all this proselytism lies in the utilization of the public-school agencies. It is nothing short of an outrage that the money that is contributed in taxes by the people of the United States—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—should be used to rob the people in the Philippines of what is dearer to them than their life—their faith. A most emphatic protest against this iniquity should go up from every citizen, no matter what be his religious belief, against the perpetuation of these civil crimes.

THE EDITOR.

THE CARIB RACE IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

ECHOES of the rumbling of a distant volcano have scarcely died away and one of the most appalling catastrophes of modern times has befallen a portion of the New World. The disaster comes home to me with greater force, as the island in which I first beheld the light is laved by the blue waters of the Caribbean, so sweet and gentle ordinarily, but so terrible in its fury. I still see the green hills of Martinique, as I saw them on that day, so many years ago, when our ship lay calmly resting on the placid waters in the harbor of St. Pierre which, alas! is only a memory to-day. Little did I imagine then, when the atmosphere quivered in the warm rays of that beautiful morning sun, that one of the mountains before me would, within a few years, spread such unparalleled desolation around it. But it is not of Martinique that I will write. Less than two degrees south of Martinique, beyond the island of St. Lucia, and south-west of Barbadoes, lies St. Vincent. It forms part of the Caribbee chain of islands, and belongs to that portion of them known as Windward. The chain begins with Grenada, north-west of Trinidad, and ends at Porto Rico on the north. The appearance of these islands would lead one to believe that they are all that is left of a submerged continent, or they may be a continent in process of formation. I leave this to scientists to determine. Cable reports inform us that St. Vincent is the greatest sufferer after Martinique; that its volcano, La Soufrière, is still terribly active, and that its deaths run up at this date into the thousands.

That which, especially, must be of sad interest to the student of American ethnology is the fact that the Caribs of St. Vincent have been practically wiped out. The Carib race is among the most mysterious of the aborigines of the New World, and many opinions have been advanced concerning its origin. Born on the very spot that, in prehistoric times, must have witnessed the warlike operations against the peaceful natives of Porto Rico, it is quite natural that my interest should

have been attracted to these fierce cannibals, of whom so many harrowing details have been handed down to us by the early colonizers. At the International Congress of Americanists, held in 1892 at Heulva in Spain, I prepared a paper on the Caribs which was not presented to the Congress at the time, but which, a few years later, I laid before a similar Congress in the City of Mexico. I here reproduce some of the ideas incorporated there, with others that have since occurred to me.

Hidden in the darkness of the prehistoric period, the race of the Caribs had inhabited the islands south of Porto Rico for an unknown length of time. Rumors of their existence had reached the Spaniards soon after their first arrival in the New World, for the fierce Caribs were the terror of the larger islands, to which the first colonizers gave the names of Puerto Rico and Hispaniola. It was on his second voyage, on Sunday, November 3, 1493, that Columbus discovered the Caribbee Islands. The one first sighted has perpetuated the memory of that day, for it still bears the name Columbus gave it,—it is still known as Dominique, or Dominica; it is the island of the Lord's Day. Lying between two French Islands, Martinique to the south-east, and Guadeloupe to the north-west, the English island of Dominica presents a charming picture to one standing on the deck of a ship, especially in the first hour after sunrise, when tropical nature, still fresh after the restful night, has not yet been exposed to the ardent rays of a southern sun. The dew still moistens the leaves of the luxurious foliage on the shore, the palms on the beach wave gently under the influence of the breeze, and there is presented to the sight one of those scenes which the imagination eagerly grasps, and treasures for ever. One would hardly believe that such a spot, such an Eden, had, at one time, been contaminated by the horrid orgies of cannibalism, or that death could lurk there, where all seems life.

At Guadeloupe the Spaniards saw evidence of the fierce character of the natives in the shape of human bones that lay scattered about. At another island, probably Santa Cruz, they came, for the first time, in conflict with the Caribs.

The most singular opinions have been brought forward to account for the origin of these people. Some have seen in them a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel, others have supposed them the descendants of some shipwrecked crew, cast adrift on

the islands. Opinions such as these are, of course, not worth considering. The Caribs themselves have but vague and contradictory traditions concerning their origin. The weight of these traditions seems, however, to incline to a belief in their having migrated from the south. One account has it that they had lived in the region now known at Guiana, subject to the tribe of Arrowaks. Some of them revolted, and left the continent for the West Indian Islands, which were then uninhabited, making their first landing at Tobago. The continental Caribs also threw off the yoke of the Arrowaks, but remained in Guiana, keeping up at the same time friendly relations with their brethren of the islands. This was the story told by the Caribs of St. Vincent to M. du Montel.* In fact, a similarity of language, religion, and customs between the continental Caribs and the islanders points to a common origin. The Carib Indians still live in Guiana in their primitive condition of savagery. They are still the fiercest and most intractable of the three tribes of Caribs, Arraus, and Arrowaks, although numbers of them have been converted to Christianity, and they have abandoned the practice of cannibalism.

I met several representatives of this once barbarous tribe during my sojourn in Guiana, and it was my good fortune to be acquainted with an old missionary who had labored many years for their spiritual welfare.

A peculiarity that has been observed among the Caribs is, that the women spoke a language different from that of the men. This was explained by the Caribs of Dominica by the fact that their ancestors had come from the continent, and that they had destroyed all the men of an Arrowak tribe on one of the islands, and kept the women as wives. This difference of language was, however, not so great but that they understood each other.

The more general opinion of those who have written of the Caribs seems to be that their original home lay on the North American continent, among the Appalachian tribes. Traditions to that effect existed in the Appalachian regions, and it has been said that Carib words are used by Appalachian tribes. The tradition existed that many of the Caribs who formed a separate branch of the Appalachian family, in consequence of

* See *Histoire Naturelle et Morale des Iles Antilles de l'Amérique.* By Charles de Rochefort. Rotterdam, 1658.

feuds with their neighbors, departed for the islands, proceeding further and further south until, steering along the coast of Borinquen, or Puerto Rico, they reached Ayay, now Santa Cruz.

Whatever may have been the origin of the Caribs, this much is certain: that they were among the most cruel and barbarous tribes with whom the Europeans were brought into contact, and for a long time Christianity was unable to make an impression upon them, although they were not without some intellectual acumen, and a certain amount of natural logic. Their religion was of the crudest sort. The Appalachians seem to have been sun-worshippers. The Caribs, especially those of the continent, preserved great veneration for the sun and the moon, without actually adoring them. They had an idea of a supreme divinity, who, however, was absolutely indifferent to the affairs of men. On the other hand, they believed in a vast number of good and evil spirits. Each one had his own good spirit. To these spirits they offered cassava, and the first-fruits. They had priests, or magicians, whom they called Boyez, and who, also, performed the office of medicine-men. Their principal occupation was to evoke the spirits by means of incantations, and the fumes of tobacco. Maboya, the evil spirit, was never invoked. They believed in the survival of the soul after death, and that life beyond the grave is very similar to this.

They had, among other traditions, one of a white man from heaven who had visited their ancestors. The Sieur de la Borde, who labored for their conversion, and who has given us a detailed account of the Caribs, has preserved for us several of these traditions. The first man, Louquo, was a Carib who had come from heaven. They believed that their ancestors had lived long lives, and they possessed a detailed cosmogony of their own. They measured time by the lunar revolutions, not by the sun.

The language of the Caribs is singularly sweet and melodious, consisting principally of labial and dental sounds, with scarcely a guttural. It contains the sound of all the letters except P. In its grammatical structure it is polysynthetic. We owe to the Jesuit Father Simon a grammar and a catechism of this language. It is indeed remarkable that this savage and fierce race should have possessed such a melodious tongue, together with an agreeable expression of countenance and a smile in conversation.

Cannibalism continued to exist among the Caribs, if we must believe some authors, until late in the seventeenth century, though it was limited to Indian prisoners captured in war, and their contact with Europeans had somewhat softened their manners, and rendered them less cruel; for, whereas they had delighted in torturing their victims, they now quickly despatched them. At an earlier epoch many Europeans had fallen victims to their ferocity. Their experience had taught them, they said, that French flesh was the sweetest, while that of the Spaniards was the toughest.

The Dominican Father, Père Labat, visited the West Indies in the seventeenth century, and in his large folio volume one may read some interesting accounts regarding the West India Islands, and their aborigines. This celebrated traveller enriched his monastery in the Rue St. Honoré with a valuable museum of natural history, in which there were, no doubt, objects belonging to Carib ethnology. The monastery has disappeared, and with it the collection. The convent stood on the Rue St. Honoré, between the Church of St. Roch and the Place Vendome, occupying almost the entire space between the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue Neuves des Petits Champs, on the site upon which the market was afterwards established. It was in the library of this convent that the French Revolutionists held their meetings, and whence they received the name of Jacobins. While in Paris I tried in vain to discover some vestiges of the ethnological collection of Père Labat. It was, probably, swept away by the French Revolution.

For a long time the Caribs continued to wage war with the Europeans—Spanish, French, and English—and the discoverer of Florida, Ponce de Leon, spent a portion of his life in these struggles. At various epochs peace was concluded with them, and several islands were allotted to them as their abode. To-day a remnant of this once fierce people is found in Guiana, and on the islands of Grenada, Dominica, and St. Vincent.

St. Vincent was one of the islands allotted to the Caribs. Charles de Rochefort, who wrote in the middle of the seventeenth century, says: "The Caribs (in St. Vincent) have a number of beautiful villages where they live delightfully, and in profound peace; and, although they are always suspicious of strangers, and keep on their guard when any of them arrive in their roadstead, yet they do not refuse them the bread of the

country, namely, cassava, as well as water, fruits, and other things of which they stand in need." He adds that, in exchange for these commodities, they required certain small trinkets, and objects which they valued. Such a picture of rustic tranquillity scarcely permits us to suspect the existence of cannibalism, which, no doubt, had ceased at this period at least among the Caribs of St. Vincent.

For a long time the Indians of St. Vincent have been divided into Black and Yellow Caribs. The origin of the former has been a subject of conjecture. They are certainly not of the pure race of the original Caribs. The probability is that they are the descendants of the blacks who were saved from the wreck of a slave-ship, lost near St. Vincent in 1675. These blacks mingled with the Caribs, and the offspring of the two races have become known as Black Caribs. The yellow Caribs are of low stature, while the blacks are tall and stout. We find among both classes the practice of flattening the heads of newly born children; a custom which appears to have been borrowed by the black Caribs from the pure race, and which was adopted as a mark of distinction from the negro slaves who were, from time to time, brought into the islands. In consequence of repeated feuds, a great many yellow Caribs emigrated to the continent, and others to Tobago, so that comparatively few remained in St. Vincent.

The name of Admiral Rodney was almost a household word with me in my childhood, so strong and so lasting was the impression he had made in the West Indies. It was in 1763 that St. Vincent was ceded to Great Britain, in consequence of its capture by Rodney. The Caribs seem to have had a strong antipathy to the English, as well as to their language. The French did not fail to make use of this, and foment rebellion. The first insurrection, that of 1772, seemed justified by certain acts on the part of the British government which were unfair to the natives. In fact, opponents of Lord North's administration made capital of this. An inquiry was set on foot, with the result that the Carib war was condemned as unjust, hostilities were suspended, and a treaty was made with the half-breeds, to whom lands were allotted.

Some time later, aided by the French, they again revolted. The most serious insurrection, and one which cost the English not a little trouble, was that of 1795. It was put down with a

strong hand, and the Carib lands were forfeited. Many of the natives went, in consequence, to Honduras, where their descendants still live.

It is this race which, if reports are correct, has been practically annihilated by the eruption of La Soufrière. This is not the first time that the Soufrière has caused trouble. Baron von Humboldt mentions an eruption of the year 1718, of which few details seem to be known. Ninety-four years later, in 1812, occurred the great eruption which entirely changed the appearance of the Soufrière, and of which many circumstances are related by Charles Shephard in his historical account of the Island of St. Vincent, published in 1831. La Soufrière is a mountain the summit of which rises to 3,000 feet above sea-level. It is described as having been very picturesque before 1812. The eruption occurred the same year as the great earthquake of Caracas which destroyed that city, and caused the death of 9,000 people. About the same time earthquake shocks were experienced in North America, in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The volcano burst forth on April 27, and the eruption continued until May 1, when it subsided. In June it again became active, but without further results. The sounds of the eruption were heard as far as Barbadoes, which was covered with ashes several inches deep. Few lives were lost; but the form of the mountain had undergone a transformation, and a lake was formed, which is reported to have disappeared on the present occasion. It is remarkable that periods approximately even separate the various volcanic outbursts. Thus, ninety-four years passed between the eruption recorded by Von Humboldt and that of 1812, and since then ninety years have elapsed. According to this we should look for a previous eruption about the year 1610, and expect another early in the twenty-first century. The season of the year in which the eruption took place is also to be noted.

It will not be long, probably, before the Carib race will completely disappear, and it is time for ethnologists to pay more attention to them than has been done. We have few Carib remains worth mentioning. They have left us some petroglyphs, or rock engravings, scattered through the islands of St. John's, Guadeloupe, and St. Vincent's. Frederick Ober* says that he saw several of these in the last-named island. A

* *Aborigines of the West Indies.*

number of these marks also exist in Guiana, as we learn from the valuable work of Everard F. Im Thurn, *Among the Indians of British Guiana*. There seems to me a striking analogy between these rude inscriptions and the drawings of the Neolithic age, as found in the work of my lamented friend, the late Professor Wilson, of the Smithsonian, on *Prehistoric Art*. These works hardly deserve the name of inscriptions, nor can they be called hieroglyphic, or ideographic. They are, generally, rude attempts to delineate the figures of men and animals. Im Thurn reproduces one in his work which is evidently intended to represent a Spanish galley of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It was found on the Rio Negro. We have, also, some curious relics of Carib art and workmanship in the shape of stones of various forms, axes, and so forth. Many such relics were donated to the Smithsonian by Mr. Ober, one of the most curious of which is the figure of a tortoise, carved from hard wood. Perhaps the largest and most complete collection of Carib antiquities is that formed by M. Louis Guesde, in the Island of Guadeloupe.

I owe to the kindness of Professor Holmes and Professor Mason, of the National Museum, the privilege of inspecting a number of Carib photographs, kept in that institution; but, unfortunately for the ethnologist, there is a dearth of skulls belonging to the aborigines of the West Indian Islands. Some years ago a French professor told a resident of Santo Domingo that there was not one of these skulls in all Europe, and that such a specimen would be most highly valued. There are, however, some photographs of skulls, probably of Arrowaks, in our museum, which were shown to me by Professor Holmes.

If there is a comparative scarcity of Carib relics, we have, however, at hand the materials for making a study of their language in the vocabularies that have been handed down to us by earlier writers, as well as in the living languages still spoken between the Amazon and the Orinoco. Travellers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have also left us abundant information regarding the manners and customs of the Caribs, and the material at hand is only awaiting an earnest student, to give us results similar to those that have been obtained in other fields of American ethnology.

A Morning Scene in the Bois.

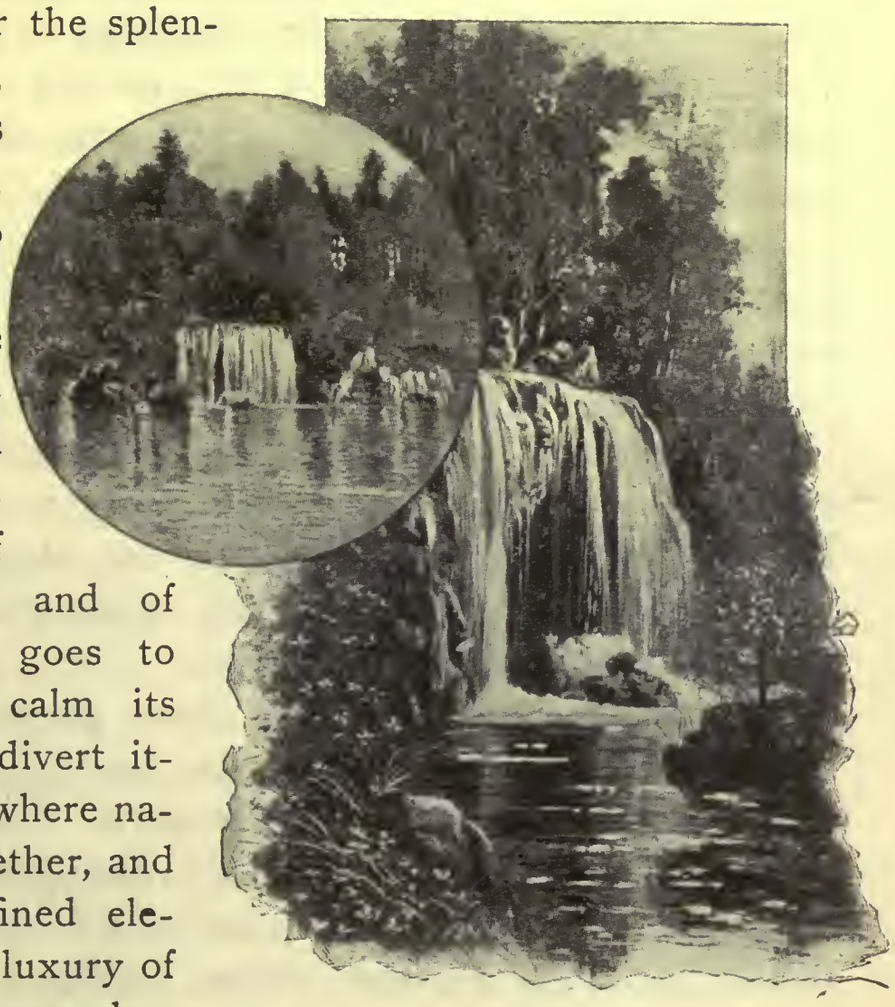
THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE—THE PLEASURE PROMENADE OF PARIS.

BY B. De SAINT-POL LIAS.

ACCORDING to the general verdict Paris is the most beautiful city in the world, and the Bois de Boulogne is a promenade worthy of Paris, and the equal of which is nowhere to be found.

Neither the spacious Hyde Park of London, nor the delightfully shady Buen-Retiro of Madrid, nor the splendid Prater of Vienna, nor even the gardens of Buitenzorg, in Java, can be compared to the Bois de Boulogne.

The *Bois*, the name by which it is familiarly called, is more and better than a promenade; it is a place of rest, of recreation, and of health, where Paris goes to unbend its nerves, calm its fevers, refresh and divert itself. It is an Eden where nature and art join together, and in which the overrefined elegance and excessive luxury of the city seem to become hu-



The Cascade.

manized and to gain in gracefulness and gentleness in a rustic and cheerful centre.

There are not one hundred gates to its enclosure, like Thebes; fifteen only are to be found in its precincts, and they are quite a distance from each other.

If one were to estimate the space surrounded by this enclosure at one thousand hectares, or about twenty-five hundred acres, these figures would not be far over one-sixth from the truth.

In this stretch of land what a variety of views; what charming sites; what delightful horizons!

At the Circle of the Cascades the visitor, his back turned to the green waters of the large lake and standing on the high bluff which rises above it, rests his eyes on a peerless landscape.

In the middle of the waters rise two wooded islands, covered with cheerful flower-beds, enlivened by picturesque cottages hidden from view under the thick foliage, and connected with each other by a rustic bridge over which hang masses of tropical creepers. On each side, furrowed by light white canoes and aquatic birds, these bright waters stretch out before the eye, following the capricious windings of the green shores, of undulated form, sloping here like ravines or rising in mild inclines, and at times sinking to the level of the lake. Immense oaks, tall poplars, numberless varieties of elms, pitch-trees, chestnut-trees, linden-trees, birch-trees, full-grown pine-trees, appearing in rapid succession on the shores, give the illusion of an infinite background in the perspective, while on the rocks below the foaming cascades rebound with a sonorous roar.

It is really a feast for the eyes, of which one could never tire. Many Parisians come here daily to enjoy this sight, remaining faithful to their *tour du lac*, although to-day it is in the Allée de Longchamp, also called the Allée des Acacias, that *tout Paris* prefers to meet.

For the last two centuries these promenades have been the scenes where the season's fashions have been established. Here, following Good Friday, the queens of society appear in toilets which will henceforth rule, fixing, through the figure and grace which belong to the Parisian only, the value of the new creations which the Parisian artists, tailors, and dressmakers have succeeded in discovering and elaborating, and which it is in-

cumbent upon Paris, the provinces, and foreign countries, even the most distant, to copy.

The Allée de Longchamp is the most important, as it really marked the beginning of the Bois. At that time the deep

BY THE LAKE.

forest of Rouvray covered with its ancient oaks of druidical times the entire stretch of the Seine, extending far beyond Montmartre and Saint-Ouen.

Here the first Merovingian kings had taken up their abode, in the deep wilderness, at Clichy-la-Garenne, whence they started their bloody hunts after buffaloes, aurochs, and other big game which swarmed all around, and where, in the seventh century, three councils had held their meetings. Here Dagobert had the basilica of St. Denis built; here Saint Louis founded, for his sister Isabelle, the Abbey of Longchamp, and the tomb of this first abbess, who died a saint, has become a popular place of pilgrimage.

It is to a pilgrimage also that this part of the forest of Rouvray owes its name, which is derived from Boulogne-sur-Mer. Some citizens of Menus-Saint-Cloud, on returning from their visit to the church of that town, Notre Dame de Boulogne, at that time highly venerated, built an exact reproduction of the church, to which the name of Notre Dame de Boulogne-sur-

Seine (this name soon became that of the village of Menus) was given. It was afterwards applied to the Bois, through which it was necessary to go to visit the new Notre Dame de Boulogne, to which numerous pilgrims were attracted.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the forest of Rouvray offered as little security as the wilds of Central Africa do to-day. Longchamp also bore the expressive name of "Coupe-queule." Arnould de Catelan, the troubadour so dear to Beatrice, Countess of Provence, was murdered there on his journey to the court of Philippe le Bel. Many an ambush was laid by the Englishmen and the Jacques in this forest, even at the time it was known as the Bois de Boulogne, and it required the implacable severity of Louis XI. to bring this ruffianism to an end.

The sumptuousness of the Bois, however, did not begin until François I., on his return from captivity in the capital of Spain, had the forest enclosed and built there the beautiful castle of Madrid.

Queen Margot, who inherited this castle, was fond of walking, in company with Vincent de Paul, as far as the Abbey of Longchamp, and thus gave her name to the second large avenue of the Bois, the Allée de la Reine Marguerite.

AUTUMN IN THE BOIS.

The nuns of the abbey, already very worldly, finally succeeded in attracting to the convent, by musical services in which the chorus of the Opera took part, one of the most celebrated artists of the Opera, Mlle. Le Maure, who took the veil at Longchamp in 1727. This was the origin of the elegant promenades of Holy Week, which are still continued to-day.

At that time the Bois had been much reduced: Clichy, Chaillot, Neuilly, Montmartre, Saint-Ouen, and, on the opposite side, Passy, Auteuil, Billancourt, Boulogne, at first mere glades or humble hamlets of woodcutters, had become large villages. Magnificent residences sprung up around the Bois next to the

castle of Madrid. In the place where François I. kept his hounds Charles IX. built a pavilion, which was often used by Louis XIII. during his wolf hunts, and which Louis XV. transformed into the Château de la Meute, or De la Muette. Mlle. de Charolais, granddaughter of the famous Condé, had built for

THE FLOWER FÊTE IN THE BOIS.

herself in a secluded spot, between Madrid and Longchamp—not, however, to lead the life of a recluse—the little house of Bagatelle, *parva sed apta*, which the brother of Louis XVI. transformed in two months into a magnificent castle, the Folie d'Artois. Then came the Castle of Boulogne, with its princely park, which to-day belongs to the Rothschilds; the castles of Neuilly, of Madrid-Maurepas, of Saint-James, and, finally, the Ranelagh, now the casino of Passy, which has become a fashionable resort on account of its mineral waters.

The Revolution passed like a cyclone over all that once had been the forest of Rouvray. Everywhere the *Remises du roi*, beautiful forest trees extending from Saint-Denis to the hill of Montmartre and elsewhere, were cut down, the castles destroyed or devastated, the Bois de Boulogne sacked, and the Abbey of Longchamp torn down.

It was specially the invasion of 1814 and 1815 which worked the ruin of the Bois. Napoleon I., who had to pass through to reach Saint-Cloud, had freed it from tramps and thieves, and had placed guards all around; but when the allied armies, who had camped in the Bois, withdrew, there remained of the favorite promenade of Paris a sandy moor, strewn with bushes and enormous tree stumps.

Fortunately, however, the work of restoration was immediately begun, so that Charles X. could again enjoy the pleasure

of hunting, not the wolf, like Louis XIII., but the hare and the partridge.

The Bois de Boulogne, national property since the Revolution, returned to the crown in 1830, and again became the property of the state in 1848, and was finally transferred to the city of Paris, six hundred years after the foundation of the Abbey of Longchamp, June 2, 1852, "under the condition that the city would retain the lands thus granted for their original purpose, spend in four year two millions in improvements, and maintain it at its own expense." The yearly cost of maintenance amounts to-day to 640,000 francs, nearly all of which is offset by the income derived from rentals, leases, and other privileges.

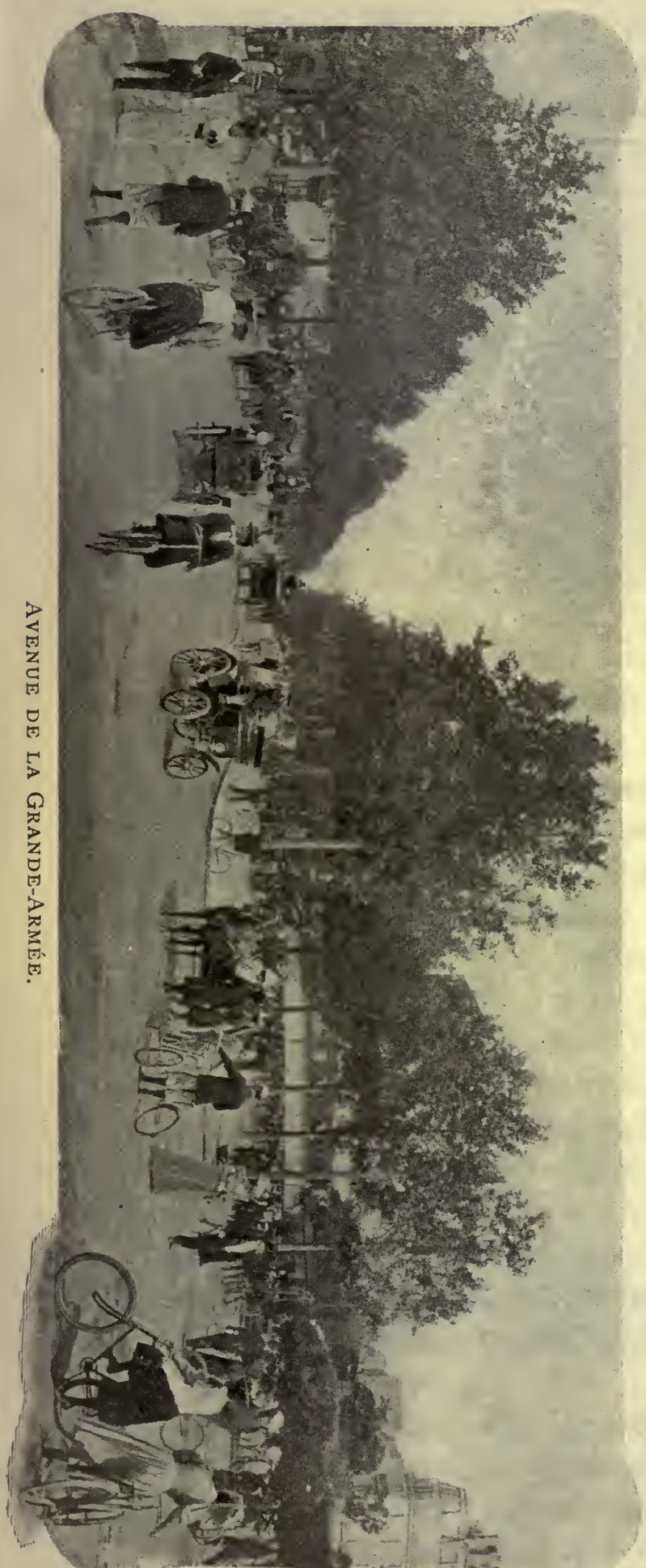
It was at that time that the boundaries of the Bois were definitely established; it lost Madrid, Saint-James, Sablonville, the Park of Princes, which to-day are villages; the Villa Montmorency, the Ranelagh, the Muette and the ward of the Avenue du Bois, which have since been annexed to Paris, but gained the site of the hamlet of Longchamp, which afterward disappeared.

Not two but sixteen millions were spent in beautifying the Bois from 1853 to 1858!

The chief thought of the restorers of the new park, the same as those who rebuilt Paris during the Second Empire, was to bring into this region, heretofore dry and arid, an abundance of water, which has spread life, coolness, and cheerfulness, and allows, by means of eighteen hundred hydrants, the sprinkling of the spacious lawns of Madrid, Longchamp, Saint-Cloud, Boulogne, Auteuil, Croix-Catelan, and Parc-aux-Daims, which cover a space equal to half the ground occupied by the woody part. There are hidden underground nearly eighty kilometres of pipes and conduits of all kinds.

After descending the Butte-Mortemart, with its immense cedars, and passing the Lac Supérieur and the race track of Auteuil, where important hurdle and steeplechase races are run, one reaches the Rond des Cascades, which flow into the Grand Lac, and the most important of which contains a sulphurous mineral water very similar to the curative waters of Passy.

At the other end of these banks, at the Bout du Lac, we find one of those *cafés-restaurants*, so numerous in the Bois, which rival one another in elegance and picturesqueness.



AVENUE DE LA GRANDE-ARMÉE.

AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

From the Bout du Lac flows the Rivière de Longchamp, from which spread the Ruisseaux d'Armenonville and the De Neuilly. These two streams, winding along numerous little islands, water the entire north-eastern part of the Bois.

The river of Longchamp flows towards the west, entering at once into deep cover, and crosses under rustic bridges the Pré-Catelan, one of the enclosures of the Bois, which occupies its most central part.

The Pré-Catelan, a splendid park, with massive, giant oaks and a circular lawn covered with beautiful flower-beds, rare plants, shrubs and trees, clothed with strange leaves, and surrounded by pretty buildings of the most varied appearance, was to have been a permanent home for festivals, and was equipped with a special lighting system for night *fêtes*.

To-day the doors of the Pré-Catelan are open to any one, pedestrians, bicyclists, horsemen, and carriages. Most of its buildings are not in use. Still, there is the *café-restaurant*, the *châlet à gaufres*, and specially the *vacherie* and the *laiterie*. Parisians who want to spend the season "in the country" without going far away, can even secure lodgings here.

The Pré-Catelan takes its name from the *Croix-Catelan*, which marks the spot where the Provençal troubadour fell under the blows of his assassins, but the cross has since become a pyramid, which was perhaps only the pedestal of an iron cross still visible in the seventeenth century.

The Château de Bagatelle, with its beautiful park, after having been the home of the Count of Artois, Mme. de Beauharnais, Mme. Tallien, Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., the Dukes of Berry and of Bordeaux, was disposed of, without restriction, in 1832, to Lord Hereford, peer of England, and is now the property of his heirs.

When no other man, not even a Frenchman, can own an inch of this inalienable domain of the French capital, Bagatelle, in the possession of the English, is the Gibraltar of the Bois de Boulogne!

The River of Longchamp falls in cascades into the Mare aux Biches, at the bottom of a charming, shady little valley, full of freshness and mystery, a spot created for the inspiration of poets, and finally flows into the Lake of Longchamp, which acts as a reservoir to the Grande Cascade.

Here, between great rocks, brought from Fontainebleau, but

to all appearances in its natural place, a freak of nature, a mass of water rushes from a grotto in a foaming torrent and forms a splendid fall.

Longchamp is the scene of the two great annual celebrations of the Bois, which the President attends.

The one, devoted solely to pleasure, the *Courses du Grand*

THROUGH THE BOIS TO THE GRAND PRIX.

Prix de Paris, on the first Sunday in June, marks the end of the "season" and the beginning of the fashionable exodus to the country.

On that day the greatest luxury of toilets and equipages is displayed. All the barouches, landaus, phaetons, and fine horses in Paris are out. During certain hours, from the Place de la Concorde, Champs-Élysées, Avenue du Bois, Bout de Lac, and Allée de Longchamp, as far as the Cascade, and specially during the return journey in the opposite direction, the tide of carriages is so great that, in spite of the great width of the avenues, the equipages can move only at a slow walk.

The second annual celebration of Longchamp is the *Grande Revue*, an official *fête*, which takes place on the 14th of July.

The grand stands are filled as on the day of the *Grand Prix*, but the President of the Republic arrives preceded and followed by an escort of *cuirassiers*, and the race-track presents an entirely different appearance.

Instead of the noisy crowds swarming on the lawn bordered by carriages of all kinds, over which tower the tall coaches where men and women, in light toilets, gaily sip champagne; instead of horsemen galloping here and there towards certain points on the track, where like the wind fly the thoroughbreds with their jockeys crouched on their backs, their caps and

jackets, of brilliantly colored satins and silks, shining brightly in the sun, the immense field presents the imposing sight of the uniforms of twenty thousand men-at-arms: infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The Secretary of War, on horseback, after riding with his brilliant staff in front of the troops, places himself at the foot of the Presidential stand, and the review begins with Polytechnique and Saint-Cyr, the first battalion of France, in the lead.

These two great *fêtes* of the Bois, the only true ones which remain to the Parisians, have become equally popular.

A strange fact to note is that the races and the reviews, as well as the elegant promenades of Holy Week, were not inaugurated in the new Bois, but in the old Bois de Boulogne, before the Revolution. The first horse races, organized by noblemen of the court of Louis XVI., had already taken place in the Bois during 1776. The first military reviews, at about the same time, were those of the French Guards, solemnly reviewed

A MORNING IN THE BOIS.

by the king in person, with the sumptuous pomp of the ancient royal etiquette.

To-day the *fêtes* of the Bois are becoming democratized. Doubtless they have lost some of the grand display of luxury; there are no longer seen silver coaches, encrusted with precious

WHERE PARIS GOES TO UNBEND ITS NERVES.

stones, like the one which an ostentatious Englishman introduced in 1785. There are perhaps more livery carriages and cabs than private equipages, also many vehicles belonging to merchants taking out their families, more bicyclists than amazons, and alas! automobiles, which threaten to upset everything.

If the Bois offers all sorts of recreation to those upon whom Fortune has smiled and who have their own carriages; if it is furrowed in all directions by one hundred kilometres of roadway, about one-fourth of which are bypaths for horsemen passing through shady arches of foliage, and three-fourths beautiful avenues for vehicles, paved and even; if it contains, from distance to distance, high kiosks with thatched roofs, where equestrians can, without leaving the saddle, find shelter from storms, and even more comfortable places where abundant springs of Port, Madeira, and varied aperients flow—it has also its sixty kilometres of pathways traced by art for the modest pedestrians, who will find there numerous Wallace fountains to quench their thirst, and can rest on half a thousand benches distributed in the most pleasant sites.

Each season furnishes for the Bois its particular attractions. In the month of May or June it is the *Fête des Fleurs*, a charity

affair, where are also exhibited the spring toilets with a lavish display of roses, carnations, peonies, and poppies.

In winter, the Bois has its lake for skaters, but it is in an enclosure to which the public is not admitted; it is the Tir aux Pigeons, leased to a club and open to members alone, which, displeasing as it may sound to these privileged persons, is a serious encroachment upon the definite purpose of the Bois de Boulogne, which belongs to the Parisian public.

During the severe winters, however, the Grand Lac and the Lac Supérieur are free to all skaters, and some very fine night *fêtes* are held there. The *glacières* of the Bois are also in demand, and paying well, for the Bois has also its ice-houses, which are leased at a high figure. The Bois has even its *pêches*, which must certainly bring a sufficient quantity of fish to warrant the lessees paying several thousand francs yearly for this privilege. As to the *chasses*, they only consist of an occasional beating of the bushes to prevent the rabbits from multiplying too fast. There are still a few hares left.

All this serves to give an idea of the Bois de Boulogne—the ornament and pride of Paris.

THE ETHICS OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

BY CHARLES B. CONNOLLY.

THE modern newspaper is one of the greatest powers in the world; but its every development has not necessarily been an improvement.

In no other field have the mechanical advancements been so many, so wonderful, and so pronounced. From the humblest of beginnings it has by constant evolution reached the foremost rank among social and political forces. It has grown from the old hand-set, hand-pressed four-page weekly, printed at the rate of 150 an hour, which our fathers read, to the modern linotyped, stereotyped, 24 page 7 edition daily run off on an octuple cylinder steam press at the rate of 25,000 an hour.

But has the brain force, the soul animating the printed thought, progressed correspondingly? We fear that a negative answer must be given by all who have studied the question thoroughly. Modern journalism, in its yellow form, represents a decline either in the moral and tone of the reading public, or a degeneration in the editorial profession; or, perhaps, both. It is not our province to analyze its antecedents, but to deal with it as an existing reality; but we will say in passing that if yellow journalism was not patronized by both subscribing readers and cash-paying advertisers it would die a speedy death; and we would also state that if the editors of the land would agree to boycott sensationalism, the reading public would applaud their action. But neither will take the initiative, and we are led to face the condition brought about by this school and not a theory as to its possible discontinuance.

"What is a *yellow* journal?" was asked of a well-known editor lately.

"Any paper that opposes my policy," was his answer. It is an epithet of shame and a term of reproach, and desired by none of the thousands of dailies in the land. However, for the purpose of this article the yellow journal of to-day may be defined: "A daily publication wherein news is featured, not

according to its objective truth or public interest but with a view of bringing out some novel, unique, or hitherto undeveloped phase; which aims rather to present an attractive appearance than to give the happenings of the day; which appeals more to the eye and prejudices of the reader than to his intellect; which introduces, colors, and suppresses facts in conformity with its own editorial policy, the orders of its business office, and the dictates of its proprietor; and which never misses an opportunity to chronicle its own achievements for the benefit of humanity, and to boast of its extensive circulation as compared with its competitors."

Ten years ago its existence was unknown. It is a distinctively American product. The enterprise required for its maintenance does not prevail in England, and the press censorship of Continental Europe is too rigid to permit it to flourish. It has been rendered possible with us by the progress of photography, the invention of the linotype, the introduction of stereotyping, color press-work, zinc etching, the absolute freedom from restraint conceded to press utterances here, and the well-known facility with which the American people take to anything new.

The reading matter of a daily paper is obtained from various sources. Much of it is sent by telegraph from correspondents and news syndicates. As the same matter is furnished to all papers by the latter, and as one correspondent frequently represents several in the same city, the dailies differ little in their foreign news. It is, therefore, chiefly from the way of handling local doings and the tenor of its editorial page that a newspaper derives its originality. A diagnosis on a hospital record which will appear in a paper of conservative standing as a three-line agate paragraph may be turned into a display head with photographs and line-drawings in one of more radical tone on account of something real or imaginary that places, or seems to place, this case worthy of such distinction. It is to the city room, then, that we must look to see how the *écru* tint is put on news, actual or alleged. Every reporter is supposed on receiving his assignment to work on it, however unimportant, as though it were the chief story for the day; to run out every clue, to obtain pictures of all the parties interested, to endeavor to discover some unique feature that will entitle the story to a spread head. In this way apparently trifling matters are occa-

sionally found to be weighty, and sometimes the most insignificant assignment given to one of the "cub" reporters, a journalistic phrase for apprentice, will be the leading first-page item of the following day.

Work on a modern journal is a combination of building up and tearing down. Reporters are assigned to forty stories at noon; by evening ten of them are found to be devoid of interest or value; thirty are then written up; twenty are cut down, ten are never even set up, while the arrest of some prominent politician, the doings of one of the paper's influential friends, make reading matter to the extent of several columns. Featuring one story means the cutting down or omission of another. This problem is settled by a conference of editors managing the different departments, or sometimes by the "make-up" man alone, who is sure of making life-long enemies at the rate of two or three a night according to the demands of the business office for advertising space and the extra amount of reading matter sent up from the local and telegraph rooms.

There is usually enough matter on hand in the average morning newspaper office at 6 P. M. to close the forms and go to press. But a newspaper must be up to date, and not omit any of the events of the evening. The police reports are not in until 10 or 11 o'clock. The district reporters do not return from the hospitals and station houses until the same hour, and there is always the possibility of a fire, murder, suicide, or accident turning up at any moment.

Yellow journalism was not created by public demand. Prior to its appearance its advent was not looked for, because there can be no desire implied or expressed for the unknown. It was brought out as a business experiment pure and simple. The student of evolution may trace its development from the circus poster and patent medicine "ad" of the last generation. The field was hitherto untrodden. The iconoclastic element took to its utterances at once; conservative persons read it to see what it had to say of them; the indifferent and critical bought it and were amused. Its circulation grew almost incredibly, and its advertising columns brought in untold wealth. It had taken well with the public so far as its mercantile value was concerned, and must be kept up. The newspaper offices of the country were searched for editors and writers equal to the task; the man who could invent some new story or devise a novel

though utterly impossible solution of the latest murder or suicide was made city editor; the sketch-book man, who could draw the most morbid pen-and-ink frenzies and paint purple cows on pink meadows overhung by green skies became art manager or staff artist, and the editorial gadflies and hornets, trenchant although maybe untruthful writers, vitriol-throwers in a figurative sense, were given the pencil, told to fill the editorial page with their acrid outpourings every day, and to keep sober.

The first yellow took with the public, as already mentioned. It was a complete financial success. Rivals at once sprung up, and opposition produced the most unheard-of struggle in the fight for supremacy. It was more important that the reporter should cover his assignment before his rival than for him to get all the details of the story. Oftentimes while the "leg-man" was speeding to the scene of murder, suicide, or fire in an automobile or trolley, a "re-write" man was scribbling a graphic account of the occurrence, waiting only for a 'phone message to insert names and addresses and flash the news before the public. It was enterprise, but in a poor cause, and fraught with dangers of libel, defamation of character, etc. But it was a "scoop" on the rival and worth the price. Men who would have made fortunes in the realm of fairy-tale fiction and Poesque mystery have become famous as chroniclers of daily happenings, because they did not let such trifling things as actual facts hamper the scope of their imaginations in their daily writings. Yellow journalism has lessened the census of the acknowledged insane asylums.

What code of ethics could such a profession be expected to adopt? None whatever. If you ruin a man's reputation, that is not your fault; he should not incur suspicion. If he wants to, let him institute libel proceedings. He will scarcely win, of course; the case can be postponed indefinitely, and in the mean-while he is out of employment. The story was false to begin with. No matter; it made a fine feature on what looked like a dull day, and we're too busy to bother with it anyhow; let him be more careful next time. Print everything that you think will sound or read well; only don't violate the laws of decency and libel unless you can't help it, and then take the chances.

To hold his position the modern reporter must be more than a mere news-gatherer and a quick writer. He must have the nerve and persistency of a book agent, the tact and tongue of

a lawyer, the rubber-shoe instincts of a Sherlock Holmes, the versatility of a chameleon, and no conscience. And he must never fail on an assignment. He is required to make good in every instance, and a single failure, though preceded by many successes, means instant dismissal. He is, for instance, sent to secure a photograph of a murdered man, or his murderer. There are no directions given, and there will not, generally speaking, be any question as to his methods. He may represent himself as a coroner's office attaché, or a secret-service man; he may lie, use blackmail, bribe the undertaker, or steal the picture, should the opportunity present. If he secures it he is applauded, and no questions are asked. If his methods afterwards come to light and injure the paper, he is dismissed if his services can be dispensed with; otherwise he is merely reprimanded and told to cover his tracks better the next time.

A facetious lawyer who has an interest in an Eastern daily once remarked concerning a "star" reporter of the said sheet: "Mr. N—— will hesitate at nothing to secure results on an assignment, except homicide, and I have my doubts if he would stop there if it became necessary."

A young man who had acted as society editor of a paper was sent for by the editor of a yellow and offered a similar position at a slight increase of salary. He accepted the proposition, and after assuming his new duties was instructed to secure photographs of several prominent people. It is almost impossible to get pictures of any one nowadays without an order from the subject himself, so much have the papers abused the privileges formerly accorded to photographers.

The society man took his assignment, and returning several hours later reported inability to secure photographs, as the persons mentioned were out of town for the summer.

"Did you go to their houses?" asked the editor.

"Yes, but they were away."

"Was n't there a watchman in charge, or a servant to bribe?"

"I suppose so; I did n't inquire. I did n't want to demean myself to such methods."

"The man who is afraid or ashamed to do anything to make good on an assignment is of no value to us. I must ask for your resignation." That young man is still looking for a job.

There is no honor among yellow journals, or between them and the legitimate. They will promise a rival to omit a story if the latter will agree to do so, and on receiving the latter's promise will proceed to make the item more sensational than ever and print it in the most prominent position in the paper. They will scour the city, and country even, for men to suit their needs, and rob any paper of its best talent that will rally under their standard. And they will discharge such men and put them out of employment for the slightest reason. Life on a yellow is nothing if not exciting, and with such kaleidoscopic changes as occur on its staff almost daily it is easy to see that no organization prevails, and without organization there can only be a makeshift progress.

Amusing mistakes often occur as the result of overzeal on the part of some enthusiastic editor. The writer can recall an instance where a reporter was sent to secure a first-person story from an infant eighteen months old, who was dead at the time of his assignment; the editor in his hurry not noticing the mention of the child's death in the last paragraph of the paper from which he took the clipping, and never stopping to consider that a child eighteen months old could scarcely be able to give much of an account of "How I Escaped the Roaring Flames," even if it had survived.

More ridiculous even than the request of an American editor for a story from Max O'Rell on his preconceived notions of America, to be published immediately on the French lecturer's arrival, was an incident that occurred in a Western city not many years ago. A yellow was making extensive preparations for a magnificent Easter edition, which was to contain among other things a picture of the risen Christ, a sacred poem, and a sermon by a well-known divine on the text of the day. On the evening preceding the issue of this "special" the proprietor arrived in town, and going over the schedule with the managing editor, noticed that the clergymen of the town had not been asked for commendatory statements on this wonderful triumph of modern newspaper work. He instructed the managing editor to have the city editor repair the defect at once. He did so, and to the latter's excuses as to the lateness of the hour and the few men at his disposal he turned a deaf ear. "It is the chief's order and must be done. It's up to you *how* to do it."

Modern journalism frequently demands impossibilities. This was a case in point. The city referred to contains several hundred clergymen; the city editor had four men at his disposal; he was to have at least a hundred statements in a few hours. It was an absolute impossibility, yet it had to be done. He called his reporters together, explained the circumstances, and told them to write as many letters as possible in praise of the new Easter edition, being careful to vary the language and sign the name of a local pastor to each statement. This they did, and the paper next day was aglow with laudation of the good work done: how modern enterprise placed the "Resurrection" before the many who were unable to attend the religious services; how, despite its reputation to the contrary, the yellow was "Christian," etc. But the illusion was soon dispelled and letters of complaint began pouring in with each succeeding mail.

The first dominie quoted as saying good of the paper had been dead over a month, and this very paper had attacked him severely as a rigorist only two or three months previously; the second had not been a resident for more than a year; while the third, whose "faked" testimonial was the most fulsome on the entire page, had been an uncompromising enemy of Sunday newspapers throughout his entire clerical career. The proprietor was appealed to, and he demanded an account of the managing editor, who threw the blame on the city editor. The latter's excuse was that he had done his best to perform a miracle, and had nothing further to say than that if the clergymen did n't approve the letters it was n't his fault. But nevertheless he and the letter-writing reporters who had acted under his instructions were given the "white slip."

And here a lesson may be drawn. How can a paper that acts in so hurried a manner be a power for good? Poor Richard had a whole week in which to think over what he would say to his readers, but the modern scribe has only to bear in mind that he has twenty minutes in which to write a column and catch the first edition.

Nor is "faking" confined to the news end of the paper alone. It finds ample opportunity in the photographic department. There are expert artists who can make a wash drawing of a celebrity in any position desired, action or rest, and it is a simple matter to insert a photographic face, the whole reproducing so like a real photograph as to deceive even an expert.

About a year ago the people of Philadelphia were astounded by a photograph appearing in one of the Sunday morning papers of an accident that had occurred the Friday night previous along the river front. A horse and wagon, driven by a careless driver, pitched against a wharf-piling and the animal hitched to the vehicle was thrown over the front of the dock; the wagon caught on a post and remained in position. The horse's nose barely touched the water, but it was sufficient to drown the animal before it could be rescued. The Saturday papers recorded the incident, but on the Sunday following it was all but forgotten until the paper referred to produced what it claimed was an exact picture of the disaster. The editor of this paper's deadly rival looked at the work of so-called art and exclaimed: "The best thing I ever saw in its line. We must get a print of that photograph"; and a reporter was accordingly assigned to the task. He investigated and found out that the accident occurred at 11 o'clock at night, that the horse was cut loose from the harness as soon as help arrived, and the body towed away. That on the morning following a photographer from the paper came to the wharf and, rowing out into the stream, took a snap of the wagon, which was still standing as at the time of the accident. That the photographer took the plate to the dark-room and, having developed the negative, drew a horse hanging from the wagon, and thus enabled his paper to give the city a wonderful photograph of an extraordinary occurrence. Instead of showing up the deceit of the "rival," the editor told the investigating reporter, on his return, that it was a clever piece of work, and he only wished that the photographer was on his staff.

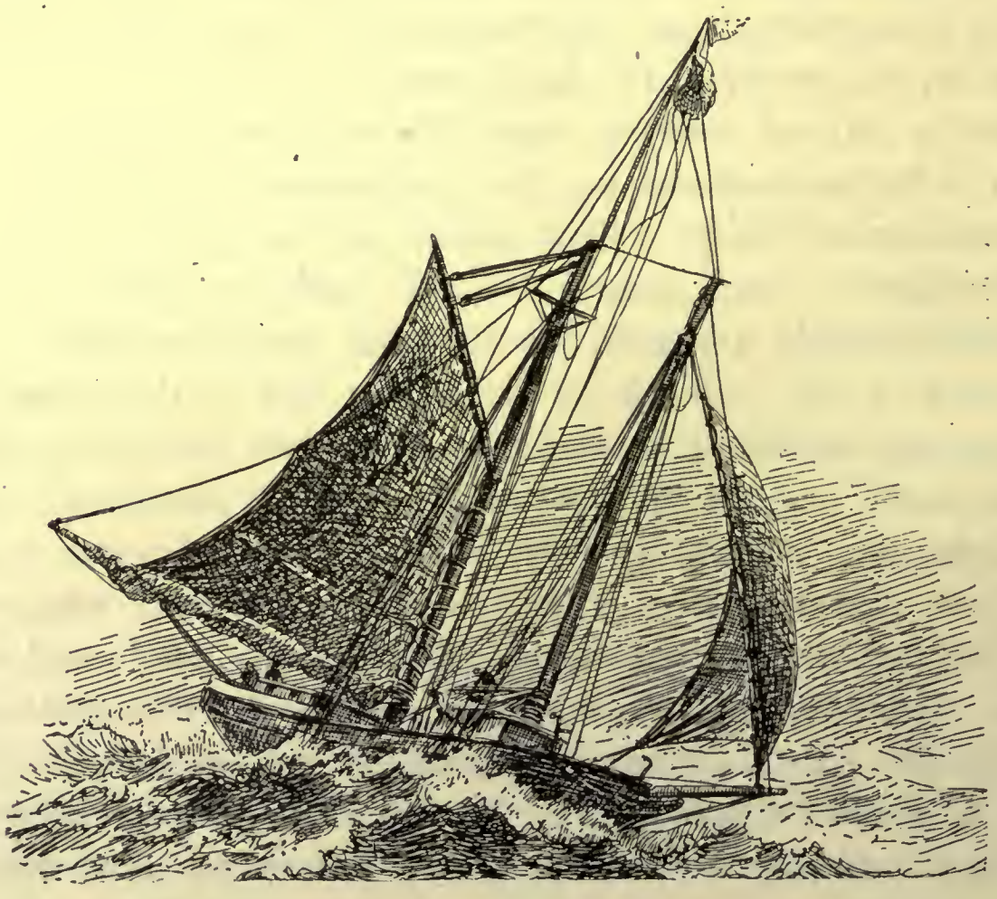
The morbidness for novel methods of treating common facts is well illustrated by the following incident. There was a vacancy on the local staff of a New York paper, and two young men applied for the position. The editor gave them the customary verbal examination, not omitting to ask if they smoked cigarettes—which question, by the way, is always asked—and being well impressed with both, sent them to inspect work on the Williamsburg bridge across the East River, now in course of erection. One of the applicants returned and wrote a few paragraphs, stating that the work was progressing favorably and would in all likelihood be completed within the time limit of the contract.

The other wrote a column story containing a table showing the amount of work so far done, the amount remaining to be done, the weight of the entire structure, the number of rivets used in holding the braces, the amount of work done in a single day; how many men would be required, supposing room for all to work at once, to complete it in one day, not even omitting the number of miles described by the swing of the average machinist's hammer in the course of a day's work. The former young man did not even qualify; the latter was engaged at twenty dollars per week. And of such is the realm of modern journalism.

Of what interest this all could be to the general reader it is hard to imagine; it represented no real ingenuity or brain-work on the part of the reporter; but the subject was old, and this represented some novel phase and offered a plea for a two-column picture and story. An irrepressible desire to search for uninteresting and unimportant details is an essential for every would-be yellow journalist. Any man can write news if he knows it; many men can find news if sent after it; but the man with an eight-day imagination, who sees sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, tongues in trees, and spread-head beats in everything, is the individual who will become an autocrat in the modern Fourth Estate.

Every youth of literary tastes drifts into journalism sooner or later. He is bettered by the experience, for he knows one profession not to adopt. The woods are full of discarded derelict newspaper men; men of talent and industry, men who would have made fortunes, or at least good incomes, in any other walk in life, and whose only fault lies in that they could not keep up the strain demanded—that they could not achieve the practically impossible. To the unthinking reader or observer who confounds preaching with practice it may appear that the writer who works under the supervision of men who are so valiant in defending the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden, and who oppose so determinedly the wrong-doings of the rich, the trusts, corrupt government and municipal officials, enjoys a perfect Utopia; that he earns a princely salary, and has only to ask for a raise to obtain the same. But were the secrets of the sanctum made known, it would be plain to all that the man with the pencil and paste-pot is no less brother to the ox than the man with the hoe.

Will modern or yellow journalism last? Not in its present state. It has sufficient financial backing to last for a time; but the American public can't be fooled all the time, and there is even at present writing a tide of reversion setting in which will slowly but none the less surely compel the abandonment of many of the methods at present in vogue. Talent will replace charlatanism; men who can think and write thoughts, instead of men who can invent and amuse, will find their way into the offices of the yellows; and when reflection and foresight take the place of imagination and foolhardiness, yellow journalism will turn pale and become white. In so far as it represents enterprise it has come to stay, but as a periodical of permanent and persistent protest it will not survive the present generation. The American reporter will become a professional man, a scholar and a gentleman, and not a professional meddler, amateur detective, and inventor of plausible impossibilities all in one. American journals will be newspapers, and not, as a well-known journalist now styles them, "picture books for children."



WHILE THE FEVER BURNED.

BY SHIELA MAHON.

THINGS were looking bad in Mrs. M'Manus's little shop. It is true the diamond-paned window shone like crystal, and the tall glass jars that held the widow's stock of sweetmeats were glittering in the odd gleams of sunshine that penetrated into the small, dark establishment; but, alas! the stock was getting painfully low and the poor old woman had not the means to replenish it; and as if to add to her troubles a new shop started exactly opposite, and the fickle youth of the neighborhood went over *en masse*—for who could resist the inducement of getting four black balls for a penny in lieu of the widow's three? They were certainly not just so buttery, but then what they lacked in flavor they gained in quantity.

Night after night Widow M'Manus lay awake, trying to solve the problem of ways and means, and each morning saw an additional faint furrow on her soft face and a deeper shadow in the dark eyes that still held much of the alertness of earlier years. Of late the agonizing fear assailed her that the only way out of her difficulties led to the big house on the hill, and the poor woman never passed it without a shudder and a fervent aspiration that it would never be her fate to end her days there.

One never-to-be-forgotten day the climax of her worry was reached when an ominous-looking blue envelope was handed in. With a fainting heart the widow opened and read it. Her fears were realized—it was a notice to quit. Like one dazed she gazed at it again and again before she could realize its contents. Then all at once the appalling trouble overwhelmed her, and she quietly fainted. Later on she was found by one of the neighbors and carried tenderly into the little room off the shop, and that night lay in the delirium of brain fever, babbling of sweets and neighbors' childer, green fields and a certain white house, all mixed up incoherently, whilst her young niece, Winnie, who had been hastily sent for, did all in her power to alleviate her sufferings.

For days she knew no one, and twelve-year-old Winnie had

a busy time attending to her as well as running in and out to the odd customers who still frequented the little shop.

Winnie had read the fatal letter that had had such a sad effect on her poor aunt. She realized at once all its dread import, and it was with a sinking heart she took up her position as head of the little household. All day long her brain was in a whirl of anxiety as to how this new trouble might be met. Could she only see the young lord who owned the property on which her aunt's little shop stood she could surely make him understand the awful cruelty of putting out the poor old woman after a tenancy of sixty years, merely because she was a little behindhand with the rent for the past few quarters.

The agent, she knew, was a hard man—one not easily moved by a tale of distress; but surely, surely the young lord, who had only lately come into the estate, would listen to her pleading.

Thus the brave child cogitated, as she stood behind the counter of the stuffy little shop, as to the ways and means she would take to gain an audience. Trouble made a little woman of her. Many a longing glance she gave towards Slieve Donard, where the Castle stood amid the purple heather like a white flower in an amethyst setting. If she could only get there in time before her aunt recovered her reason, so that she could tell her the glorious news of the success of her errand once she awoke from the fever that was consuming her! She pictured in all the happy light in her aunt's eyes, the quick return to health, the joy,—

At this point of her meditations a small, piping voice, accompanied by the sound of a copper tapping on the counter, roused her from her glorious dream to things mundane.

"Mother sent me for a pennyworth of black balls for Wee Jemmie; he is sick, and he tould me to be sure and come here; he would rather have the taste of yours than the ones across the street."

Winnie placed the black dainties in a paper and handed it to the garrulous youngster. "I suppose you would like one for yourself," she said with a smile that made her face seem like an angel's to the little fellow.

"Troth, Winnie, it's yourself knows a thing or two. You would n't mind making it a big one," he continued wheedlingly, "while you are at it. I fought Paddy Whelan—him whose mother keeps the new shop—three rounds. He said, 'Troth,

an' his mother would soon put your aunt out of business,' and I told him he was a black-hearted pig."

"You should n't fight," said Winnie reprovingly, though her eyes danced with enjoyment as the sharp-featured youngster told his tale.

"What call has the like of him putting down an ould neighbor?"

"Father O'Donovan says we are to love our enemies; live and let live," repeated Winnie primly.

"Faix, then, some one is bound to come to the wall. My grannie says it 's your poor old aunt this time."

"Mickey!" The sound of the voice was so accusing that the little lad stepped back in affright as a tall old woman, who had entered unperceived, with a check shawl round her spare frame and a scrupulously white apron, caught him angrily by the shoulder, her eyes blazing with wrath.

"Grannie, I did n't say anything," cried the youngster, wriggling from her grasp. "Sorra a 'damn' I said since you tould me it was a bad word. Ask Winnie there. I was only telling her what the neighbors said about her aunt."

"Whist, ye omadhaun. Run home quickly. Jemmie is crying for the sweets. Childer is so foolish," she added apologetically. "They do be taking up things quare. If there is a wrong way to a story they are sure to take the short cut. Me and Mrs. Breen was likely enough talking about your aunt."

Her explanations were cut short by a wailing voice calling "Winnie, Winnie."

"There is your aunt calling. I 'll just step in and see can I do anything for her."

"Do, Mrs. Fogarty," said Winnie, her eyes flashing gratefully. "I do be afeered sometimes, she talks so wild. The doctor says she will come round all right, but indeed I wish my mother was here; but the baby is only a fortnight old, and she is not over-strong yet; sure an' it 's with her I should be," added poor Winnie, the tears falling down like rain from her blue eyes.

"Whist, alanna, things will come right. A little patience does a great deal," said Mrs. Fogarty, following Winnie into the little room where the poor invalid lay tossing restlessly amid the pillows of the old-fashioned four-poster bed that occupied most of the space, and indeed was almost the sole article of

furniture, save a mahogany glass-case from which peeped forth a few china cups and saucers and plates of different patterns.

The glass-case was the widow's pride. It was an heirloom in the family: real Spanish mahogany, black with age, and it was Mrs. M'Manus's delight to polish it daily, until you could see yourself in it; just as her mother had done before her, and her mother's mother. In fact the history of the glass-case was lost in time, so ancient was it. What tales it could have told if it only had speech! How many people had drank tea out of the china cups, people that were now far away, some in distant lands, some lying in God's acre; all scattered except a few who, like Widow M'Manus, still clung to their humble homes in the little village at the foot of Slieve Donard. How well it remembered the day when Widow M'Manus was born, sixty years before—why, it just seemed like yesterday—and the tiny babe had grown from childhood to womanhood, and from thence to middle age, and from middle age, alas! to old age. No change on the old cabinet save a little added blackness, but oh! the change on the human cabinet—the cracks and seams were innumerable; scarcely a trace of the freshness of youth, only the spiritual beauty of the dark eyes remained, that told of a well-spent life, and constant communion with a higher sphere. The eyes of the old tell a tale that cannot be gainsaid. The young can hide the thoughts of youth, but as the years advance each additional thought imprints itself indelibly, for good or evil; then, when old age creeps on, angelic is the face where the good predominates. The features may be plain, harsh, almost forbidding, but the highest form of beauty is there—the beauty of the spirit. Human grossness bows down before it, instinctively recognizing that it is of heaven heavenly.

"How are you feeling to-day, Mrs. M'Manus? Why, we 'll soon be having you up, you are looking so well."

Mrs. M'Manus gazed at her with unseeing eyes. "Winnie," she spoke rapidly, "get me my cloak and bonnet. I promised to bring the childer some sweets. Ye might make me a mouthful of tay. My head feels so quare; yer mother will be here soon."

"Aunt, you are not well enough to rise," cried poor Winnie in alarm.

"Get me my cloak," reiterated the old woman fiercely. "It 's my wedding day. Seumas will be waiting in the church. Look! 'tis a lovely morning! Do you hear the birds singing?

and the strame running down the mountain side is like sunlight woven by the fairies. Och, but it is good to look at. Seumas will come down that path an' he'll gather me the purtiest bunch of violets from the moss under the hedge. 'Blue as your eyes, Maureen'; she sang the words in an odd cracked voice that quavered through the stillness of the quiet room with weird effect. Och, but my Seumas is strong and straight-limbed. A penny-worth of sweets, did ye say, alanna? Dear-a-dear, but the childer loves the sugar. There is one for yerself," and she stretched out an imaginary sweet into empty space.

"Mrs. Fogarty, do you think she is worse?" whispered Winnie fearfully.

"Not at all, child; don't worry yerself; it's the faver in her head. Shure my mother, God rest her, was tuk much the same way after she heard the news that Jemmie was drowned, and she lived to be over ninety. Hush, aroon; try to sleep." And Mrs. Fogarty held the fevered, restless hands of the sick woman. The magnetism of her cool, firm clasp seemed to soothe the sufferer. By degrees her movements became less violent, the heavy lids drooped over the tired eyes at irregular intervals, then, gradually prefaced by a vacant stare, sank on the worn white cheeks furrowed by streams of thought, and lay at rest.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Fogarty, piously, "she will do now. Sleep is the best medicine; it's better than all the doctors in the world. Run and take a mouthful of air; I'll watch her until she wakes. You are as white as a sheet."

With the speed of a lapwing Winnie took advantage of Mrs. Fogarty's kindness to fulfil her project for her aunt's succor. With feverish haste she donned her red cloak, putting the hood over her curly head, a veritable "Red Riding-hood"; and not daring to give herself time to think, she sped up the mountain-side towards the castle; yet the awful thought would obtrude itself: What if her mission should fail? Her aunt would die, she felt thoroughly convinced of that, and the child's brave heart sank like lead and the tears blinded her blue eyes, whilst a strangling sensation seized her throat that made her feel very helpless. She sat down on a fallen oak to recover herself. Around her was a world of heather, overhead a cloudless sky, and the birds singing loudly. A robin perched himself boldly beside her as if comparing the relative merits of the red hood and the soft feathers of his own little coat, and then flew chir-

ruping away to tell his companions. The mountain-side was very lonely, and the child, with a swift glance around, knelt down amid the purple heather and breathed an earnest prayer for the success of her mission. As she knelt there, a picturesque little figure, her eyes like wet violets, her whole attitude one of absorbed devotion, a young man coming up the mountain-side in shooting costume stopped in amazement, and stared in wonderment not unmixed with awe at this living tableau. The soft heather deadened the sound of his footsteps; so he listened, all unperceived, to the child's prayer. "O God!" cried Winnie, "save my poor aunt. Do not let her be put out of her little home. Make the young lord more merciful than the agent. Give me courage to speak to him boldly and not be afraid, and grant that my prayer may be heard." With a brighter face she stood up to resume her way, and started back in wild surprise to meet the grave eyes of the young lord of the castle regarding her intently.

"My lord, my lord!" faltered the poor child, and she stood a picture of shame, the crimson flooding her face, then suddenly leaving it deathly pale.

"Don't be afraid," said the young man kindly. "What is your trouble, little one?"

"I cannot tell you," cried Winnie, and, all her self-possession deserting her, she burst into a wild fit of sobbing.

He waited until the paroxysm passed, and then said gently, "I cannot help you unless you tell me what is the matter." Then Winnie, gathering courage, told him the whole sad story, omitting nothing, and in that brief glance from a child's point of view the young lord learned more of the lives of the poor than he had ever known before.

"Go home, Winnie," he said, "and rest assured that your aunt need never be afraid of being put out of her little home. As for you, child, you have taught me a lesson not to begin my life-work as an absentee landlord. For the future I will be my own agent, and, please God," he raised his cap reverently, "I will try to do my duty."

Winnie, her face aflame with delight, stammered her thanks; then with joyous feet flew homeward.

When she reached the little shop a small crowd of urchins were standing at the window, headed by Jemmie, whose prowess in defence of Widow M'Manus had rendered him a hero.

For some minutes Winnie was kept busily attending, until the stock of black balls threatened to disappear altogether in the onslaught that was made on them. When, at last, she found time to go into the little back room, it was to see her aunt in the full possession of her senses, very weak but decidedly better. And when Winnie whispered the good news, under the correct impression that joy seldom kills, the flush that lighted up the old woman's face was a sufficient answer.

Next morning a letter came from the young lord. Enclosed in it was a ten-pound note. So Winnie, with a glad heart, paid the rent.

One of Mrs. Fogarty's sayings was that glad news seldom comes single. In this case it was verified. Trade became very brisk in the little shop, and when it was known that "himself" from the castle often dropped in to have a chat with the Widow M'Manus, why,—sometimes the old woman says she 'll have to advertise for an assistant.

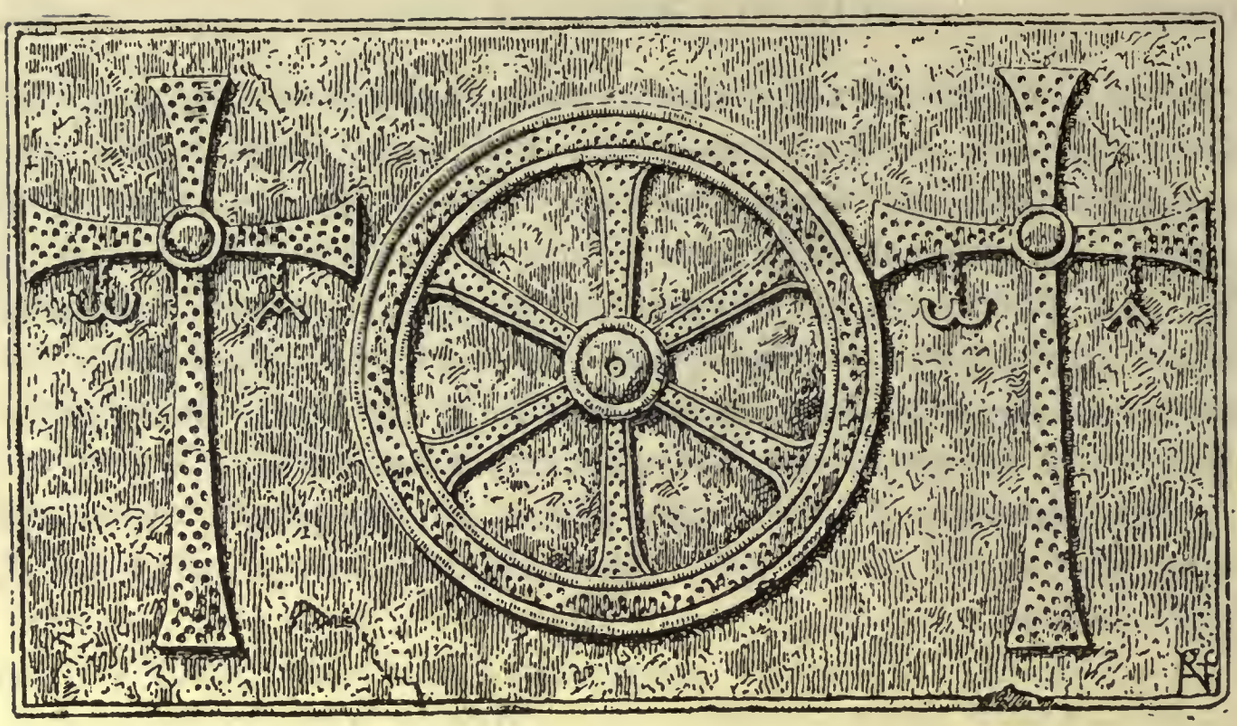
I WISH I WERE A POET.

BY J. FRANCIS DUNNE.

I WISH I were a poet, as I sit and watch the skies,
And the April clouds of azure floating 'fore my eyes,
Rolling fast, and rolling faster,
As eluding some disaster,—
And all painted by the Master, tinted with unnumbered dyes.

I wish I were a poet, as I while away an hour,
Resting near a bed of pansies, and watch the budding flow'r;
As the diamond dew-drop lingers,
Softly dropped by fairy fingers,
To the music of the singers, from a tall and leafy bow'r.

I could a song of nature sing, and ev'ry word a poem;
I could a dreamy picture paint, of the deep and shady gloam,
As would make the angels wonder,
As would tear the veil asunder
Which conceals the distant thunder, and the lightning's fitful home.



ANCIENT SCULPTURE IN CATHEDRAL AT MONZA.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE AND THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

BY LONGFIELD GORMAN.

STANDING a few years ago in the ancient basilica of Monza, Italy, I was startled by the resemblance between the Irish cross I carried on my watch-chain and two sculptured crosses on the masonry of the church. That the three were of identical origin seemed demonstrated. The stone upon which the two were cut is believed to be the only survival of the original construction of Queen Theodolinda's church, on which it may have been an altar frontal.* In the centre of the stone is a wheel, the emblem of eternity. The wheel is flanked by two crosses with the letters alpha and omega pendant from their arms. The alpha is in the form of the symbol compass, and within the wheel there is seen the unbroken line, with neither end nor beginning, which the Comacines developed into their characteristic interlaced work. The cross which I wore had the wheel around the arms of the cross, and the interlaced endless line was its characteristic decoration. Inquiry led me to a most interesting study.

Early writers on architecture had indeed discovered that

* Descrizione della Insigne Reale Basilica Collegiata di San Giovanni Battista della Cittá di Monza. Monza, 1820.

there was a guild of various trades who engaged in church building. It remained for a comparatively recent investigator to trace the thread to Como, whence the name Comacine has been derived. Professor Merzario wrote a work upon the Comacine masters, which was published at Milan in two volumes, large octavo, in 1893. Leader Scott has availed himself of this work in a superb volume entitled *The Cathedral Builders*, the story of a great masonic guild, published in 1899 by an American house.* These two authors maintain that in Lombardy the Comacine masters, a guild of architects, masons, and decorators, kept alive in their traditions the seed of classic art, slowly training it through Romanesque forms up to the Gothic, and hence to the full Renaissance. To these masters and those associated subordinately with them can be traced the building of the basilica of St. Ambrose at Milan, Theodolinda's church at Monza, St. Fidelis at Como, St. Michael at Pavia, and the great cathedral of Pisa as well as that at Milan, "a white mountain of sculpture."

The hand of the Comacine masters is also to be found in many of the wondrous cloisters and fanes of other parts of Europe. Through them architecture and sculpture were carried into France, Spain, Germany, and England, and there developed into new and varied styles, according to the exigencies of the climate and the tone of the people.

There is generally a volume of history in a German word of breadth. The Germans call architecture "Baukunst." It means literally "tree art." Could anything be more apt? Is not the architecture of the south derived from the characteristic tree of the south, the palm, whence the Romanesque obtains its round arch? Is not the architecture of the north derived from the characteristic tree of the north, the pine, with its lofty stock and sharply pointed arch of short branches? "The flat roofs, horizontal architraves, and low arches of the Romanesque, which suited a warm climate, gradually changed as they went northward into the pointed arches and sharp gables of the Gothic, the steep sloping lines being a necessity in a land whence snow and rain were frequent." It is now claimed that the brethren of Como were sent from their headquarters by Gregory the Great to England with St. Augustine to build churches for his converts; by Gregory the Second to Germany

* Charles Scribner's Sons. The volume is enriched with eighty-three illustrations.

with Boniface on a similar mission; and were by Charlemagne taken to France to build his church at Aix-la-Chapelle, the prototype of French Gothic. That the guild of the Comacine masters had much to do with leading art from the Romanesque into the Gothic is scarcely deniable, and it alone appears to answer the question, "How did all these great and noble buildings spring up simultaneously in all countries and all climates?" and the other question, "How comes it that in all cases they were similar to each other at similar times?" The era covered lies between 1100 and 1500. During that time Europe blossomed into Christian fanes. During that time the churches at Verona, Bergamo, Como were built with round arches, as well as those at Bonn, Mayence, Treves, Lubeck, Freiberg, the French churches at Aix, Caen, Dijon, and the English cathedrals, St. Bartholomew's in London—all of an identical style, and that style Lombard. The Lombard style is now known to have been Comacine. In the fourteenth century appeared the cathedrals of Cologne, Strassburg, and Magdeburg in pure Gothic; at the same time arose those of Westminster, York, and Salisbury in England; those of Milan, Assisi, and Florence in Italy; and the churches of Beauvais, Laon, and Rouen in France; all these, springing up almost simultaneously, bear the imprint of the Comacines.

Como as early as the seventh century boasted a compact and powerful guild composed of architects, or masters, and a powerful organization of artists, artificers, and laborers under their control. German authorities claim that from Constantinople, when the centre of mechanical skill and knowledge, art radiated to distant countries, and that while the Lombards were in possession of Northern Italy Byzantine builders formed themselves into a guild and received from the popes the privilege of living according to their own ordinances. Broader investigation finds, however, that the Byzantine architecture in Italy was sporadic and not of lasting influence, but the Comacine ornamentation discloses Oriental forms. Some of the bishops who were rulers in Como were Greeks, and the guild at Como was in contact with Greek sculptors, who were numerous throughout Italy. Rome itself contains many evidences of Lombard workmanship. The Comacines naturally adopted the Roman basilica outline as the most available architectural form of the early Christian period. The Eastern origin of the basilica design would

appear to be authenticated by its name. "Basileus" was the king or king archon who dispensed justice in Athens. His seat was upon a raised tribune placed at the extremity of the building furthest from its chief entrance. When the Christians were

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

permitted to emerge from the catacombs and to begin worshipping publicly, they availed themselves of these basilicas, and placed the high altar where the throne of the king judge, and in Italy the Roman pretor, had stood. This constituted the architectural apse, and the form is still found almost untouched in many of the older towns of Europe where the Christians established themselves without the means to build new edifices. Wherever the Comacines built or embellished a basilica their imprint is distinct. The interlaced line is their sign manual.

Whether the Irish cross was obtained from Como or carried directly to Ireland from the old East, need not now be considered. The cross of Sts. Patrick and Columba at Kells has all the marks of the Comacine cross as it is seen at Como and elsewhere in Italy. This is true also of the cross of King Flami at Clonmacnois and that at Monasterboice. Leader Scott holds that Irish archæologists would do well to work up the con-

nection of the early Irish missionaries with Italy, and the influence their travels had not only on the religion but on the art of Ireland.

The solicitude of the church for the welfare of all her children and the religious spirit that prevailed amongst the people are strikingly displayed in the manifold development of the numerous guilds and brotherhoods during the church-building era.

The immediate objects of the guilds were mainly secular, but religious and charitable foundations were almost invariably associated with them. Their trade-marks always bore a religious character. Every guild had its own church or chapel, and its own chaplain. The statutes breathe a deeply religious spirit, and frequently the guild owed its origin to a desire to maintain a lamp before a certain altar, to honor the feast of some special saint, to possess a private chapel for the use of the members. There were strict rules in regard to the observance of their religious duties. They were bound to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays, and to attend a Mass in the chapel of the guild at least once a month. There were rewards for frequent attendance in church. The statutes often enjoined reverent behavior in the house of God, and members are forbidden to leave the church before the end of the service. Each guild had its patron saint, connected in some way through legend or history with the trade or occupation exercised by its members. Thus, in Rome, St. Elegius was the patron of the farriers and goldsmiths; St. Nicholas, of the sailors. The tanners had St. Bartholomew, the husbandmen St. Isidore, the millers St. Paulinus of Nola, the coopers St. James, the innkeepers St. Julianus, the bricklayers St. Gregory the Great, the stonemasons the four crowned martyrs, Saints Nicostratus, Claudius, Castorius and Symphorianus, the money-changers St. Mark, the shopkeepers St. Sebastian, the wool merchants St. Ambrose, the shoemakers St. Crispin, the barbers and physicians St. Cosmas and Damian, the apothecaries St. Lawrence, and the painters St. Luke.

The more wealthy confraternities spent a portion of their funds on the erection or embellishment of churches of their own; on gifts of paintings or carvings, or perhaps a Holy Sepulchre, to other churches in their city; on having special banners designed and executed for their meetings.

Many of the greatest painters painted their masterpieces for

the guilds. Among those thus engaged were Gentile Bellini, Carpaccio, Tintoretto.

The most glorious picture in the north of Europe, probably the most beautiful in the world, the Sistine Madonna, which won for Raphael the appellation "Divine," * was originally painted for a procession standard. It became the chief altar-piece in the church of the monks of Piacenza, where it remained until 1753, when it was purchased for the Dresden Gallery.

A comprehensive review of the architecture, painting, and sculpture of the fifteenth century leaves no doubt on the mind that the immense majority of an almost countless host of works of art, in spite of traces everywhere of the influences of the antique, were inspired by religion, and that the art of the period was essentially Christian.†

Monza is a short distance from Como and only a pleasant ride from Milan. Its chief attraction is the cathedral, founded in the sixth century by Queen Theodolinda and restored in the fourteenth century. A relief in the east transept represents the coronation of Emperor Otho III. In a casket jealously guarded within a richly decorated cross over the altar is the iron crown with which thirty-four Lombard kings were crowned. It was used for the Emperor Charles V. When Napoleon awaited its deposit upon his head with the usual ceremony his impatience burst conventional restraint and, seizing the crown, he placed it upon his own head. It consists of a hoop of gold adorned with precious stones; encircling the interior is a thin strip of iron said to have been made from a nail of the true cross brought by the Empress Helena from Palestine. In 1859 the victorious Austrians carried off the precious antique, but after the peace of 1866 it was restored to its former repository. A handsome fee is required for the privilege of seeing it. The custodian, who approaches the repository with stately grace and unlocks the casket with impressive solemnity, told me that King Humbert on his visit to Monza a few years previously had followed the example of Napoleon and placed the diadem upon his own head, but in the seclusion of the apartment in which it is guarded. The incident came back pathetically to my memory on reading the startling telegram of the tragic death of King

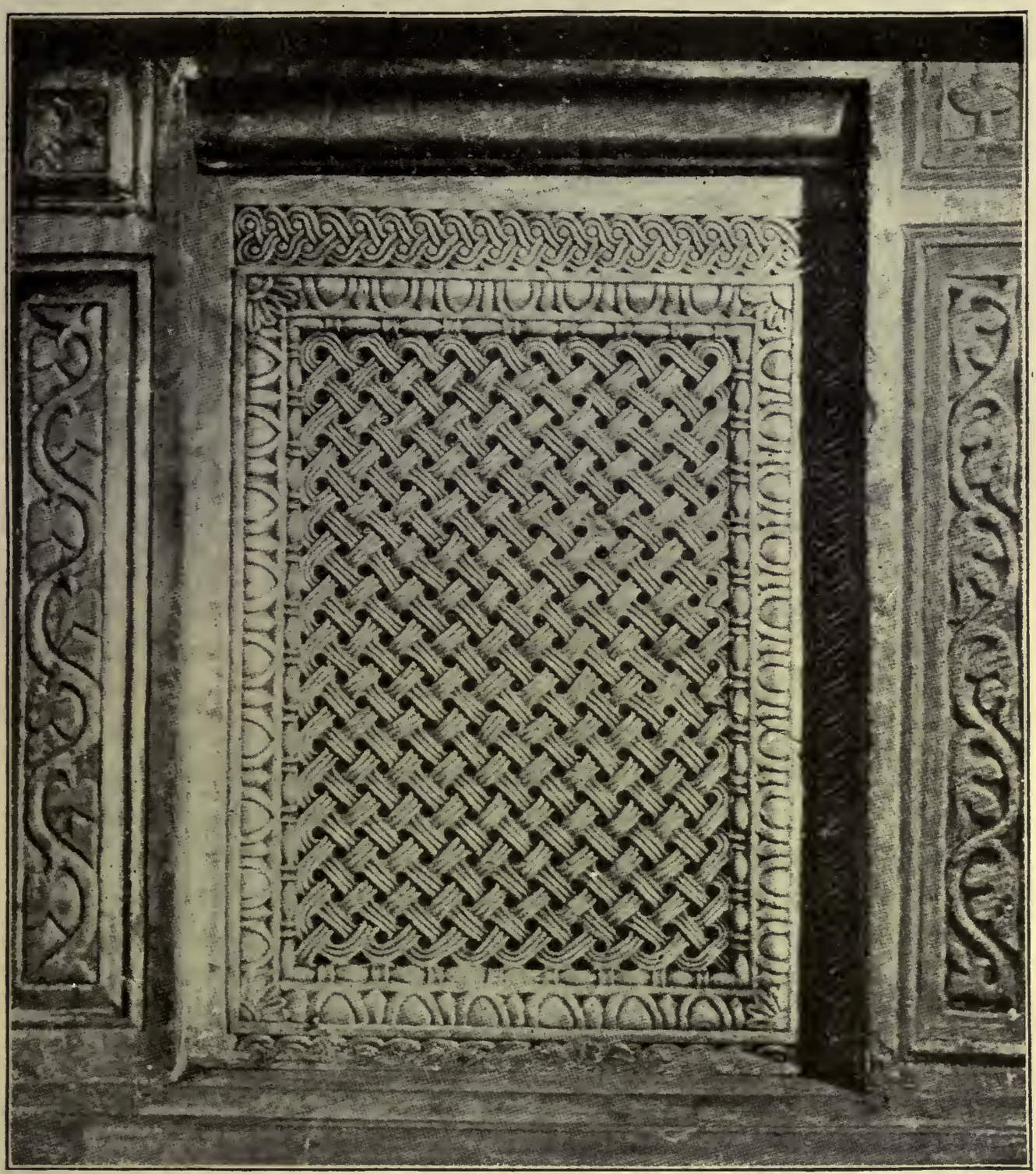
* *The Eternal City, Rome.* By Clara Erskine Clement.

† *The History of the Popes from the close of the Middle Ages.* By Dr. Louis Pastor. Vol. V.

Humbert only a few hundred feet away from the basilica in which the iron crown is preserved.

Our concern is not with controversies of architects nor with political contentions. It is with the schools of the Comacine guild, and their bearing upon Catholic church architecture in the United States.

The Comacine guild founded and maintained a school wherever its masters were called to execute ecclesiastical contracts or to further municipal or domestic construction. The schools were of uniform character. No qualification except talent and industry was required for admission. The boys entered as novices or apprentices. The course of study included the elements of literary training and the fundamentals of the fine arts. Education in art was then thoroughgoing and general, and had not begun to demarcate into specialties. Every boy in a Comacine school was started out upon the theory that he was to become a master of every division of the arts of design, including, therefore, engineering, sculpture, which includes architecture, and painting, which was then, as it continues to be, the chief mode and means of architectural embellishment. After the apprentices had acquired the necessary skill they became brethren of the guild, or executants. After years of demonstration of power to design and ability to carry out the design they acquired the title of master. The guild, thus composed of apprentices, artificers, artists, and masters, supplied the living forces of fine art throughout Europe for hundreds of years. Wherever a new church, a palace, or public edifice was to be created the designers and executors were procured by application to the guild, which sent the required contingent of labor from place to place in fulfilment of its undertakings. No labor was necessarily procured locally for such contracts except the unskilled always to be had at an almost nominal rate. To be a member of the Comacine guild was equivalent to opportunity for distinction, with an assured material success in any part of Christendom. Without the guild Christendom would be without many of its noblest fanes. Without the guild genius in the fine arts would in thousands of instances have languished or expired for lack of opportunity. Without the guild fine art would have been left dependent upon illiteracy, stupidity, and inexperience. No external or unworthy influence could furnish success for ambition in the fine arts while the guild reigned supreme.



A COMACINE PANEL FROM THE CHURCH OF SAN CLEMENTE IN ROME MADE OF A SINGLE INTERLACED STRAND.

Within its ranks talent alone commanded. To talent alone wealth submitted its desires and rendered its emolument.

In our own time, fine art guilds no longer existing, there have been, especially in the United States, astounding proofs of the persistence of curious illusions. Before the plan of a new church was projected in the guild period authority sought experience, and experience had not been acquired without the undivided dedication of native talent to the fine arts. The illusion most persistent in modern ecclesiastical history, espe-

cially in the new countries, is that while learning is indispensable in theology, nothing but a little money and a good deal of credit is required for church building. It is assumed almost universally that any young seminarian is competent to build a church, or at least, under any and all circumstances, to decorate one.* Years of study are demanded before the ordinandus may enter upon the study of a higher abstract science, but with his first parochial charge the young man is held to be miraculously endowed with qualifications for physical science and æsthetics. The phenomenon is unparalleled in the ancient or modern world in any other domain of human endeavor. The only problem which gives the inexperienced church builder pause is finding the money. Unfortunately, the other problems are much more complex in the young communities clamoring for a church and school to meet the spiritual and temporal needs of a country whose growth, especially in the West, continues to astound the civilized world and to confute the predictions of its own sagacious leaders.

The finding of the money is the problem least difficult of solution. Deplorably and inexorably the successful money-finder proceeds too often to the eager application of his capital in a manner defiant of all reason in the fine arts, and before the edifice is out of debt its want of dignity, propriety, and consistency settles as an incurable bad dream upon pastor and people. It cannot be undone. We have not churches enough in the new world to permit us to tear any down unless, as rarely happens, when a congregation is ready to erect a worthier structure as a substitute or successor. There is never seen upon what has once been used for the worship of God according to Catholic faith the familiar and conspicuous tokens upon exterior mural planes which indicate that what once was a church has become a storage warehouse. On the contrary, it occasionally happens that in resolute haste to secure a place of worship Catholics buy an existing church edifice and by speedy transformation adapt it to their needs. An instance of this kind is authenticated in Chicago. After the fire of 1871 Bishop Thomas Foley purchased the shell of a Congregational church and handed it over to contractors for reconstruction into a tempor-

*No morsel of the delicious drollery of *Luke Delmege* is more appreciated in American circles than the unabashed confession of the "first of firsts" that he never heard of Botticelli, who, he ventures to think, might have been a cook.

ary pro-cathedral. The former pastor wandered amiably into the nave while reconstruction proceeded apace. The reading desk had been ejected and the rudimentary forms of a sanctuary and altar were coming into sight. Perplexed by the completeness of the transformation already apparent, the minister good-naturedly said to the master carpenter in charge: "What are you doing here, my good man?" "We are trying to make a church out of this, sir," was the instantaneous Celtic reply. Bishop Foley, who was present at the colloquy, delighted to tell the story.

Even as the Comacine guild school was the foundation of the monumental architecture of the middle ages and the Renaissance, so must we come to the Catholic parochial school as a foundation for a new era in Catholic architecture in the new world.

It was a misfortune of unmeasured magnitude for the United States that the prevalent type of free school founded in the colonies was English instead of Continental. In Greece, and even in pagan Rome, education in art was deemed the natural right of native intelligence without class distinction. Under the protection of the Catholic Church art retained from Greece and pagan Rome all that was inherently noble in design and mechanically expedient in succeeding ages. Under the protection of the Catholic Church the free school was spontaneously nursed in every part of the Christian world, and for every child in its schools fine art in theory and practice was the universal privilege to the degree of individual capacity. The parish school of the Continent of Europe was the acorn out of which grew the groves of magnificent architecture, ecclesiastical and secular, public and private, official and domestic. In England oppressions by the crown before the arrival of the Reformation stunted the monastic schools for the people, and with the confiscation of the monasterial lands the revenue for the maintenance of these schools shrank or was extinguished. Fine art, therefore, has presented in England no progress commensurate with its strides during the middle ages on the Continent where Catholic traditions continued to foster the free schools even in the portions of the Continent which accepted the new dogmas. Most of the famous churches of the world were built, however, before the Reformation; nor is there any constructed since that time and of co-ordinate fame which does not embody the

principles that had been immortalized in advance of Protestantism.

The theory of education in England subsequently to the severance of the national church from the Papacy has been that the child of poor parents has no need of learning, or none beyond the rudiments of reading and writing. A striking result of this theory is found in the sterility of English history in the fine arts. In neither architecture, painting, sculpture, nor music does England hold a place comparable with her rank in literature, the physical sciences, diplomacy, or commerce. During the last century she borrowed from the Continent of Europe trained designers and workmen who have developed her clays into porcelain of exquisite quality, and have created and confirmed her position as a leader in the production of textiles. England discovered by domestic experience that to develop the artistic sense of the people it was indispensable to begin with the children. This lesson she embodied in her political administration in the fine arts department which, directed from the museum and schools at Kensington, has established and maintains near every manufacturing centre what is in effect a guild school. Municipal appropriation co-operating with the national policy has endowed in every city of importance a museum of fine arts and a practically free school of design.

This was the course of Napoleon, who despoiled the cities he conquered to enrich France. It was he who made possible the foundation of most of the provincial schools of design connected with endowed museums of art, whose influence in stimulating taste throughout France has assured to her a primacy in fine manufactures which is not likely to be wrested from her by any rival.

Art has been the true ruler of society in a compulsory democracy. Genius alone has been independent of all prescription by mankind. It suspends laws of heredity. It knows no dynasty. It rules everywhere and in all ages by the only divine right known in the secular world.

The first lesson which the Comacine guild schools taught to the children who aspired to be apprentices was to model in clay and to draw from nature. This is the universal practice in all the well-equipped common schools of the Continent of Europe. It is from these schools the artistically talented pass into schools of design, where the powers of observation are

matured and executive skill is acquired. It was a monumental misfortune for the history of the United States—intellectual, moral, and æsthetic—that it was not this type of school that was adopted by the Colonies instead of the narrow and barren three "R" school. The English type of elementary school for the common people was a logical deduction from the feudal dogma that serfage was the hereditary sentence of manual labor. The Papacy manumitted labor when it conferred upon the guilds of the Christian world liberty to frame their own ordinances, and to be subject to the government of their own rulers exclusively outside the necessary boundary of general municipal control for defence of social order.

Growth of taste and originality in the domain of the arts of design have been slow in the United States in consequence of the artistic sterility of the original type of elementary school—a type from which the Catholic parochial school was necessarily copied.

At the great International Exhibition in Paris in 1889 only three American houses were represented by examples of gold-smithing, silver-smithing, and lapidary art. The exhibits were comprehensive and creditable, although relatively small. The representative of each of the exhibiting houses replied to an inquiry in my presence that no article exhibited in the aggregate of their cases was designed by a native American. The designers were French, German, Austrian, Russian. The representative of the house making the largest exhibit added that in their factories the graduates of the Cooper Union art schools were beginning to make themselves felt.

The Philadelphia exhibition of 1876 was the first convincing object lesson which Americans learned enforcing the need of altering the type of the free elementary school from the sterile English to the fertile Continental. The immediate result of that lesson was the introduction of the kindergarten and manual training in the public-school system of the States of the Union as rapidly as municipal revenue has permitted.

In every city of importance now in the United States there is, in addition to a vastly improved public school elementary instruction, at least the nucleus of a museum of fine arts, with a vigorous and increasingly popular school of design. Frequent exhibits of painting and sculpture have accustomed the people to familiarity with plastic and graphic art to a degree already

making itself distinctly felt in the architecture of the nation, and in an enrichment of public and private collections of works of art.

The parochial schools have been already touched with the new and inspiring consciousness that the creation of beautiful objects is worthy the highest ambition of youth in a free country. Manual training instruction is the vestibule of the arts of design. No error could be duller than that which assumes that manual training is an amateur apprenticeship for mechanical pursuits. The trades unions control apprenticeship in mechanical pursuits. Manual training in the elementary school is not intended for the making of carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, or other craftsmen. Choice of avocation belongs properly to later life. Manual training in the elementary school is simply a healthful and scientific nurture of the powers of observation. As no child is expected to compose correctly in his vernacular without first learning the grammar of the language, no child should be expected to exercise effectually the senses with which he is endowed unless he shall learn the grammar of the senses. Manual training is the grammar of the senses, applied to construction by the hand. As architecture has derived its styles from the trees, decoration follows with triumphant docility the lines and hues it finds in the vegetable and mineral world. Manual training leads the pupil from a flippant into an expert power of sight and touch, which induces adeptness in invention and refinement in execution.

The direct road to the creation of an enlightened public spirit among the Catholics of the United States in relation to a competent and noble church architecture is the insertion of manual training in every parochial school. The result will be not a convergence of individual ambitions into a single trend, but a natural selection of the specially endowed for the adoption of careers in the productive arts, while the entire mass of Catholic youth will be filled with a grateful consciousness of beauty which will dominate the membership of the church and enhance its sympathy with what makes for dignity, taste, and coherency in architecture specifically and in education and sentiment in general.

The Giotto myth has been a seed of evil in the religious world. It was a charming fiction that Cimabue found a shepherd boy drawing on a pasture stone with a cinder. It seemed

not necessarily impossible that that shepherd boy should have been so wonderfully endowed by the Creator with sense of form and discrimination of color as to have become a famous painter without technical schooling. But one had to marvel

THE CHURCH OF ST. APOLLINARIS, WITH ITS TOWER, AT RAVENNA.

how the principles of engineering were spontaneously evolved in the mind of the "marvellous boy." Evidence has been discovered that there was no such abnormal chapter in the life of the lad whom Cimabue discovered tending sheep. Giotto entered as a youth a Comacine guild school, served his apprenticeship in drawing, engineering, and painting, and acquired under the customary rules of progressive tuition the title of "master," without which it would have been impossible for him either to have wrought his masterpieces or to have obtained a license to sign a contract.

All the students who entered the Comacine guild schools

did not become artists. A number of them became ecclesiastics. Did space permit, their names and works could be enumerated to add strength to this plea for manual training in our parochial schools as the surest method of hastening and perpetuating an authoritative and valid Catholic public opinion in behalf of Catholic church architecture.

Nor is it in the architecture and embellishment of our churches alone that the beneficent force of such training would redound. Its refinement would permeate the homes of the people; its elevation would be reflected in a more dainty taste in reading, drama, companionship, and music. Its uplifting power would animate the ambition of those struggling through meagre means to obtain the higher grades of employment, and it would in time revive in the breasts of the Catholics of the United States the predominant devotion to the worthy in all secular life which was characteristic of their Catholic forbears during the great centuries of the Comacine guild. One of its early influences would be apparent in the ecclesiastical seminaries. Time and teaching would be provided in the principles of æsthetics, and the conviction would grow serenely that the grace of ordination does not invariably carry with it more than Giotto's power to build or adorn a church.

Manual training in conjunction with literary instruction has long exceeded the experimental period. It is universally found that where manual and literary instruction alternate in the same school the average per cent. of both enrollment and attendance is higher; that there is a higher average proficiency in the literary studies; that the discipline of the school is more easily maintained, and that the standard of health is improved among both teachers and pupils.

The parochial school is the nursery forming the Catholic public opinion of the future upon all Catholic questions. Not the least important of these questions is that of church architecture, already efficiently exploited by specialists in the columns of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. That the establishment of manual training, with its constitutional leaning toward arts of design, will make these schools potent for a true Catholic architecture cannot be reasonably doubted.

Music also should be assiduously practised in the parochial schools in association with manual training. Rhythm is common to the arts. Intimacy with rhythm addressed to the ear is a

subtle but actual aid in disclosing rhythm in the arts of design, whose melodies and symphony are addressed to the eye and appeal to the constructive instincts of the hand.

It is important that the environment of manual training shall be bright and inspiriting. A jocund mood is essential to creative or wholesome imitative exercise. The depression which muddy lithographs or gloomy reproductions of any category inflicts upon a sensitive temperament has arrested development in millions of children. Now that superb carbon photographs of all the representative examples of painting and sculpture can be so easily procured, as well as delicately faithful approximations of good color, there is no excuse for the miserable commercial calumny so long extant upon religious art.

Every good landscape is true work of religious art, no matter in what medium. Every fact, phenomenon, and figure taken fitly from nature is worthy of place in the school-room, and the more the eyes of the children are accustomed to leaves, flowers, vines, shrubs, trees, water at rest or in motion, clouds, birds, insects winsomely presented, the smoother and quicker their progress in study of form and color. A bad picture, no matter how inherently good the theme, is an agent of malevolence, especially in the school-room.

But far better the contemplation and interpretation of a living blade of grass, a single leaf, one flower, than copying of dead objects, however attractive. Imitation of imitations is the worst exercise of all.

Plastic models of good sculpture are now as common almost in American cities as in the art centres of the old world. With a thin coating of a water-proof composition they can be kept clean, and they are worth more in an environment of manual training than flat reproductions, however meritorious.

Manual training and the tastes and aspirations it inevitably arouses and, if loyally followed, renders habitual, assures an enduring joy of heart and mind which wealth cannot purchase at any price, and which no vicissitudes can eradicate. This consideration, not wholly ideal, should carry weight with those who are charged with the responsibility of shaping the mould of the parochial school. Love of pure beauty, using the phrase in its proper sense, is a final exclusion of the vulgar, the meretricious, the mean for the preferences of those so fortunate as to have lived under the spell of the arts of design.

"In the midst the throne of the King."

The Grand Canyon.

BY HARRISON CONRARD.

GOD said:
"Earth, child of My will,
That spinnest the web of Time
And weavest therefrom the warp and the woof of Life,

I could not help thinking what a fitting place this canyon would be for the great drama of the Day of Judgment. It is often a puzzle to one to realize how all the nations of the earth may be gathered in the valley of Josaphat. Of course to God all things are possible; but here in this canyon is a theatre high enough, wide enough, and deep enough to accommodate every one of the children of Adam. Just beyond, on the ridge of Ayres' Peak, is a throne in some sense fitted for the Almighty, with a commanding view of the whole canyon, and below it and about it are the lesser peaks, seemingly fashioned for the prophets, and the popes, and the great servants of God. As in the vision of the prophet, one can see the resurrected hosts gathered about on the right and on the left. The majesty of the surroundings is in keeping with the solemnity of the moment, and the profound silence of the chasm seems to invite the thunder tones of the great Judge. The vast and open expanse affords an easy solution for the great manifestation of hearts. Each one may stand out in that mighty arena and be seen by all the world, and the opening heavens may easily reveal a pathway to eternal bliss for the elect. It is such scenes as are presented by this magnificent manifestation of God's handiwork that stir the depths of one's religious nature, and deep speaketh unto deep in no uncertain tones.—*From The Catholic World Magazine, December, 1899.*

"OUT OF A CHAOS OF MATTER, THE DESIGN OF THE CITY."

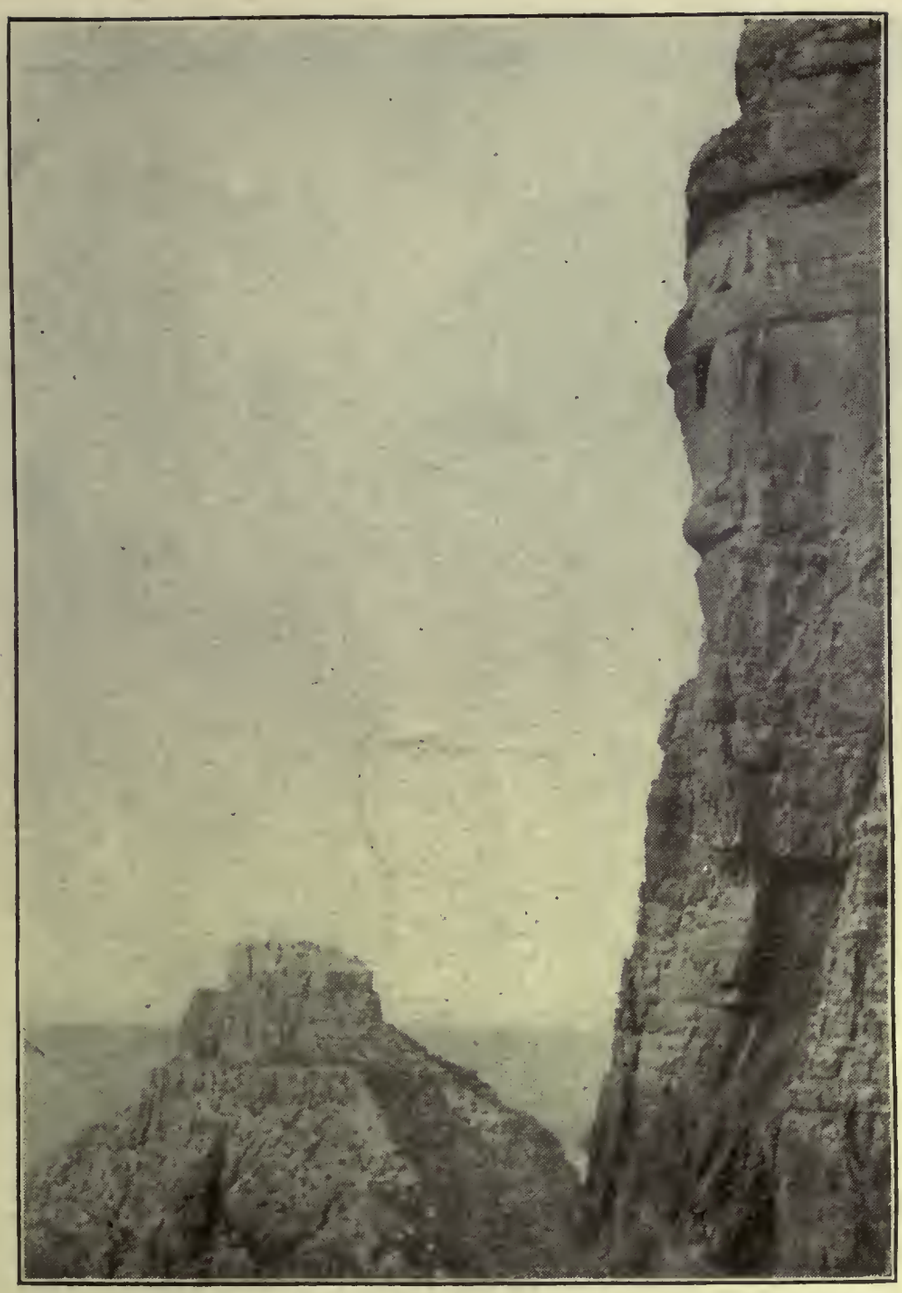
A city I would have for thee,
With a palace and throne of infinite splendor,
Whither shall come, when ended thy long toil-plodding,
I and my hosts and my legions
To judge of thy fabric.

"Time I have made thy master—
Time who sheareth the flocks for the web where-from thou spinnest and weavest—
And him I commission My architect,
Who, with his servants, the artisan-elements,
Out of thy noblest matter,
Thy granite and onyx and bronze,
Thy gold and thy silver,
Shall build the city,
The throne and the palace,
For the ultimate coming
Of thy King and thy Master Eternal."

Saying, He dreamed.

"AND WALLS OF ENDURING GRANITE."

Time, stealing up to the gates of Eternity,
Saw not within,
But near,
Of the dream caught from beyond
An atom-breath,
Saw an atom-gleam,
Heard an atom-measure.
Then, from God's Otherland turning,
Straight unto earth he whirled,
And all about him the artisan-elements calling,
Bade them to hew and to carve and to build.



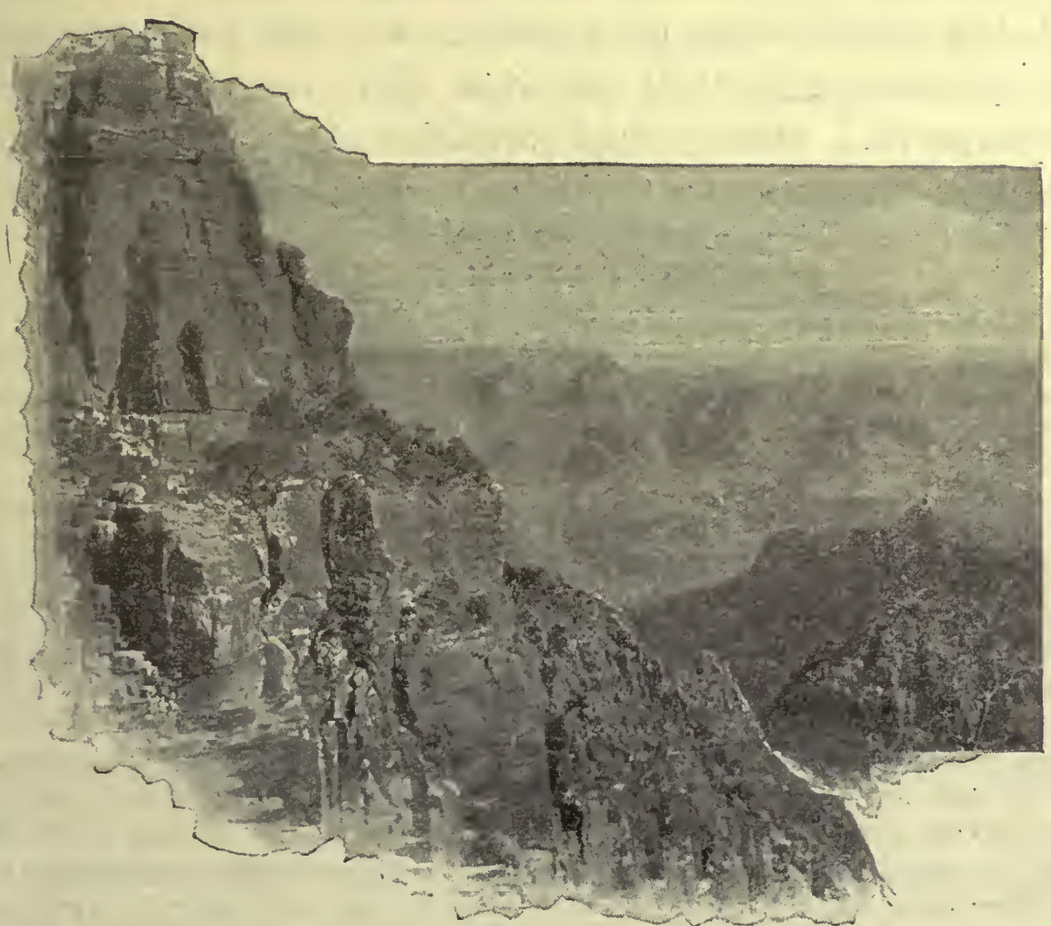
"VAST TEMPLES OF ONYX AND GOLD."

Counting each punctual moment with patient precision,
Through ages of eons they hewed and they carved and they builded—
Time and his servants—
Slow working
Out of a chaos of matter
The design of the city,
The throne and the palace,
Caught in an atom-breath
An atom-ray,
An atom-sound
From an Infinite Dream.

Vast temples of onyx and gold,
Vast courts of bronze and of silver,
Vast palaces many,
Embrasures, battlements, ramparts,
Minarets, pinnacles, towers,

And walls of enduring granite,
In the midst the Throne of the King,
They hewed and they carved and they builded,
Till out of their toil came the Wonderful City,
Vast as empire.

Then rested
Time and his servants,
The artisan-elements.
God saw and smiled;
And over the City Mysterious,
The City of Glory,
From His countenance fell
A miracle of light and of mists,
Of color and glow,
And He said:
"It is well!"



The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is undoubtedly one of the greatest sights in this country. The enterprise of the Santa Fe Railroad has recently pushed the railroad into this region of wonder.—EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.—*Continued.*

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER XI.

"SEX AGAINST SEX."

THE ball, by necessity, had been on Saturday night,—the single date at the disposal of the lionized guests of honor; and Sunday had dawned before its close, but not before the devout Mam'selle had stolen away from unholy revellings. Therefore, after hours of slumber, she arose refreshed for her long drive to Mass, expecting, for once, to take it in solitude; but Gladys and Mina, as vivacious after their cold baths and changes of costume as if the young people had not supplemented the ball by what they were pleased to call a "sunrise-party," already had breakfasted, and were waiting to accompany Mam'selle to the little mission chapel.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce.

As they drove away in the sea-freshened, sunlit air, Raymond surprised them by running after the carriage. He had not been to bed, and his face looked haggard as well as unhappy. He was crumpling into a telegram-envelope a letter pencilled in a fine foreign hand, upon small leaves evidently detached from a note-book; and he looked significantly at Mina, as her radiant smile greeted him. Yet, in truth, he could scarcely constrain himself to think of her. His imminent interview with his wife was haunting his mind unendurably. Upon its issue depended his domestic future. He dreaded, yet desired, to know his fate.

"Say, let a sinner go with you saints, just to kill time, will you?" he asked shamefacedly. Then he sprang up to the box-seat, and took the long drive in silence. His companions addressed him, but he did not hear them. The threat of his wife still stunned his ears,—"Divorce, divorce, divorce!"

So this was to be the end, this the final reward of his years of love and service: estrangement and separation, even if not permanent desertion; although he had hoped so long and patiently that his love would win response. The heart of the man was very bitter. With the love of the human failing him utterly, the glory of his wealth was but dust and ashes; and his soul, groping Godward for consolation, yet knew not the Divine way.

"*I* am going to confession," announced Mina with importance.

Owing to the distractions of the previous night, she had not fasted for Holy Communion; but it had dawned upon her, kneeling at prayer as the birds warbled their matins, that her intended flight to the stage-life, in defiance of Mam'selle's and Stephen's and Father Martin's objections, had been a sin of pride and disobedience and angry jealousy; and of young love was born a tender desire that her heart, on the day inaugurating her engagement to Joyce, should wear the white robe of innocence.

For Father Martin, indeed, had worked the gentle miracle of Mina's conversion. His conferences in relation to the "Theology of Art," in appealing to her intellect, had quickened her sensitive soul to a homesickness for the practical spiritual theology from which it had strayed, Beauty-worship, and the waywardness and erraticism of the artistic temperament in its youth,

had been the sources of Mina's whimsical heresies in the Catholic letter; but in spirit she had never ceased to be a devout little daughter of the Church all artists love. In her return to the sacramental life she was happy and earnest; and Gladys' companionship supported her, when Father Martin's inspiring hand was withdrawn. So unawakened to mature realizations was her child-like soul, that her misstep towards the impresario had not impressed her as a sin at all, until human love had vitalized her conscience. Now her heedless rebellion assumed to her the proportions of mortal guilt. Yet her self-accusation was a sweet sorrow, in her simple confidence of forgiveness. She would confess her sin to the saintly old mission-padre, who would penance her as she deserved, and absolve her; and then she would never, never sin any more! Therefore, in spite of her contrite spirit, she was as joyous as the sunshiny, song-filled, fragrant autumn morning,—the summer-like autumn of California, in the golden hours before the freshening rains.

It was Raymond who, in behalf of his local employees, had enabled the struggling missionary to erect the Catholic chapel between Golden Gate Ranch and the nearest church-town; and now he entered it for the first time, with an uncomprehended sense of satisfaction in his part in the little mission. The padre was a gentle old priest, half-Spanish, half-Mexican, who had another mission twenty miles away. He had said his first Mass hours earlier, taken the slow local train fasting, and as the party from the Ranch arrived, was welcoming his mission-congregation of emigrant-laborers and picturesque half-breed women, with as kindly a greeting to each individually as if his face were not wan under his snow-white hair, and his dark eyes strained and tired! The new mission was as yet a poor enough little chapel, unplastered and humbly appointed; but the grateful priest blessed Raymond, as he stepped upon its porch.

"Every soul helped towards heaven at this mission will be your special pleader before God, my good son," he said, with his hand on Raymond's shoulder.

"I am in need of friends at court, my Father," answered Raymond bitterly. But though his voice told the experienced priest that he was staggering under some heavy cross, his eyes were suddenly hopeful. Why had he felt impelled to come to the mission? What if his problem of life, which love had complicated, might be solved by this man of God?

"If you will,—confide in me after Mass, my son!" suggested the priest, answering Raymond's unspoken thought. "I shall offer the Holy Sacrifice for your intention. Meantime, some of my good children wait for confession."

He disappeared behind the screen forming a temporary confessional. Only Mina, and a few half-breed women with gaudy shawls or handkerchiefs over their heads, and fancy aprons over their short skirts, followed him. Mina emerged with her face like a sunbeam. He had not scolded her at all, the gentle old padre,—but blessed her, and told her to be docile and pious, and that the good God loves a happy and fond young heart; and for penance, he had bidden her offer her Mass in charity for all who should die that day! The dying were the old priest's special devotion. The living yet had the grace of time,—the eternal doom of the dead already was spoken; but the dying,—oh, the dying in their perilous agony! The violent, unshriven deaths of lawless border-life were a sad old story to the native priest. The promise of Paradise was his message to sinners,—Christ's words to the thief on the cross!

Studying her peaceful face as the Mass was celebrated, Raymond's inspiration to take his trouble to the priest, as Mina had taken her innocent sins, was confirmed and strengthened for her sake, as well as his own. Of a sudden he realized his need of counsel in regard to Mina. With an incoherent word to Mam'selle, who looked after him in happy surprise, he made his way, when Mass was ended, into the little vestry. The rude frame extension was still incomplete and comfortless; but a baptismal font was in it, for the women of the mission brought many babies. Three christening parties waited in rotation now; and the hardy, nerveless, Indian-like little nurslings, with round black eyes blinking like the eyes of alert young animals, submitted to the baptismal-rite impassively, without one protesting cry.

"So that's baptism, is it?" smiled Raymond, when he had shut bright gold into each little palm, and the last thick-waisted, shapeless maternal figure had slouched away. "To think that those sunburned little kids can crow it over me, as salt-water Christians! My people were all Baptists, and died off before I came to the age of immersion. But the 'pard' of my first 'strike' was Boyle Broderick, a Catholic; and he turned me out not quite a heathen!"

The priest's grave expression of startled incredulity suddenly changed to a luminous smile. To receive baptism at his hands, in the chapel Raymond's generosity had erected and equipped, —was not this the beautiful reward God had destined for the rich man, in return for his charitable spirit? The thought seemed an inspiration,—a clear message from heaven. If only this called soul would respond to it!

"My son," he cried, zealously, "you believe in God, you believe in the God-Man Christ, and hence in the Holy Paraclete to whom Christ's own words testified! You believe truth must abide in the Apostolic Church! So much I have learned from our little chat, when your generosity made me your debtor. It is enough! All the rest shall follow, once the waters of faith have purged your soul of the life-sins for which—is it so, my son?—for the love of God, you sorrow! Yes? Did I not know it? Then all is well. Let us call in the ladies and the good driver, José, and make of your baptism the little ceremony! You wish not to confess? No! It is not yet necessary. Contrite faith and baptism suffice!"

"But I—I come to you only by chance this morning, perplexed by a matter in which your experience with hearts may help me. Later on, perhaps, my Father,—"

"'*Amen, Amen I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God*'! '*Be you then also ready, for at what hour you think not, the Son of Man will come*'! Resist not God! Why has He put this wonderful grace in your heart, if His mercy has not willed it? Remember that though you are young and strong to-day, yet you know not the day nor the hour. That a man of so good heart should be unbaptized at your years, my son, —Dio mio, this mad heretic country!"

For an instant Raymond hesitated, struggling with human pride, with masculine dignity, with the worldling's instinct of human respect,—even with a conscientious question of his own spiritual honesty. But suddenly as a lightning-flash it burst upon him that in truth he did believe,—that he had believed all his life, though unconsciously. In his childhood, his early boyhood, as he gazed at the stars, or listened to the winds, or watched the spring-time growing, had not his awed soul strained towards a knowledge it had missed, convinced of some omniscient Power? Had not his intelligent and observant youth been im-

pelled to recognize a Divine First Cause, a Universal Father, an Omnipotent Providence, in all the infinitely varied yet harmonious ordinances of the natural and human creation? Had he not reverenced the Name and Life and Gospels of Christ, since first Boyle Broderick had shared his soul-lore with him? And since Boyle's death,—the Catholic death of a practical Catholic,—where had he found spiritual convictions proved by the daily courage of them,—the practice of principles fearless, reproachless, unspotted by the world and flesh, adjusted to Christ's recorded teachings,—save in the one, holy fold in which his friend had lived and died,—the fold of whose lambs his unworldly young ward, and the cloister-virgins who had reared her, were types:—of whose shepherds, legion priests like Father Martin and this saintly old missionary, with their consecrated lives and mortified senses, were the testifying, convincing representatives? Why, against his wife's threat of divorce, had he set the sacramental edict, "*Till death do us part,*" save in faith that marriage should claim indeed the inviolability of a Christian sacrament:—yet with whom but the apostolic succession, the sons of Peter, the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, do the sacraments abide? Did he believe? Undeniably he believed! The sudden realization overwhelmed him.

Ascribing Raymond's emotion to the natural hesitation and embarrassment of a confident and self-poised man of the world, unexpectedly faltering "as a little child," on the spiritual threshold, the priest took matters into his own tactful hands, and almost before Raymond realized his acquiescence, the sacramental ceremony was begun and ended. Then the vestry was cleared of its astounded but happy witnesses.

"Now, speak of your trouble, if indeed your white soul still bears its burden," invited the priest. "The baptismal waters bear away many a cross on their tide. Is it so with you,—or otherwise?"

"It is otherwise, my Father."

"Then confide in me, if you will, my son!"

So Raymond told the man of God what he had come to tell,—first of Mina, who was quickly disposed of; then of his heart-problem, his wifeless marriage, with its threatened divorce,—yet not as he would have told it only a quarter of an hour earlier! Then it had been in his heart to cry out in the depths of his darkness, from the maze of his doubts, "*Shall man put asunder?*"

Now, with Jordan's transmuting waters purling in his soul, he cried only, "*God hath joined together!*" and looked to the priest for guidance to co-operate humanly with the indissoluble, because divinely, instituted union.

"It is the lack of the sacrament, my son," said the priest, when Raymond's heart was unburdened. "Disunion, strife, failure to live up to love's heights, is the fate of humanity unsupernaturalized by the grace of the nuptial blessing. The tie of law, the social ceremony, are but empty and brittle husks, lacking the Divine benediction. I shall pray much for the conversion of the señora your spouse, that she, too, may become a child of the same good Mother, and soon kneel by your side for the true union of soul which is the grace of the marriage-sacrament. Then the señora will be your wife with the blessing of God and His Holy Church; and may the heritage of the Lord be your reward, my son, and your quiver no longer be empty!"

Raymond's face was transfigured as he drove homeward in reverent silence, upon which his sympathetic companions did not intrude. He felt as if the message of Heaven had come to him. Had not the priest prophesied to him his heart's desire? The hours of waiting until his wife should receive him, though long in one sense, were miraculously short in another. Soul-thought is winged; and is Time's only victor. Raymond's spirit was testing its pinions.

After luncheon,—at which Imogen failed to appear,—the tired Mam'selle and Gladys retreated to their rooms for a needed siesta; and Stephen obediently set out on horseback for the Pearson Ranch, to which Mina had improvised an errand, that she might be sure of a *tête-à-tête* with Joyce, who was remaining over Sunday. But far more truly than the young lovers strolling hand-in-hand towards the surf-line, Raymond, as he sought the lonely grove at the rear of the Ranch, faced a new heaven and a new earth,—a life and love transfigured! The sunbeams slanting through the trees flashed upon him like celestial glimpses; and the foliage, as the murmurous sea-wind stirred it, rustled like angel-wings. Alone with his restless mind, with his aching heart, he had been all too often; but communion with a Christian soul was a novel and wondrous experience to him. He despaired no longer of his wife's love and loyalty. He had found the peace of God!

As the sea-wind blew in towards the inland grove, the low tide lapped the shore with a deepening murmur. Summer was still in the sunshine, but a hint of coming winter crisped the salty air. Joyce shivered, but Mina walked in love's golden weather. Her life-cup of joy was full.

"Oh, is n't it just too lovely to live, and be young, and in love, and really and truly engaged to each other?" she cried, pirouetting about Joyce like a happy child. "Of course we 'll have dear Father Martin to marry us! When will you bring me my ring?"

"Now, look here, Mina," stammered Joyce, shuffling up the sands as he halted, flushed and embarrassed,—"as yet, we are not really engaged, you know; for Mr. Raymond or your brother may show me the door, when I make a clean breast of —of last evening!"

"Why did you not put brother Stephen to the test this morning?"

"Because I must speak to Mr. Raymond first, or to him and your brother together. I should have followed Mr. Raymond after luncheon, but that I thought a previous word with you might be wiser. You were excited last night, Mina. To-day, are you as certain of your heart? My fortune, you know, is only a bird in the bush; and your people will resent my pretensions."

Joyce spoke with conviction. All at once he was realizing that he had stumbled into a position which was no laughing matter, considering his relations to Raymond. With masculine prosaicness, he had turned into bed when the sunrise-party had separated; and from the moment his head touched the pillow slept as soundly as if no sentimental complication had ensnared his free young life. But vigorously brushing his golden hair as he made his belated toilette, his stimulated second-thoughts had caused him to scowl doubtfully at the debonair face inviting his congratulations in the mirror. Moreover, he had scrupled his silence in regard to his episode with Mina, as he breakfasted with Stephen, in the absence of the church-goers; yet his initial confidence seemed due to his host and benefactor, and he had resolved to speak first to Raymond. In Joyce's heart of hearts struggled the unconfessed hope that he would be declined unconditionally, as a suitor for Mina. Yet, in her presence he was ashamed, and already even half-doubtful of his

disloyalty. The indiscriminate attraction of youth for youth, of maiden for man, of love for the responsive human heart, all pleaded for the mignonne little dancer.

"As if money mattered at all," she was retorting, impatiently. "The detail of fortune need not be considered. *I* have enough for both!"

"If you had nothing, my position would be more honorable—"

"Proud Joyce! Sensitive Joyce! Morbid Joyce? Why do I love thee?"

"Why, indeed?"

"I am sure *I* don't know! Here I came out with you for nothing in the world but to be made love to, and you talk only of sordid old money! Money? Pooh! Cousin Raymond and Stephen rise above money! Financiers are the least mercenary of men!"

"There, now! See what it is to be a girl! Nothing short of heaven-born feminine genius could figure out financiers in just that way!"

"It is the true way! Why, cousin Raymond urges even Gladys to make a real love-match: and Stephen was quite fierce when those titles followed her from Newport! Then, Joyce, all of a beautiful sudden, I thought a thought—"

"Mina, Mina, never! You mean that you just *thought* you thought a thought!"

"*Now* I shall not tell you what it was! Anyway, it is a *secret!*"

"Then you'll never resist telling it! Tell away!"

"*If* I tell you, will you build me a sand-chair—"

"Bribery! Scandalous bribery!"

She stopped short, her eyes laughing up shyly through their concealing lashes,—mischievous little dimples adding roguishness to her smile,—her piquant face alight with girlish cajolery.

"A lovely, deep sand-chair,—with arms and a back, and—big enough for two?"

"You little flirt! You bewitching little coquette! You irresistible little sweetheart—"

"Oh, *now* you begin to be lovely! I'll tell you *anything*—when you're nice!"

"Well, tell me *everything*, while I scoop out this sand with—"

"*Not* with my Sunday-best parasol,—no, sir! I brought it out by mistake! If you broke it, you would have to buy me another—*at the jeweller's,—to-morrow morning,—when you go for*—MY DIAMOND RING!"

"Say, if you talk to me of diamonds—"

"Not diamond*s*,—only *one* diamond! The very biggest, whitest, most magnificent solitaire-diamond to be found in San Francisco!"

"Miss Morris, I warned you that you had no idea of a poor man's disadvantages! Try to get it through your dear, dense, unpractical little noddle, Mina, that—I could n't pay for a ring like that—in a year!"

"Well, then, never mind paying for it! Charge it to Stephen. The idea of mean old money for dear, beautiful engagement-rings, anyway! They ought to be given away, for love!"

"Feminine genius again! Eureka! That 's a grand idea! We 'll just wait for yours, until they are!"

"You mean, stingy, heartless—"

"And meantime, let us return to that secret! Secrets are the only things in the world that get diamonds off a girl's mind!"

"Well,—it is only just—just that the thought flashed upon me how perfectly lovely it would be, if—if—Now, would n't it, Joyce, dear, would n't it?"

"'Ye happy little fishes in the deep, deep sea'! Would n't *what?*"

"I 'll tell you the rest when you finish that chair!"

"Look here, my affianced betrothed, not a second leg to this throne built of sand,—but instead, a best parasol drowned in the sea,—if that one and only think you ever thinked in your life, is not whispered into my engaged ear, instanter!"

"O Joyce, it 's simply thrilling to be ruled by you! I just love to be *made* to do things,—things that I 'm dying to do, I mean, of course! When we are married, you 'll just make me tell you every secret I know, won't you?"

"*Make* a woman—above all, a woman married to her own husband,—tell the secrets of all her confiding best friends? Mina, never expect impossible impossibilities!"

"*Now* I shall not tell you at all?"

"Then 'if you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now'! Behold the pathetic spectacle of a quadruped-chair with

but one lorn leg to stand on! Likewise, of a Sunday-best, china-handled—"

"*China?* That's mother-of-pearl!"

"A pearl-handled, gold-plated—"

"*Not* plated. Solid gold, of course!"

"Well so is a dentist's plate, is n't it? Then if this gold plate is *not* a plate, what on the sea-sands is it?—A platter?"

"A '*platter*'! Why, that's my monogram!"

"Ah! Monogram? *I* should call it a hieroglyphic, at least! Well, then,—behold a pearl-handled, gold-monogramed, white mosquito-net,—"

"'*Mosquito-net?*' My real lace?"

"Real lace over—er—saffron damask—"

"'*Saffron?*' Horrors! Why, that's just *cream!* And a 'damask' parasol! Your mind is on table-cloths! Don't you know *satin?*"

"Real-lace over cream satin umbrella—"

"'*Umbrella!*'"

"Yes, madam,—by its destined affinity for liquid water, I proclaim this sun-parasol to be an umbrella! Behold, then, I say,—a satin-handled, cream-monogramed, pearl-laced, solid gold umbrella—"

"Is that sand-chair ready for me to faint in?"

"Umbrella, doomed to be dead-drownèd in salt-water instead of fresh,—*if* that feminine-secret-is-not-betrayed-with-traditional-promptness-this-confidential-minute!"

"Oh, well, after all, Joyce, perhaps it is not quite *really* a secret, you know; only just—"

"Only just *not* a secret! Why, certainly! Of course! Knew it all the time! Continue!"

"Well, you won't spoil it all by telling any one, will you?"

"Before I know it to tell, I *shall* tell it. That is final!"

"Oh, you *are* such a tyrant! Well, then, if you *must* have it,—my heavenly thought was—just how too, too beautifully lovely it would be, if—"

"Yes, '*If?*'—Behold a Sunday-best parasol going—going—g—"

"*If Stephen and Gladys should fall in love with each other!*"

Joyce sank prone on the sands, showering them up wildly with hands and feet.

"Say, is *that* your secret?" he demanded. "Is that your

not your secret? Is *that* the one thought you ever thunk in your life? Is *that*, that alone, only that, the state-secret I have been struggling to wrest from you, for the last stormful, stressful, Dante-and-Doré hours?"

"Why, of course it is! What did you expect?"

"Just what you gave me,—*nothing!*"

"Do you call it *nothing* to be Gladys Broderick's brother, I'd like to know? Would not she make us a perfectly angelic sister?"

"Oh, I don't know," hesitated Joyce, rising with sudden gravity, and meeting his brows in an unconsciously heavy frown. He did not analyze his reluctance to favor Mina's not unnatural idea. Gladys and Stephen in love? Gladys, by marriage, his sister? Why not? And yet—and yet—

"'You don't know!'" repeated Mina, scornfully. "Well, *I* know, and I'm the head of this family! What a mere man and husband knows, is not worth knowing!"

Her gay little laugh was the music of happiness. Joyce, in spite of his momentary pang, resisted neither it nor her! Mina was winning a lover.

The low tide had turned; and an inflowing wave suddenly reached the sand-chair, and sent its occupants scurrying inland. Golden Gate and Surfside beaches were exempt from the quicksands, treacherous currents, and shark-haunted waters making less favored sites places of peril and death; but the sudden fierce storms of the Pacific not infrequently lashed the calm waves to tidal fury. Even now came a sea-change. The wind blew in freshly; and dark clouds, with fleecy white fringes fluffing and tangling, scudded across the sun like white-winged ravens of evil omen, casting fantastic shadows upon the two beautiful, laughing young faces.

The same shadows darkened the eucalyptus-grove within which Raymond had lingered, oblivious to time's passage as he studied the little book which the padre had given him. Was it already sunset? he wondered, roused by the sudden gloom from the long reverie which, unrealized by himself, had been his sweet first taste of mental prayer and spiritual colloquy. He hastened towards the house, and his wife's maid met him outside her mistress' suite.

"Yes, Madame would see Monsieur," she assented; but her eyes were regretful as they followed him. Marie knew that

Madame's mood was not auspicious! Imogen had been thinking over her grievances, and her wrath had accumulated dangerously.

Why had her mistaken mother ever taken her to hateful Carruthdale? Why had her cousin Martin not loved her? Why had her uncle not made her his heiress before Raymond's millions had entrapped her into an uncongenial alliance? Of what pleasure or advantage were her youth and brilliant beauty, isolated from their social settings? What had she, a conservative Eastern Morris, in common with the democratic West?

In the natural as well as in the social sense, Imogen resented California. Hating the moist chill of its trade-winds even as she hated its noon-day heats,—depressed by the mystical beauty of its in-drifting sea-fogs even as the blaze of the alternating sunshine palled upon her,—she saw no redeeming feature to life as lived on the Ranch. The long drives, the still longer horseback excursions in which the girls exulted, bored her to the verge of extinction. Picnic-luncheons on Island Rock, spiced by an element of perilous adventure as the tide made its inroads till the dancing boats strained at their stakes, and the waves showered the Island with iridescent spray, —she disdained as the frolics of the "Pearson hoydens," between whom and her, waged war. Only when skimming over the waves to Monterey,—or to Seal Rock and the Cliff House, on her beautiful new steam-yacht "The Imogen,"—with a gay party on board, and a champagne-luncheon served by picturesque Chinamen, did Mrs. Raymond confess that even the Golden Gate had its occasional compensations. Yet already loss of novelty was inviting monotony. To Europe she would go, in defiance of consequences. If divorce should result,—what matter?

The idea of divorce was not a new one to Imogen, yet never, until the night of the ball, had she entertained it seriously. Morally, she had few scruples of any sort; but socially, she shunned disadvantage; and the impregnable position of a reproachless wife, had been Raymond's strongest hold upon her. His indulgence, however, must continue,—his dictation, end for ever! Such was Imogen's uncompromising decision.

She acknowledged his greeting with a cold civility which, more effectually than repulse, served to keep him at a formal distance. A feminine flash of wrath predicts speedy tears; but the mood freezing tears, is less womanly.

"I presume you have come to apologize for last night," she said, gesturing him to be seated. "If so, your ebullition is already forgotten. I am sure you will never repeat the mistake. In the past, you have been always more than considerate. I should regret to doubt your chivalry, in the future."

Raymond's heart sank at the words; yet Imogen was more than courteous;—she was gracious,—for Imogen! If he avoided offence, she would not be relentless. His wife's heart was still his desire.

"I acknowledge that I was wrong to oppose you publicly," he admitted. "Forgive an impulse into which love and pain betrayed me. The fault shall not be repeated."

"Nor your opposition sustained?"

"That is another matter!"

"It is the one and only matter under present consideration. Pray do not waste time in useless evasion, James. We have not too much time before dinner!"

"I evade nothing, but I confess to a dread of your false impression. If I object to your absence for the coming winter,—to the ocean rolling again between us,—surely my objection is not unjustified? Imogen, do you realize how little of my wife's society you have granted me, since our marriage?"

She stirred impatiently.

"I am not responsible for the social seasons," she said. "I do not lead my world, but only follow it. You are always privileged to accompany me!"

"I am not privileged to live in idleness, or to degenerate into a mere time-killer,—I, a man still in health and prime! Upon my large interests depend the smaller ones of thousands of men and families. To sustain these is my duty in the world; and who is without a duty? Not even you, my wife; and forgive me if I remind you that only the duty we shirk becomes burdensome?"

"To what shirked duty of mine do you refer?"

"To such duty of love as you consented to assume, when you married me. A wife's husband exists. A wife's home needs her presence. My darling, home and husband both claim you!"

"At present, I am with my husband, in my home,—am I not?"

Her eyes, even more contemptuous than her tone, flashed

through the suite a glance stabbing Raymond's heart; for he had transformed the plain rooms of the Ranch into palatial apartments for his Eastern bride, rejoicing in his labor of love. Dainty boudoir de luxe, and sumptuous bedroom,—mirrored dressing-room and marble bath, all alike testified to a lavish devotion, a royal expenditure. Yet disdain was her measure of recompense to him. He sighed, but his words were still gentle.

"Say only that the present prophesies the future," he pleaded, "and I shall be content."

"You mean—that you ask the sacrifice of my independence?"

"Independence within the married relation is impossible, Imogen. Interdependence substitutes it."

"It has taken you many years to discover your epigram."

"No, but I have waited many years for you to echo it. In consideration of your youth and my absorption in business, I have hesitated to object to your absences, while hours of loneliness were possible. But now that Gladys has joined us, your home-life will no longer be solitary. Therefore I ask you—at last—to begin it."

"'Home-life!'" she echoed, amusement sparkling in her brilliant eyes. "The peasant's hearth-stone,—the 'humble cottage' of pastoral sentiment,—the 'sweet home,' of the virtuous masses!—'*Home*-life'!"

"Yes," he retorted, with a sudden hot flush of resentment, "home-life:—the life for which a man marries; the life in which his good is stimulated, and his evil repressed; the life which keeps the human world going;—the one and only life in which a woman fills God's and man's ideal of a woman! By heaven, then,—yes, *home*-life!"

"Look at me, James," she smiled.

She had clasped her hands behind her head, and the pose threw out her noble young figure, and effectively framed her brilliant face. Her negligée, of the texture and hue of corn-silk, had the subtle dignity of an artistic ball-gown. In the lounging-chair massed with cushions, her easy grace yet had its haughtiness. The pride of her maidenhood had been her fascination for Raymond. The matured pride of her womanhood was challenging him, now.

"I am, to-day, I believe," she questioned, "much what I

was when you sought to marry me? Or do I flatter myself unduly? Has marriage quite altered me?"

"You are not altered, Imogen!"

"As your fiancée, did I, then, impress you as the making of a domestic housewife,—of a bread-and-butter Charlotte, of a Gretchen, a Griselda,—a woman of the Darby's Joan type?"

"Every man with a heart in his breast is more or less of a Darby, Imogen: and therefore takes his Joan for granted, in the woman he makes his wife!"

His acquiescence was not what she expected; and in worsting, it irritated her. The birth-flame of anger flickered in her eyes, and burned vividly on her cheeks.

"You are begging my question," she cried. "You know, even as I know, that with open eyes you wooed and married a girl of society,—a woman of the world. Then why expect me to be more or less, even though I am now your wife?"

She rose and stood by the window. The breeze ruffled her smooth hair, and stirred the lace on her shoulder. She turned from its caress with a frown of annoyance. It was as tenderly disturbing as—love!

"Your Darby-and-Joan life would kill me," she said. "With your ideals and standards, you should have married a pretty nursemaid! We are neither conjugal nor maternal,—we other women! But, James, we are something finer,—more delicate,—more rare,—more complex—"

She resumed her chair, drawing it to a small stand across which she leaned towards him. Her wedding ring gleamed between her clasped fingers. Raymond's eyes lingered on it.

"You men!" she murmured. "You primeval men! How can the socially evolved woman account to you? Your ideal is the female,—not the exquisite feminine! Yet the feminine is the complement of the man civilized, of man cultured, of the gentleman—"

Her small mouth quivered. Her delicate nostrils dilated. She was defending herself,—uttering a plea for her type. What miracle had humbled her pride to justify itself? Ah! somewhere in Imogen's woman-breast was an embryo heart,—and the love of her husband was quickening it.

"It has been said," she went on, against his stern, sad silence, "that no man does two things well. Then why multiply the vocations of the frailer vessel, the woman? There are wo-

men for all men,—gentlewomen for the few. A man makes his choice between them."

"A man of ideals marries both in one, Imogen!"

"Then masculine ideals are both selfish and irrational. You desire too much,—you surrender too little. No one man can live each and all the phases of human life. He must accept his limitations,—at their highest!"

Her hand went to her throat. What was hurting her, strangling her? Supreme pride, life-long reserve, alike battled against the appeal she was making; but the prospect of separation had awakened an unexpected, scarcely comprehended regret in Imogen. There was a strength in the patience and goodness of her husband that, as she contemplated his loss, suddenly thrilled her with subtle attraction. Union was preferable to divorce,—but on her own terms only! If she could but impress him, convince him, reconcile him—

"Jim," she said, and her voice had a gentle note in it,—"the laborer on your road marries the woman of mere domestic and maternal instincts, but your marital claims are less primitive! As a man of great fortune, and therefore of fame,—a man destined to be a figure, a leader in the world,—a motor of its dictating forces, you have soared to a sphere where the ideal obtains, and your material side must subserve it. The wife who would minister to your lesser needs, would fail your greater and higher. The housewife and mother has her admirable plane, but it is not in the seats of the mighty. Kindred ambitions, culture, finesse, the favor of courts and the prestige of salons, equip the affinity of a man of illustrious success; but her type has its price,—*Exemption!*"

"Exemption from what, my wife?"

"From the practical cares and physical claims to which coarser-fibred womanhood adjusts itself. The gentlewoman is not mere woman, James. By temperament, by sensibilities, by fastidious taste and finely-tempered if not delicate physique, she is necessarily set apart as a lily of her sex, who neither toils nor spins; as its sensitive-plant, whom rude realities blight; as a human bird-of-passage, because winged by ambitions that span the social world. Such a one, as a wife, may not serve the natural man; but she consummates his master,—the gentleman! Does my distinction appeal to you?"

"In what way have you fulfilled your ideals, as my wife?"

"I have guarded your honor, represented you expediently, established your social name and fame, sowed your fortune where it would reap you honorable reward, and in achieving for you conservative cosmopolitan associations, have both extended and dignified your career!"

"And you rank vain and empty worldly ends above vital human causes? You believe my career to be all, and my manhood nothing? You dream that social honors compensate a man's living heart for wife-love, child-love, and home-life relinquished?"

"My convictions are those of my world. Your assimilation of its ideals is but a matter of time. Meantime we must agree to differ!"

"On the contrary, I have agreed too long, Imogen! It is for you to concede to my differences, in future."

"If by concession, you mean radical change in my system of life, you demand an impossibility which we will not waste time in discussing. My resolve is as irrevocable, my decision as final as yours, James."

"What do you imply?"

"That our separation is inevitable. We must part,—though in amity."

"My dear wife, you are talking wildly. Our marriage is indissoluble,—our parting this side of death, impossible. Surely we face each other intelligently, on common Christian ground?"

"You answer me—with mere cant?"

"My answer is not cant, Imogen; though I cannot blame you for thinking it such,—from my lips! But there is much that I had it in my heart to tell you. All my life,—particularly all my married life,—I have felt the lack of a supreme umpire, an infallible solver, a universal key for life's daily baffling problems. My want has been filled—by the Christian creed; and this morning the grand old faith received me. Dear, your marriage-failure has been with the man who lacked God. Let the man with a God retrieve it!"

On the little table upon which she leaned was the bell that summoned Marie. She rang it, and then rose resolutely.

"As you see," she said, "I have yet to dress for dinner. Meantime, Mam'selle and Gladys will be delighted to discuss your religious experiences with you. By the way,—is your ward to sail with me,—or is she not?"

Marie appeared, but retreated with celerity, at Raymond's imperious dismissal.

"Imogen," he pleaded, "give up this voyage,—give it up, dear, if only as a favor to me!"

"Does your objection apply to this one voyage in particular,—or to my independent future life in general?"

"You have said it."

He had taken his stand,—she was retaining hers! It was war to the death between them.

"Then I refuse to consider your objection," she answered.

"And I, in turn, refuse to be refused consideration!"

"Such refusal is not your privilege."

"It is more, Imogen: it is my sacred obligation before earth and heaven! In the past I have been a weakling, and the present is my punishment. But the future shall redeem my mistake!"

Through the room, like an unseen bird of song, the rising wind fluttered; bringing with it the sough of the sea-waves the murmur of the leaves, the far, faint minor of the buoy of Island Rock. Something in the man's voice,—a calm yet passionate note, harmonized with the repressed power notable in the gentlest murmur of insistent, invincible Nature.

"You are showing yourself to me in your primeval colors," she said, scornfully. "But as woman is no longer man's mere slave and chattel, of course you accept the result?"

He drew a quick breath as he rose and faced her. For once her proximity exerted no softening spell. His pride of manhood was aroused,—sex-assertion, and masculine instinct of mastery! He began mildly, but spoke on with increasing vehemence. In his words were a dominance new to her.

"The result is not to me, Imogen, but to you! I have entreated you long enough,—years too long, God knows! Now, my entreaty becomes a command. Hereafter my wife lives where I live, shares my 'worse' as well as my 'better,' obeys my just wishes, and realizes that love's slave may be likewise love's master, even though the most indulgent and tender of masters! So the past ends!"

Her eyes fell before his; but her mocking voice still defied him.

"*Who is she?*" she asked.

"Who is who?"

"This ideal Joan whom you depict so eloquently,—in whose favor, from this hour, I abdicate, as your wife?"

"Imogen!" he cried, "*Imogen!*"

But already the dressing-room door had close behind her.

He stumbled out of the room, down the long stairs, out-of-doors without motive, and but semi-consciously. The air struck refreshingly on his fevered face. Instinctively he turned towards the sea, whence the wind wafted the chill of an approaching fog. As his eyes fell upon the stranded boats, a sudden craving for strenuous action, for strong motion, for exhausting physical effort, possessed him. He launched the small rowboat in whose oarlocks four oars rested idly, and was just pushing off in it, when Mina's voice recalled him. She was running lightly ahead of Joyce, her dark hair wind-fluffed into tiny curls, her vivid face glowing and gleeful.

"Wait for us; wait, cousin Jim!" she called. "We want to go with you!" And then she halted till Joyce overtook her.

"You can speak to him now, and *I'll help you!*" she encouraged him. Then she tripped into the boat, and nestled in the cushioned stern. Joyce followed with a nervously beating heart. He shrank from the ordeal before him.

The afternoon sun, now well in the west, shone fitfully; its glory obscured by passing clouds from which the wind blew intermittently. The inflowing waves roughened under the gusts; and the little boat rocked, and rose and fell, as it cut its way against them.

"Speak! Tell him!" whispered Mina, impatiently prodding Joyce with her pliant foot; but Joyce rowed on in non-committal silence, his eyes beseeching her for further grace. Raymond had settled to his oars, quite oblivious of the little byplay. His pent-up emotions exulted in the physical vent, and Joyce's best strokes scarcely kept pace with him. Half-way to the Rock, however, his forced speed slackened till he merely feathered; and then Mina, with a challenging grimace at Joyce, took the initiative, and forced his laggard avowals.

"Dear, kind old cousin Jim," she coaxed, "Joyce and I—I mean Joyce wishes to ask you,"—and there, with half-shy, half-mischievous intent, she paused; leaving Joyce no choice but to stammer an explanation.

"Mr. Raymond," he gasped, crimson and reckless,—"you

know me, my means, my prospects, everything! Ought I to be kicked out for — for daring to hope that you — that Mr. Morris—"

"He wants me to marry him," explained Mina, practically. "We're in love, cousin Jim; and you believe in love, don't you? Joyce insisted upon telling you first of anybody! Even Stephen does not know about us, yet!"

Raymond stared at them blankly. In love,—Joyce and Mina? In his present mood, the tender passion appealed only to his intense bitterness. He faced them in a silence more eloquent than words,—the tragedy of love in his eyes.

Joyce resumed his oars, in the wrath of young pride humbled. Silence seemed to him far more insulting than the most scathing spoken censure. So he, Joyce Josselyn, was beneath contempt. Such was the sincerity of a rich man's democratic theories! He would elope with Mina, by way of revenge. No, —he would withdraw his suit at once, with the most dignified indifference! Then,—when his mark was made, Raymond should realize his mistake,—too late. For Mina, broken-hearted little Mina, would have gone to her premature grave!

But, in truth, Raymond's thoughts were not at all those ascribed to him; and in any case, he knew Joyce's predicament to be concessive rather than voluntary. Like Stephen, Raymond had not been blind to Mina's unsolicited fancy; and his key to Joyce's present position was in his pocket, in the shape of the letter delivered to him by special messenger that morning. It was against Mina not Joyce that his sore heart was hardening. Would not Imogen's kinswoman deal this boy, in the stress and need of his years of manhood, a fate similar to his own?

"Joyce insisted upon telling you *first—of—anybody!*" repeated Mina, with propitiating emphasis.

Then the gates of his silence swung open. His passionate words poured out in a headlong torrent. Mina, accustomed only to Raymond's indulgent tenderness, paled and cowered aghast.

"Love?" he cried. "Marriage? Are there no subjects sacred to your volatile mind? Are there no words too solemn to be light on your lips? What does love mean to you,—you baby with a rattle, you child with a doll, you coquette to whom a heart is a trinket? What is your conception of marriage?

A new ring for your finger,—a new lover for your vanity! God save men from wives like you!"

"Oh, I say," protested Joyce, ineffectually. Raymond's eyes burned past him to the little scapegoat shrinking beyond.

"*You* in love?" he scathed. "*You* to think of marriage,—you, a dancing little moth, an idle human butterfly, seeking only life's sunlight and flowers? What do you know of the battle of life? How would you gird Joyce to wage it? How would you reward him? Youth and beauty are not womanhood,—nor laughter and pouting and kisses, love and marriage! Have you strength and earnestness,—have you conviction and purpose,—have you tenderness and courage? Are you noble enough to love sweet suffering? Can you sacrifice yourself daily and hourly for another? Why, you poor little chrysalis, life is scarcely yet born in you! Yet you take a man's soul into your heedless keeping! *Is your past your title to deal with it?*"

"I have no past," sobbed Mina, indignantly.

"Then your love-future has yet to be served and merited. The wife who makes a man's life, does not go to him from her cradle! She must have learned girlhood's lessons, as a preface to womanhood's! But you—what have you been, as yet, but a trifler with humanities, an evader of life's realities. Have you taken your degree in fidelity, by maiden-loyalty to your creed and its practices? Have you served your apprenticeship to tenderness and unselfishness and service, as a gentle daughter to Mam'selle, a devoted sister to Stephen? Has your charity for the sinful, your love for the poor, your sympathy for the suffering, taught you the meaning of the 'for better, for worse,'—'for richer, for poorer,'—'in sickness and in health,'—of the marriage-service? No, you have lived, first and last, for yourself—yourself, only! And you dream,—you dare to dream—that such is the life, the character, the woman-stuff, of which wives and mothers are made!"

"I have lived for Art," defended Mina.

"Art? What is your art but a sensuous beauty-love, a soulless self-worship, with vanity for its inspiration, and public applause for its end? True art is holy; but judge your tree by its fruits! Only last night, you were deserting us all,—selfishly sacrificing the hearts that have loved and served you all your life—for the praises and promises of the operatic

signor! O yes, I know all about it,—even to Joyce's part in restraining you! The signor's honor asserted itself, and he sent me a note from the station, which reached me this morning. Between him and Joyce you were vacillating only yesterday! To-morrow, when marriage palls, your heart will revert to the stage. Love and wifeliness are not in you,—not yet, little Mina! 'Wifeliness?' What am I saying? A wife must be, first of all, a woman! What are *you*—that is even 'true womanly?'"

"Everything!" resented Mina, with a stamp of her foot. Then she relented, and flashed Raymond an appealing little glance that smiled tremulously through rising tears. "*Love* has made me a woman, you cross cousin," she whispered reproachfully.

The keel grated against Island Rock. The tide was mounting swiftly, and already the greater part of the island was submerged. As the boat drifted up to the highest stake,—a strong iron rod driven deep in the rock,—Raymond gestured his companions to land in advance of him, and they obeyed with alacrity, for the new Raymond had startled them. With his eyes fixed abstractedly upon the young figures above him, he flung the ring of the boat-chain to the stake, and quickly followed them up the Rock.

"Love *may* make you a woman, dear," he emphasized, less harshly; "but the miracle works not to-day, or to-morrow! Does a passionate child, a spoiled coquette, gain in an hour of courtship the earnest soul, the poised mind, the great heart of true womanhood? Does the first blush of young love assure life-long fidelity? By your love for Joyce, save him from marriage with a mere pet and plaything! By your love for him, spare him,—spare him—"

All the pain of his heart, all the revolt of his manhood, was in his fierce words, as they struggled from him. He forgot Joyce, he forgot Mina:—he remembered only himself and Imogen. To the sky and the sea he accused her.

"Spare Joyce a wife," he cried, "to whom he is only a banker good for exhaustless letters-of-credit,—an occasional host, when his hospitality proves a convenience,—a lover accepted not for acceptance, but only for life-long repulse! Spare Joyce a wife who, sharing the bread earned in the sweat of his brow, shuns her part in the curse which is humankind's blessing, and shuts him from life's vital issues! Spare him a wife who is too

fine a gentlewoman for mere womanly home-making,—who is proud to sway salons, but spurns to rock cradles,—who deigns to be his social champion, but scorns to be his heart's better-half,—his tempted man-soul's helpmate! Such may be the wife for a gentleman; but, by heaven, she is not the wife for a man! Mature to womanhood, to noble womanhood, Mina, before you even think of love and marriage. They mean—that the soul of some man is at stake! In God's Name, don't risk it,—don't risk it!"

A sudden wind swirled a great wave towards them. Their fascinated eyes followed it as it swelled and sloped, paling into foam even before it broke upon the island, about which it eddied in myriad whirlpools. The buoy rose and sank, and its bell tolled stridently. Far at sea swayed a haze, like an opening curtain. The fog was coming up with the tide.

"Come," said Raymond, wheeling about abruptly. "The fog must not get ahead of us. Back to the boat, Joyce, with a heart for crack-rowing, or we may be adrift all night!"

But even as they turned to follow him he reeled back, staring incredulously at the chainless stake before him.

"*The boat!*" he cried, an anguish of remorse in his voice. "By heavens, the boat, the boat!"

For even in his shock of surprise Raymond knew what had set the boat adrift, and realized that the guilt of the accident was his own. He recalled his excitement and absorption in the emotional moment of landing, and his consequent heedless fling of the ring to the stake, against which it had jingled audibly. With his eyes upon Joyce and Mina, and his thoughts upon Imogen, he had failed to take note that the ring had but caught on the large round head of the stake,—not slipped safely over it. A few surges of the sea, and its insecure hold had loosened.

Half-way to the shore the empty boat reeled and righted,—a pathetic spar on the restless waste, otherwise shipless and desolate.

For an instant each looked mutely into the other's blanched faces. Then Mina, throwing up her arms in despair, cast herself down on the rock, with a terrible cry.

"It is death," she shuddered, "death in the dark, awful, fathomless waters! O cruel God, O terrible God, save us, save us, save us!"

CHAPTER XII.

"THE DIVINE COERCION."

"I cannot swim a stroke," admitted Raymond, paling.

"But *I* can," exulted Joyce, rushing into trim for his plunge; "and the tide is with me. You just keep above water, and I'll catch up with the boat in a jiffy!"

But Mina, starting up, flung her arms wildly about him.

"It is good-by, Joyce," she sobbed. "You may save yourself, but not us—not us! And oh, I am afraid to die, I have been so wicked! Tell Stephen—Mam'selle—I am sorry—"

He silenced her with a hasty kiss; and, flashing a last glance at Raymond, cleared the reef with a leap, and dived into deep waters. When he reappeared, he was already a distant figure, well on his way towards the little boat that dipped and veered as if coquetting with the shore it approached.

"Call for help, Mina! Call and signal! On land or water, some one must see or hear us," panted Raymond, in the pauses between his own cries.

But Mina crouched unheeding, her hopeless eyes fixed upon the dear golden head fast receding from sight. She knew that Joyce's gallant strokes, like Raymond's cries, were but wasted efforts. It seemed to her now, that she had known always of this tragical destiny. Step by step she could trace fate's relentless trend towards it. Love had been but the golden star illumining its way.

"Good-by!" she moaned softly, as Joyce passed beyond sight. "Oh, my beautiful Joyce, good-by!"

"No," cried Raymond, hopefully; "he has gained on the boat,—he will return—in time!"

Her blanched face did not brighten, nor did the sorrow and dread of her dark eyes lessen. She grasped his hand and drew him down beside her. Towards their feet the rising tide strained strenuously. The surf's spray plashed her face with the chill dews of death. She spoke with lips parched by her terror.

"He will not return in time," she said. "Oh, do you not see that nothing can save us,—nothing? Our fate has been written,—the voice of death calls us. God's Hand is upon us two!"

"No, no, no!"

"Listen, Jim! Why were you baptized only this morning? Why was I inspired to confess to the padre? Why a hundred coincidences too late now to mention,—but all pointing to a single end? *Because we were facing this death, you and I!* It is no accident, no mischance. It is Providence, clear Providence! And *you*, Jim, you, at the final hour, have revealed to me—God's *why?*"

"Why, then, Mina? In Christ's Name, why?"

"*To deliver you from Imogen,—to save Joyce from me!*"

He stared at her in bewilderment. Her first instinct of rebellion, her first terror, seemed over. She sat quite calmly, high on the crest of the Rock, her elbow on her knees, her face sunk in her hand, her eyes fixed luminously before her, as if she gazed on visions. Was this the child-like, thoughtless, frivolous little Mina whose spiritual lack he had but recently arraigned so pitilessly,—this seer, this revealer, this interpreter of death's mystery? Every reproach his bitterness had hurled at her shamed and pained him intolerably.

"Good, brave little woman," he cried, "I misjudged you terribly! Forgive me, forgive—"

"You did not misjudge me," she said. "There is nothing to forgive, Jim. It was meant that you should speak the truth,—to make this death less bitter for me! To realize its providence—is almost—to resign me to it! And for you, dear, for you—"

The terrible anguish of the man, though he said no word, seemed to communicate itself to her, in all its intensity. She lifted her face, and pressed her soft cheek against his, lovingly. The maternal instinct to console, to support him, man and the stronger though he was, took possession of her. If she could only make him see—what she saw so clearly,—what perchance the angels unveil to innocent souls in their hour of human agony.

The sea-fog already spanned the reef, and fluttered like a white shroud before it. Signals seaward or shoreward were alike vain now. The veil of the mist enveloped them.

"Go on!" he cried, wildly. "Speak,—pray,—say or do anything! Anything rather than to cringe here silently, while slow, stealthy death creeps towards us!"

He was losing his nerve, just as hers was strengthened. So, in death, is life reversed, pride humbled!

Mina's arms stole softly about him.

"Jim," she trembled, "try to see things as I do,—try! Then even this awful, dark, strangling end—may be just by one pang—less bitter! You thought I never knew about—about you and Imogen; but oh, I did know, dear, why you spoke so bitterly in the boat:—and Jim, nothing would ever have been different for you in this life,—nothing! But you die like a child,—without one sin on your soul;—and the after-life,—"

"No! No!" he cried, with mortality's instinctive shrinking from death. "*Help to the Reef! Help! Help!*"

She waited until his paroxysm of revolt had exhausted itself: then went on, as if he had not spoken.

"What have you ever been but an alien in this life?" she reminded him. "You were never like other rich men,—pleasure-loving and worldly. Your heart has strained always towards a love—it did not find; your soul groped towards Him—you began to find, this morning! O Jim, Jim! under the shock and the pain and the terror, cannot you see the wonderful, beautiful providence of it all? To be called just when ready,—to be chosen just when called,—your life and death making a perfect chord,—a completed symphony! While mine,—oh, Jim dear,—*mine*—"

She bowed her face in her hands, and sobbed softly. "Every hard word you said was true," she said. "You were right about me, right! I should have been to Joyce only another Imogen,—failing him for the stage, some day sooner or later,—as she has failed you—for the world! It was God that inspired you to make this death easier for me—by telling me—the cruel—truth!"

A wave coiled about her, and she sprang to her feet, crying out in instinctive human terror. The pathetic feminine revulsion touched Raymond unspeakably. Was he a craven, a dolt, to crouch in passive silence, while a young girl dear to him perished?

"*Help*," he repeated. "*Help! Help! Help!*"

But no answering shout rewarded him.

In a frenzy of revolt, he stamped on the Rock, and smote its brown crest fiercely. For an interval of madness even Mina was forgotten. It was himself whom he panted to save,—Jim Raymond, the young, strong man whose blood of life

coursed too vigorously in his veins to ebb without agonized struggle!

"*Help! Help! Help!*" he shrieked. But muffled by the fog, his futile cry echoed back to him. There was now but scant foothold for both above the tide, which was still far from its height; and over this last dry summit a wave broke suddenly, followed by a permanent deepening of the waters about them.

"*Quick, Joyce, quick!*" his despairing cry shuddered. "*Help to the Reef,—help,—help!*"

But Joyce, as far beyond hearing as he was out of sight, instead of increasing his speed, was only floating passively. His overstrained muscles, previously taxed by the long row, and long out of swimming-practice, suddenly had failed him. His breath came in short, painful gasps; the veins of his head and neck seemed bursting, and his limbs and arms chilled, then became numb and leaden. But as he yielded himself to the waters, the tide impelled him towards the boat now not far distant; and after an interval of recuperative floating, his vigor gradually returned.

With a reckless determination to gain the boat without further delay, or to die in the attempt, he treaded water experimentally. Then he resumed his swim, taking deliberate strokes that proved swifter in effect than his recent more vigorous efforts.

As the distance between him and the boat swiftly diminished, his hopeful heart glowed with premature triumph. To save Raymond, to save Mina,—what a glorious fulfilment of the prophecy of his college-triumphs! He exulted in his luck, with the ingenuous pride of a cheered school-boy. He thought how lightly he would laugh at his swim, when the story got about, and Raymond's friends made a hero of him. The *Pioneer* would have a glowing account, and he would mark the first copy, and send it to his mother. Father Martin, too, would be vastly proud and happy. He would say, "God bless our boy!"

But his wandering thoughts were claimed by the boat, which resisted his exhausted attempts to board it. It danced and darted and veered about, till his brain whirled, and he lost his mental compass.

Broadside to a swollen incoming wave, however, it tipped

deeply; and as it careened, he vaulted into it. Catching up an oar to right it, he glanced seaward for his direction. Then he paused as if stunned,—uttered a hoarse exclamation, and incredulously rubbed his hand across his eyes,—straining forward with the look of a startled child peering into dreaded darkness!

The dense white pall of the fog had stolen up like a wraith, behind the unwary swimmer. With thoughts concentrated upon the boat, he had zigzaged from the reef, without one glance behind him. Now, in a desolate world of opaque mist in which even the end of the short boat already was losing itself, he sat confused and helpless, with a terrible realization forcing itself upon him.

The monotonous buoy-bell no longer sounded.

Distance,—a distance which must be fatal even if his course were clear before him,—stretched between him and Island Rock!

As the ominous significance of his discovery dawned upon him, he collapsed limply, dropping his oars and sinking his face in his hands. Legion thoughts of occult presentiment, of prophetic signs,—shadows predictive of coming tragedy,—occurred to him simultaneously, seeming to paralyze him indefinitely; yet really of instantaneous passage, like the forks of a flash of lightning. He recalled the after-ball scene of the previous night,—Raymond's ill-omened quotation from the marriage-service,—his own strange foreboding of evil, as Mina had rushed in unopportunely upon the prophecy of death, and fatefully join hands with Raymond; even the religiously significant coincidence of Raymond's baptism, of which Mina had told him in confidence. Most vividly of all,—though the scene was less recent and the words long forgotten,—he was haunted, of a sudden, by the prophecy uttered by Father Martin, on Raymond's last evening at Carruthdale. The West, and the sea, and the boat drifted from him. Again he was seated at Carruthdale's table, about which he and Father Martin and Stephen lingered sociably. Raymond had been summoned to welcome the unexpected Mam'selle; and in his absence Father Martin had spoken his eulogy:

"*His is a naturally noble soul, a pure mind, and a generous heart. God has His Hand on such, and I prophesy that you will live to see the Divine coercion evident.*"

"*The Divine coercion!*" Was this indeed the solution of last night's bitter draught in Raymond's cup of worldly glory,—of his providential baptism,—of the present imminent tragedy? No, no, it was too cruel, too terrible! From the flood-tide of death, Raymond and Mina must be rescued! Joyce swore that they should be,—with Heaven's help, or without it! If the accursed fog would but lift! Already fitful gleams of light came from seaward. Yes, the fog now was certainly heaviest eastward and inland; but though the shore was invisible, was he not within sound of it?

His young voice rang out like a clarion.

"*Boats to the Reef! Boats to the Reef! Help for Ray—ay—aymond! Help!*"

Over and over he repeated the cry. Then—did he fancy it, or was there indeed the sound of answering voices? A last time he called,—and a last time hearkened! Yes, the voices were a reality; and surely he recognized Centreville's college-cry, Stephen's signal!

So he regained his lost bearings! He knew now where he was—off Pearson's Ranch. He settled to his oars, and rowed seaward.

With the strength of desperation he pulled heroically. Soon a mere hint of sound set his heart throbbing wildly. A few minutes more, and the sound was regular and recognizable. *It was the buoy-bell of Island Rock!*

He sprang to his feet shouting seaward with joy in his voice:

"*Raymond! Mina! Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy! Keep afloat! Help is com-ing—com-ing—com-ing—*"

And his voice, though not his words, reached the two on Island Rock.

But Raymond made no effort to answer.

They stood deep in the water, with arms tensely about each other. Mina had resisted Raymond's wish to hold her above the tide. While still she could stand, his strength must not be wasted. Time enough when she could stand no longer!

"Is it—Joyce?" she asked, weakly. And her tears fell wistfully. To be saved by Joyce,—for life and love with Joyce,—oh the sweet hope of young love died hard!

"Can we—wait—until he reaches us?" she asked, white with suspense.

But only Raymond's silence answered her. She turned her face to his breast, and moaned softly as the strong waves buffeted her. Her little dancing-feet slipped from the wet rock, yielding their frail hold piteously. Only the strength of Raymond's arm supported her. Her murmur of prayer faltered faintly.

"O God!" the man shuddered. "O God!"

Death's crowning sting for Raymond was that little Mina should appeal to him vainly! And the bare doom of death, was it not bitter enough to him? Raymond's man-soul was waxing rebellious.

The spell of his manhood, the pride of his riches, human love still ungained, great ambitions still thrilling him,—all that future life held for him, all that his premature death must wrest from him, flashed before him and lured him towards madness. Death now would be an eternal wrong,—a ruthless blight to his noblest aspirations. Why did he pant for prolonged human life? Not for sin, not for pleasure, not for idleness, as God knew! But for just ideals yet unrealized!

His large fortune, yet to be expended philanthropically,—the heart of his wife, still to be won,—the claim of his honorable name to be perpetuated,—his ambitions, which in his own generation could not be consummated, but whose fulfilment awaited sons to succeed him—even the soul-phase of life as revealed only this morning,—the sacramental chalice his faith had but tasted,—all resisted, all defied, all appealed against this doom. He revolted from death. He defied it!

"Life, O God!" he demanded. "Human life! Manhood's life!"

It was the voice of earth beating against the edict of heaven,—the protest of nature against the inherited penalty of the first human sin!

"*Help!*" he cried, hope reviving by force of desire. "*Help! Help! Help!*"

But a deluge of spray hushed his cry to a gurgle, and Raymond knew that he was answered irrevocably.

With a perilous effort he lifted Mina from the waters. Her head sank despairingly upon his shoulder; her heart pulsated like a frightened little bird's against his benumbed breast. But as her arms circled his neck, an angel's wings seemed suddenly to fold him, his eyes closed; a faintness not painful, but only

sweet with surpassing peace, stole over him. All was right,—all was for the best,—as predestined omnisciently by an Almighty Power. He saw, now, how all that he had thought arbitrarily cruel in life, had but served to make this premature death less cruel! If he had been wedded to the world,—to the pleasures of the flesh to which his fortune pandered,—if his wife had been loving, or had even held out to him the sweet hope of her ultimate tenderness,—if he had not responded always to the highest within him,—if even to-day he had resisted the grace of his first sacrament,—how infinitely more bitter, how infinitely less consoled and compensated, this inevitable death would be!

"I wish," sobbed Mina, tearlessly, "that the fog—had lifted! O Jim, to go down—down so deep—in the darkness—"

"Look, dear, look!" he interrupted her, awed and reverent. His eyes were beholding a miracle.

For even as Mina spoke a beautiful thing had happened.

The merely local sea-fog was drifting inland. As it cleared Island Rock, the still radiant west was revealed in the glow of a lingering sunset. Like a sail before the breeze the pale haze sped from sight; and as the sky was reflected in the lucent seas—lo! a flood of purple and crimson waters.

"It is—the Blood of—Christ!" gasped Mina, ecstatically.

And soul to soul, without one cry or struggle, Raymond and Mina yielded to the symbolic tide.

When the boats cleared the fog the crimson glow was transfigured to a golden glory, whose rays spanned the void between sea and heaven.

But over Island Rock clung the high tide's winding-sheet.

And the buoy-bell tolled, tolled, tolled!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE OF THE GLORIES OF CATHOLIC ENGLAND.

A VISIT TO ST. ALBANS.

BY REV. HUGH POPE.

PERHAPS it is the fate of most historic towns to be mute witnesses to the instability of human affairs. How few there are which are not mere ghosts of what they once were, shorn of their pristine splendor, shrined only in the pages of history, forgotten by all save the student of antiquity, the few inhabitants—who oftentimes know least of its history—and the casual visitor. Yet we would rather have them so. We would rather see them standing only as memorials of what once has been than as busy centres still of modern life, which with its haste and hurry, its excitement, its fever heat, its steam and electricity seems ever striving to blot out the time-honored past and make men forget the hoary-headed legends of their fore-fathers' days.

St. Albans! What a crowd of memories the name recalls! To the student it brings back recollections of England's earlier scholars, of its chroniclers such as Matthew Paris, of its great

philosopher, Lord Bacon, and of many others. But of them more anon.

As we stand on the line of hills stretching away from Shenley we may catch a glimpse of the abbey tower. Seen, as we saw it first, from some five miles distance, it looked in the sunlight as though it were gilded; it had all the warm hue of new sandstone, so that at first we could hardly believe that it was really the venerable abbey pile of which we caught glimpses between the trees as we descended the hill. The walk from Shenley was very beautiful, along green, tree-girt Hertfordshire lanes, up hill and down dale; but it afforded no very extensive view, for after the first rise we could catch no glimpse of the tower till within a mile and a half of the town. As we walked along we met a little girl taking a pony to Barnet fair; the child was in great distress, for the pony had been fed up for the fair and let off work, consequently he resented being taken from his stall and led to the market; so when well away from the farm and out of reach of the farm-hands, he refused to budge! The child pulled and coaxed, but Mr. Pony remained master of the situation. When we came up we were appealed to to use a little forcible persuasion. We did so and off they started, and we watched them over the hill, mentally wondering whether the pony would have the wit to stop again when out of our reach.

A mile from the town the road dips under the railway bridge, and as we mount the opposite hill we once more catch sight of the tower; clouds are passing over, and it looks no longer golden but dull and sombre. We enter the city, for city it still is in spite of its small size and seclusion, and we make at once for the abbey. As we turn the corner of the short lane leading up to it, we involuntarily stop: surely this is only some modern parish church; the abbey must be further up the street! Nearly all visitors to St. Albans have experienced this first feeling of disappointment. The fresh look which the edifice wears, the very careful restoration where needed, and the absence of the usual accompaniments of ancient Gothic churches, all combine to make us think we are looking at some "modern imitation."

But as we go on past the Lady Chapel, past the choir and chancel, we begin to feel that we are in the presence of one of England's great architectural glories. First of all the tower. How unique it is!—a tightly packed mass of Roman tiles and

THE MAIN STREET OF THE CITY.

Norman cement. Those thin, red tiles, deep-burnt, are relics of the old Roman town of Verulam, and are, therefore, nearly two thousand years old. Their warm red color it was which made the tower glow like new sandstone when we first caught sight of it from Shenley bathed in the midday sun. It was erected during the reign of William the Conqueror, and is now just as it was save for its coat of Norman plaster, which has gone and reveals the glorious, time-resisting work of our fathers. Its height is insignificant, only 144 feet, but then the whole edifice stands so high that a very lofty tower was needless. We are now on the south side, and here we note the traces of the old cloister carvings, though nothing remains of the cloister itself, nor indeed of the monastery. As we round the tower-buttress the whole length of the nave comes into view and we realize the enormous size of the whole edifice. The nave is the longest in England, and it, the choir, and the Lady Chapel formed three quite distinct churches.

Coming to the west front, which is the handsome gift of Lord Griserthorpe, and the successor to two former fronts which have perished, we pass through the porch into the

church itself. Our first feelings are probably deep disappointment. All is so fresh and new that we cannot but regard it as a complete restoration. We well remember our good guide's exclamation when we said: "Of course these pillars are quite recent?" "Oh dear me, no, sir! Why the latest is fourteenth century work?" We felt abashed, but were comforted by the remark that every visitor fell into the same error.

The history of the Abbey Church is summed up in that of its forty abbots, and their history is but a reflection of the times in which they lived.

The story of St. Alban is too well known to need repetition. He was martyred in the year 286, according to the Venerable Bede; but according to Ussher in 303, and Camden tells us that Verulam was so pagan a district that the story of the saint's death was inscribed on the walls, "for the shame of the city, and for a warning to other Christians." Long afterwards, however, when King Offa had repented of his deeds of blood, and especially of one act of particular atrocity, he determined to build and endow a monastery. An angel, so the story ran, told him to find the relics of England's Protomartyr and build them a suitable shrine, and Matthew Paris tells us that Humbert, Archbishop of Lichfield, and Umwone, Bishop of Leicester, counselled him to carry out his project. The king, among many other gifts, endowed the abbey with his palace and manor of Winslow, a domain measuring twenty miles in circumference. He then made a pilgrimage to Rome to beg for certain privileges for the abbey, and at the same time rendered perpetual King Ina's previous gift of Peter Pence.

The church was begun by Abbot Paul in 1093, and was consecrated on Christmas Day, 1115. It is interesting to notice the name of Lanfranc as a generous contributor. A great name is attached to the early days of the abbey. A lad named Nicholas Breakspear, who, according to the story, was by no means excessively addicted to study, applied one day for admission amongst the brethren, but after examining him the abbot of that day told him to wait till he had acquired more learning. Taking this as a refusal, the lad went abroad, and there applying himself to his books, surpassed all his companions, and finally became Pope Adrian IV. When pope he granted the abbey immunity from all jurisdiction save such as emanated immediately from the Holy See, while the abbots of

St. Albans were to take precedence of all other abbots of the realm inasmuch as St. Alban, their patron, was England's Protomartyr.

The west front, just demolished, was built by Abbot John, known as "of the Cells." He had studied abroad, and Matthew Paris tells us that he was "a very Priscian in grammar, a perfect Ovid in poetry, and in physic a Galen!" This is high praise, but the chronicler goes on to tell us that being a scholar, he was, like all scholars, unpractical, and devoted himself entirely to contemplation, study, and continual prayer; he consequently allowed the care of the abbey and other external affairs to devolve upon others. It was he who pulled down the original west front and began to build a new one, but delay after delay and obstacle upon obstacle arose to hinder its completion. Amongst other difficulties was King John's extortion of eleven hundred marks from the abbot. However, in time the work was finished, a model of Early English style, before its patching up in the last century.

Meanwhile we have walked up the centre of the nave, and the first thing that strikes us is the difference between the pillars of the north and south aisles. The former are Norman, brick covered with plaster; the later are Early English, built to replace original Norman pillars. Two of the huge Norman columns at the top of the nave fell one day when the church was crowded with people hearing Mass. The present pillars were erected by Abbot Trumpington, to whom the church owes much. It is told of him that when, in the days of King John, Louis the Dauphin came to England and arrogantly demanded homage from some of the barons, Abbot William Trumpington stoutly refused to yield it, though the abbey owed little to King John. Before leaving the nave we must examine the frescoes on the sides of the Norman pillars. These paintings were only exposed to view in 1869; they had been whitewashed over after the Reformation and many times since. They date from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It is remarkable that each consists of a "Calvary," with some representations below it which are much defaced. It may well be that these pictures were placed there for the convenience of the worshippers in the aisle who could not see the altar. The repetition of the same subject precludes the view that they are the Stations of the Cross. The faces and hands of the figures in the lowest fresco

are black; some have thought that this was to represent the universality of redemption, which included even the sons of Ham! Is it not, possibly, the ground color which has survived? We know that mediæval artists sometimes employed exceedingly dark shades of green for the ground color of the

THE NAVE OF ST. ALBANS IS THE LONGEST IN ENGLAND.

flesh tints. As we go round the church we shall notice everywhere traces of coloring showing that probably there was hardly an inch of bare plaster in the church. How different it must have looked from the colorless places of worship so common in England!

We now stand before the desecrated screen. We say "desecrated" purposely, for its niches stand empty and idle; it is to be hoped they will one day be refilled. This screen was built by Abbot Richard, who, out of devotion to St. Cuthbert, through whose intercession he had been cured of a withered arm, added to it a little chapel in honor of that saint. This chapel gave its name to the screen. Before going into the choir turn and notice the immense size of the nave. Under the west window is an inscription which says that on account of its spaciousness the courts of justice were held in the body of the church when the plague raged during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

We now pass into the south aisle of the choir. There is

a coffin here with a notice above it saying that it was the tomb of two hermits, Roger and Sigar, who lived in Stephen's time; presumably the word "hermit" is used as a generic term, for the monks of St. Albans were not, strictly speaking, "hermits." The holes pierced in the floor of the stone coffin should be noticed; they are meant to insure speedy corruption! How very different from modern notions! We can now turn into the choir and see the Wallingford screen. This was erected by Abbot Wallingford, 1476–1484. He was the second abbot of that name, and is said to have been a leper. Whilst he was abbot the third printing-press in England was set up at St. Albans, and it was three years later when Caxton printed his first book at Westminster Abbey. In 1477 the St. Albans press published a book on Rhetoric written by a Franciscan Friar; also a work entitled "Incipiunt Exempla Sacræ Scripturæ," and in 1481 a commentary on Aristotle's Physics.

Needless to say that the statues of this beautiful screen were all ruthlessly destroyed at the Reformation. New ones have been recently inserted. But the artist has shown a strange want of the sense of proportion, for whereas the figure of our Lord on the Cross measures nine feet in height, those of our Blessed Lady and St. John are only six feet.

If we now pass behind the altar we shall find the shrine of St. Alban, which has been skilfully pieced together out of some two thousand odd fragments found in 1872. The pavement round is worn away by the knees of devout worshippers in times long gone by. Above, to the left, is the "Watching Gallery," whence one of the brethren could watch at night over the costly offerings which enriched the saint's shrine. This shrine was the treasure of the abbey, and of course tempted the cupidity of the Reformers. The revenue of the abbey at the time of the dissolution was estimated at £21,021 7*s.* 1¼*d.* per annum. And this has to be multiplied at least tenfold if we would arrive at its present-day value!

On the left of the shrine is the monument to good Duke Humphrey, brother of Henry V. Some of the verses composed for his epitaph show us in what love and veneration he was held:

"Lumen erat Patriæ, columen venerabile Regni";

and again, in allusion to the story of his having detected an

Here was Erected the Third Printing-Press in England, Three Years before Caxton Printed the First Book at Westminster.

impostor who declared himself to have been cured of blindness at the shrine of St. Alban:

". . . fraudis ineptæ
Detector, dum ficta notat miracula cœci."

Leaving the shrine and good Duke Humphrey we reach the Lady Chapel. This was built by Abbot Hugh de Eversden, 1308–1326. It is hard to believe that from 1583 to 1870 it was used as a grammar school! Now it is much restored, though some of the carvings are sadly mutilated. Traces of frescoes are everywhere discernible, and the chapel must have been a gem when in its original state. Where we are standing a right of way used to exist through the church between the high altar and the Lady Chapel! And underneath our feet lie buried many of England's bravest and best who fell in the two battles fought at St. Albans in 1455 and 1461.

Turning into the north aisle we meet the shrine of St. Amphibalus, the guest and teacher of St. Alban. Note on the sides the initials R. W.; they are those of Ralph Whitechurch, who was sacristan in the time of Abbot de la Mare, 1349–1396.

During his time the abbey was at the height of its glory and its services were far famed. After Wat Tyler's rebellion Richard II. came here and administered the oath of fealty to great numbers in the abbey court. The predecessor of De la Mare was Richard de Wallingford, who died in 1335. He is famous for a wonderful clock which he constructed and called Albion.

But by far the most famous abbot was John of Wheathampstead. He was originally a monk of Tynmouth, which was a cell of St. Albans, and came from there to be abbot of the mother house. He was ordained priest at St. Paul's in 1382, and was sent by his order in England to the councils of Pavia and Sienna in 1423 and 1424. The inscription over his monument in the south aisle is literally true of him: "John of Wheathampstead. Who lies here? That well-known Father, to whom the little village of Wheathampstead gave a great name. The ears of wheat on his tomb signify his name. *His noble deeds and not his monument mark his life.*" We are told that he put the ceiling to part of the church, that he painted the Lady Chapel, built a library, erected the monument to Duke Humphrey, and probably designed the Wallingford screen. Nor was this all. In the list of his disbursements we learn that he expended upon "a paire of organs" £17; on Antiphonals for the choir £4; on the erection of a new chapel £74; on the painting of the Lady Chapel £40; on a new reading pulpit for the singing of the Gospel £43; this last item seems an astonishing one, especially if we realize that it represents at least £500 of our money. He also put stained glass into the north window; and on copes, censers, chasubles, a pastoral staff, and a mitre he expended £640. Moreover, he built a chapel for the infirmary, as well as the infirmary itself, at a cost of £564.

Nor were his benefactions confined to the abbey. We find that in the town he erected four gates at a cost of £565, besides building granaries and malt-houses which cost £580. The most striking proof, however, of his liberality and large-mindedness is to be found in the item of £180 for founding a Gloucester College in Oxford, for the use of *his students there.* We find also that he built them a chapel and provided them with a private garden. And this was two hundred years before the Reformation!

THEIR GRAVES AND MONUMENTS ARE HERE IN PEACE.

A curious account is left to us by one Mr. Shrimpton, who died at the age of 103 about the year 1608, after having been four times mayor of St. Albans. Describing the state kept by the lord abbot, he tells us that in the refectory there were fifteen steps up to the abbot's table, where the service was all of plate; the monks who served him advanced up these steps with the dishes, and after every fifth step they paused to sing a hymn. My lord abbot's dinner cannot have been a very hot one!

Cardinal Wolsey was abbot till 1538, and we learn incidentally that his taking this great post "in commendam" caused grave scandal; it was felt that the head of a religious house must be resident.

As we walk down the nave and out at the great west porch the long-past glories of the abbey come back to our minds. The splendor almost regal, the far-spreading influence of the long line of forty abbots, where are they now? Where now the hospitality to rich and poor? Where the farms and lands giving employment to many hundreds? All are gone, vanished into space! A greedy king's empty treasury yawned a moment and the accumulation of centuries disappeared; it was but the

robbery of a moment; it has left many a hundred years of woe!

And the wealth and magnificence, the visits of kings and nobles, the councils once held here, these are the things which history records, and which alone are told of now in guide-books and histories; but what of that which no eye save His whose "eyes behold all the earth" has ever seen or recorded? The daily, nay, hourly, chorus of praise, the fast and vigil, the study and contemplation ever rising to heaven, a grateful incense appeasing the wrath divine prepared to execute judgment upon a sinning world—all this has ceased! What of the many favors, corporal and spiritual, granted here at St. Alban's shrine? What of the aching hearts consoled? What of the widow and the orphan helped and comforted, and none to see it? Faults there may have been and grave ones, but Judas has his imitators everywhere and in every age.

Their graves and monuments are here in peace; their abbey can hardly now be called "the house of prayer." Tourists and sightseers, some of them reverent, some far from it, flock hither; they gaze for a space and forget what they have seen!

TAINTED TEACHING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY REV. JAMES J. FOX, D.D. (*Catholic University*).

THE June issue of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* contains a vigorous and timely protest against the anti-Catholic bias which runs through the new Encyclopædia, published by the Appletons. The writer of the article observes, with truth, that one of the chief forces in the perpetuation of misunderstanding among the various religious bodies is the persistent misrepresentation of the Catholic Church in educational and popular literature. And the *Messenger* in sounding a warning and lodging a protest against this publication is to be congratulated for discharging a duty which is too often neglected.

An encyclopædia is calculated to have a wide sphere of influence. Yet the field open to such a work is not, perhaps, greater than that at the mercy of another kind of book, less pretentious in character, but not less potent for the generation of unfounded antagonism to our religion—the text book of the schools. Of course, in many branches of education, not even the most ingenious hostility can find a way to attacking Romanism. It is not easy to make arithmetic or physics a cover for insinuation. On the other hand, historical studies may very easily, and all the more surely because without any very manifest spirit of intolerance, be turned into vehicles of calumny. And only second to the history of religion itself, is the history of education in facilities for subtly and imperceptibly creating a bias in the mind of the pupil. This subject now occupies an important place in the curriculum of the high and the normal schools. It may be doubted whether the necessarily superficial and imperfect acquaintance with so vast a subject, that can be given in the time allotted to it, is of much practical value in the training of teachers. A soldier may be a first-rate shot without knowing much about the history of artillery; and the expert on the influences of sea power may be a very poor practical sailor. It may be said, of course, that the study makes for culture. Yes; if it is pursued in a way to develop a habit of accurate thought, systematic method; and if it stores the mind with correct information as well as some philosophic

views of the complex forces which have been at work in the history of the race. But, if one takes up some of the text books on this subject, one can hardly conclude from their character that the pupil who depends on them is likely to acquire from them a knowledge either accurate or philosophic. But one thing is sure: if the pupil does not imbibe from them a great deal of prejudice against the Catholic religion, the failure need not be laid at their door.

It would be a waste of time to expatiate upon the notoriously hostile character of such works as those of Quick and Comparayé. We shall find a more eloquent index of the strength of the prejudices against us, if we turn, rather, to a book which is supposed to make all the concessions possible to the church, which does acknowledge, occasionally, things that are to her credit, and which, therefore, some Catholics, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, are disposed to endorse as the nearest approach to justice that we may hope to obtain. This book is a *History of Education*,* written by a professor of a State Normal School in New Jersey; and intended by him "to furnish all the material that can reasonably be demanded for any state, county, or city teacher's certificate." It is used in many schools in the State of New York.

Now, this little volume is eminently calculated to give a young mind that is accustomed to read and take for granted, not to weigh and consider, a very false idea of the church, and her influence on the human race. It is more dangerous than those in which the attack is more violent; for its apparent spirit of fairness and the occasional word of praise, only add to the force of the hostile criticism to which it lends the air of judicial deliberation.

We do not wish to accuse Mr. Seely of any conscious injustice towards Catholicism. Indeed we think that he is probably so sure of his impartiality that he would look upon any charge of bigotry leveled against him as a boomerang that hits only its thrower. The obsession of a dominant idea, a very inadequate perception of the difficulty of the task which he undertook, and either an insufficient equipment for the work—which is hardly to be thought of—or a contemptuously low estimate of what can be reasonably demanded from prospective teachers, have conspired to produce a text book so generally faulty that one may charitably ascribe its sins against Catholi-

* *History of Education.* By Levi Seely, Ph.D., Professor of Pedagogy in the New Jersey State Normal School. New York: American Book Company.

cism to other sources than intentional unfairness. In dealing with subjects, in which no actual religious prejudices are involved, Mr. Seely's book manifests the same incompleteness of exposition, inaccuracy, tendency to random statements, the same lack of perspective, the same failure to grasp the really important elements—in short, the same general incompetence of treatment which, in the later portions, renders the book a libel on Catholicity. Indeed, when read in the light shed by a perusal of the book, the statement of the author, that it furnishes all that can be reasonably demanded of a candidate for a teacher's certificate, is the severest stricture that could be passed upon what a recent writer points out as the tendency to charlatanism in our educational methods.

In his scholarly volume on ancient education Professor Laurie, commenting upon what a history of education would comprise, declares that in attempting such a work the comprehension of the term must be narrowed, if it is not to mean a history of all human development. Even then to his work,—more than twice the size of Professor Seely's, and dealing only with what is but a section in the latter,—he gives the modest and appropriate designation of an historical survey. Mr. Seely, unconscious of any such misgivings, with Baconian intrepidity, takes all knowledge for his peculiar province, and confers upon his progeny the grandiose appellation of *A History of Education.* It is quite evident, however, that in the greater portion of his work, notably in the last half, he has fallen into the blunder of confusing education with pedagogy.

Out of an embarrassment of riches, space allows us to produce only a few examples of the book's want of method, and abundance of inaccuracy. The Introduction promises that "stress will be laid upon the geographical and historical conditions of the peoples considered." Let us turn to *India* in the section *Pre-Christian Education:*—"India lies between the sixth and thirty-sixth parallels of north latitude. It is bounded on the North by the Himalayas, and on the South by the Indian Ocean. The climate is in general hot, which makes the natives indolent; and accounts for their lack of enterprise. The country is very rich, the chief products being wheat, cotton, rice, opium, and tea. The area is about one and a half million square miles, and the population two hundred millions." The historical information is that therein was an aboriginal race which

the Aryans conquered, or drove to the mountains, and the mixed progeny of the two races now forms the great mass of the Hindu population. The pupil is left to fancy that Hindu India was or is coterminous with British Imperial India; and that Brahmanism prevails from Cape Comorin to Shamleigh Midden. If he is of an inquiring disposition he will ask whether India is bounded by anything at all on the east and west. He will master this chapter without learning anything about the great subjects connoted by the name of the *Vedanta* philosophy. But in compensation he will be familiar with a gossipy description of a modern Indian school. And he will have acquired the astonishing information that the warrior caste, as defined in the *Laws of Manu*, "comprises the army and office-holders." Of the India which extends to the thirty-sixth parallel! When studying China he will learn that Buddhism is widespread; but he will be told nothing of the present importance of Confucianism, nothing of Laotze, nothing of the official religion. He will read that the government has no control of education, in a country in which, through its examinations, the government has for hundreds of years absolutely controlled and shaped education.

If he reads his *Persia* attentively, the future teacher will be left to understand that the educational system of Cyrus the Great still exists in the Persia of to-day. The respective *rôles* of the Semitics and the Aryans, to which Laurie directs attention, are unnoticed.

The statement is made that there were no Jewish schools until the destruction of the nation. As Laurie remarks, there were flourishing Jewish schools at least two hundred years before Christ. With an ineptitude which he consistently displays almost everywhere, Mr. Seely spends all the space allotted to the Jews in discussing conditions that prevailed after the destruction of Jerusalem, while, as Laurie states, "nothing later than the second century can be considered as distinctively Jewish." Similarly neglecting the early periods when flourished all that was characteristically Roman, he expatiates upon the period when the old Roman type had been swamped by Hellenism. As an instance of the philosophic insight which he places at the disposal of his pupils, we have the observation that "Roman education did not take a strong hold on the Roman people so as to shape the course of the nation"!!

This of an education which has shaped, to a great extent, the course of the world for two thousand years; which shapes the life study of the lawyer in even the remotest village of this continent to-day. Cicero, speaking of his own times, tells us that nobody any longer learned the *Laws of the Twelve Tables;* Mr. Seely, treating of the Rome of the Empire, assures us that the mother taught them to her children.

Everywhere, when Mr. Seely is dealing with the history of education, as distinct from a mere account of pedagogical methods, there is the same hasty, superficial kind of writing, made by garbling material taken at random from different authors without sufficient regard to chronology, or a due discrimination between the essential and the insignificant.

In the part allotted to Christian Education, once the key is found—and it is not far to seek—the faulty method of the book, to a great extent, though not entirely, loses the appearance of being accidental and becomes systematic. The dominant idea in the author's mind is that everything good in the world must be traced to the Teutonic race and to the Protestant Reformation. To this point of view, in his manipulation, all modern history adjusts itself. Needless to say, the figure of the Catholic Church must be subjected to considerable strain to adapt it harmoniously to such a presentation. As we have said, Mr. Seely we think is, possibly, unconscious of his unfairness. Almost all the time he betrays that he has no first hand acquaintance with the sources he should have consulted in his task. He merely repeats the views of others; and when looking for his material he has gone invariably, with one or two solitary exceptions, to anti-Catholic sources.

His portrait of the church resembles the reflection of a face in a concave mirror. Every feature, with the proportion of each to each, is represented; there is an approximation to likeness; but the approach to resemblance only serves to accentuate the general distortion which, according to the temper of the observer, provokes laughter, contempt, or indignation. And, indeed, when dealing with religious topics some of the statements are so wonderful that though indignation is the first feeling provoked, it soon gives place to a smile. The amusement, however, disappears with the reflection that this book is meant to be placed in the hands of pupils who may be unfortunate enough to depend on it for their information. Take, for example, this state-

ment concerning the early Christians: "Homeless and without protection they wandered about, and had neither the opportunity nor the right to acquire property. They therefore had little means to apply to the education of their children." It is hard to fancy that a professor in a normal school is not familiar with the famous Chapter XV. of Gibbon, or that he has no acquaintance with the correspondence between Pliny and Trajan. Yet it is just as difficult to imagine that anybody who has ever read those pages could write such nonsense as the above. Then, as if to heighten its absurdity, Mr. Seely says that *the Apostles were foremost in all educational matters*, that they established schools, directed educational movements, and themselves became teachers. Evidently it was not any consciousness of a grasp of ecclesiastical history that prompted Mr. Seely to assume the *rôle* of historian of education.

But Mr. Seely's acquaintance with church history is as that of a Harnack compared with the knowledge which he displays concerning theological and philosophical topics. Of course it may be said that the work is only meant to be a compilation; consequently, if it adduces reputable authorities nothing more can be demanded of it. But a compiler requires an intelligent knowledge of the matter which he treats if he is to avoid making in different places contradictory statements. And into this pitfall Mr. Seely, as we shall see, falls. Besides, the complaint that Catholics have against him is that he does not make a fair use of authorities. He draws almost invariably from those of an anti-Catholic and sometimes of an anti-Christian basis. For example, it is on the strength of Draper that St. Augustine is accused of having antagonized science and Christianity for fifteen centuries. This offensive and baseless observation, it may be remarked, becomes more objectionable when read with the context which states that St. Augustine's writings have shaped the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The pupil will be deficient in the illative faculty who will not conclude: *Ergo:* the doctrines of the Catholic Church antagonize Christianity.

When Mr. Seely's book first appeared a reviewer in *The Journal of Education* said that for want of precision and discrimination, the lists of authors recommended at the head of each chapter were of little service. We quite agree that there is but little utility in this bibliography. But it very consistently discriminates against Catholic authorities. They are, with one

or two exceptions, sedulously ignored, while popularizers who appeal to religious prejudices are plentifully suggested. The most elementary sense of fair play dictates that both sides are to be heard. Where this text book is used and relied on the pupils will hardly ever suspect that there is another side at all.

To return to some of the remarks on theological and philosophical topics, Mr. Seely says that Augustine based all teaching upon authority. Not merely all religious teaching, but *all* teaching. Yet he writes that one of Augustine's principles of pedagogy was to make abundant use of *observation* in teaching. And again, he admits, following Schmidt, that Augustine developed a complete psychology of the human soul of great pedagogic value. We do not accuse Mr. Seely of ever having read St. Augustine. But he might at least have suspected that these last two statements suggest a doubt as to all Augustine's teachings being based on authority. But this parrot cry that the church, by controlling all teaching, enslaved the human mind is to be constantly echoed, and the sooner it is raised the better.

Compare another pair of statements. We are told that Augustine's writings shaped the doctrines of the Catholic Church; and again, that "Scholasticism was a revolt from the doctrines of Augustine and the ascetics." Cardinal Newman gave as an illustration of nonsense the line:

"Revolving swans proclaim the welkin near."

The last quoted observation of Mr. Seely surpasses it. The entire little chapter on Scholasticism is an illustration of the danger to which the compiler who knows nothing about the matter he treats is exposed. First we are told that Scholasticism had for its object the harmonizing of ancient philosophy with the doctrines of the church. This statement is fairly correct. But immediately Mr. Seely contradicts it, and contradicts fact, by stating that Scholasticism "laid chief stress upon reason instead of authority." He does not hesitate to discuss magisterially the two great camps of Scholasticism, the Thomists and Scotists. Instead of falling back upon some author who treats the subject intelligently, as for example Uerberg, or even the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he copies a very obscure paragraph from the wretchedly inadequate page or two which Swegler devotes to Scholasticism. If the young student derives from this excerpt any other clear impression than that the Scotists are more practical than the Thomists—which has as much meaning

as the remark that blue is sweet, and brown, acid—he will have more penetration than we are inclined to grant to his master. Again, fancy St. Thomas or St. Bonaventure or Albertus Magnus or St. Anselm *dissenting from the teachings of the ascetics!* But asceticism has a very Catholic flavor; and as some progress in intelligence is conceded to the Scholastics, it helps the good cause to show that they dissented from *asceticism.*

There are throughout the book two well sustained complementary tendencies. One is to minimize whatever redounds to the credit of the church, and set in the boldest relief whatever can be urged against her. The other is to treat Protestantism in the opposite way. The glories of the Teutons are celebrated over and over again; they were the great providential fact in the salvation of society. But there is not the faintest allusion to the truth that it was the Catholic Church that civilized them, and, by heroic and long enduring struggle against the ignorant ferocity of them and their fellow barbarians, saved for them and for Europe all that she could of Roman civilization. The reader will look in vain for any notice of the great Celtic and British Schools, in which, through the church's influence, Roman culture, as Gibbon admits, never completely perished. We are told that Reuchlin, the Protestant, was the first to recognize the value of Hebrew in the interpretation of the Scriptures. Did Jerome never live? Or does Mr. Seely consider Cardinal Ximenes and his polyglot to be a myth? The church's part in the elevation of woman's condition is not mentioned, neither is her influence in the suppression of slavery; though both the amelioration of woman's position and the abolition of slavery are duly recorded.

When, during the ages that Europe was Catholic, individuals or classes have been open to reprehension, it is not on them, but on the Church—with a capital letter—that the odium is laid. On the other hand, if there is any praise for individuals or classes, then there is not a word about the church. It was not individuals but the *Church* "which exercised power, not for the good of humanity but for her own ends." When, however, he chronicles the rise of the universities Mr. Seely is careful to observe that "the first universities can hardly be said to have been inspired by the Church." If he pays a tribute to the Church of the Middle Ages, he manages to divert it from the Church which the Reformation came in conflict with, by taking as illustrations of the period which he praises, Tertullian and

St. Augustine. By the way, this is the first time, as far as we know, that anybody has taken these personages as exponents of the Middle Ages.

When Dante's genius is mentioned there is no reminder that he was a profoundly faithful Catholic. But Mr. Seely takes care to state that Erasmus, though he never broke with the Church, was in sympathy with the Reformers. How complete this sympathy was may be gathered from a letter of Erasmus quoted by Hallam: "I dislike these Gospellers on many accounts, but chiefly because through their agency literature languishes, disappears, lies drooping, and perishes; and yet without learning what is man's life? . . . They love good cheer and a wife, and for other things they care not a straw." This same letter, like numberless historical statements, may be placed in contrast with Mr. Seely's brilliant picture in which the Reformers pose as the saviours of education. He might have referred his pupils to Prescott's observation that "it is a melancholy fact that the earliest efforts of the reformers were directed against the monuments of genius which had been created or cherished by the generous patronage of Catholicism. Cardinal Wolsey showed more zeal for the promotion of learning than did all the reformers put together:

> "Ever witness for him
> Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
> Ipswich and Oxford."

But there is no mention of Wolsey, any more than there is of the degradation into which the German universities fell as a direct consequence of the Reformation; a degradation worse than that of the English universities when "Oxford laundresses dyed clothes in the schools of art." Luther and the Reformation are represented as the friends of liberty. There is no allusion to the fact that he preached unqualified political absolutism; nor does Mr. Seely refer to the well-known fact that the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings took its rise from the Reformation.

In his zeal for exalting the horn of Luther, as the first man to organize schools for the people, Mr. Seely forgets that, a few pages back, he told how Charlemagne provided schools for all, and introduced the principle of compulsory education. And here it may be observed that the chapter on Charlemagne is one of the most typical in the book. That monarch is represented

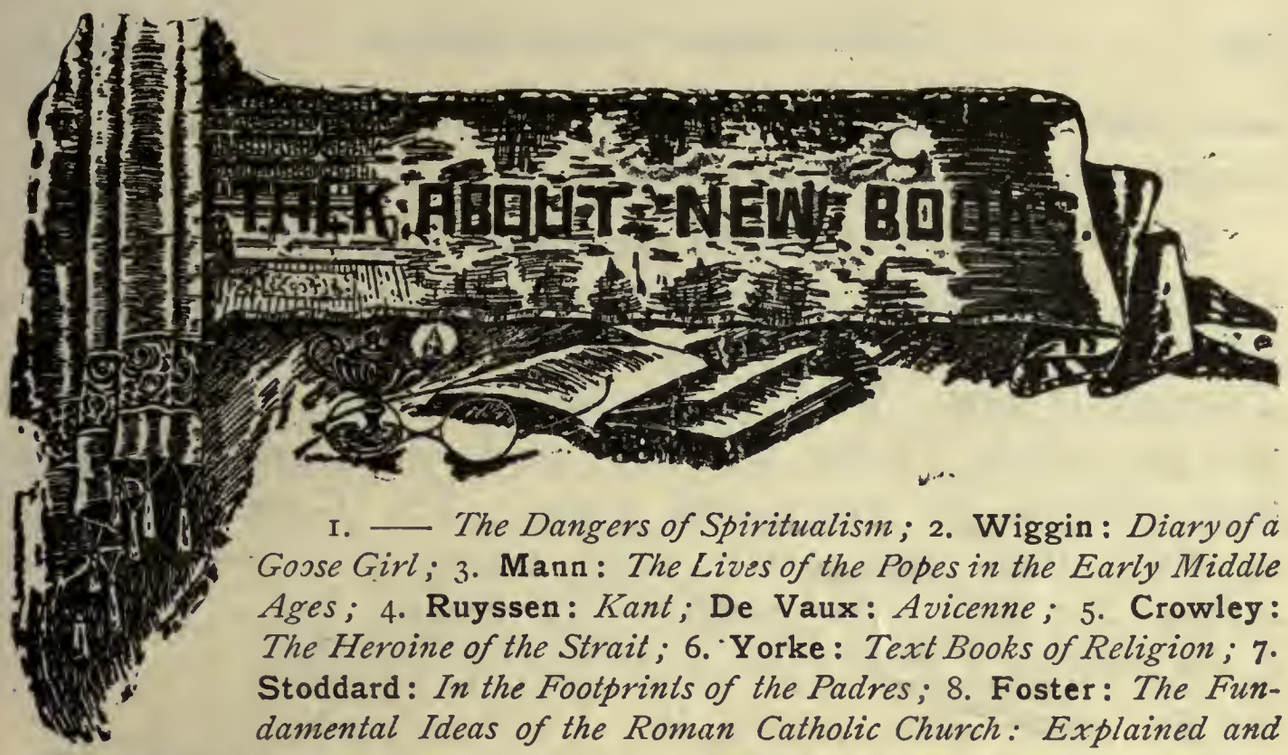
as carrying out his reforms against ecclesiastical opposition; and we get the impression that he was a Protestant born out of due time who "laid the foundations of the Prussian school system."

When recording the beneficent results of the humanistic movement, Mr. Seely records that it brought forward the *new* doctrine that there was goodness in man and his works even before the Christian era. Mr. Seely cannot be aware that one theological point most fiercely contested between the Catholics and the Reformers was this very doctrine, which the Church taught, while the Reformers denied it, and maintained, besides, that all human nature is hopelessly corrupt. The mental stimulus provided in a quotation from Luther, deprecating indulgences and church-going, would have been usefully supplemented by Mr. Seely, if he had brought forward some of the innumerable passages in Dr. Martin Luther's writings in which he declares that moral conduct has no influence on the relations of man and God. These are a few examples of the manner in which, through a judicious perversion of the principles of historical perspective, and a frequent *suppressio veri*, Mr. Seely dwarfs and discredits Catholicity.

If space allowed we should like to suggest a few questions which pupils might profitably put to him. For example, how does it happen that nearly every non-Catholic represents the Crusades as a movement of religious fanaticism (Catholics say, of faith) if they were "a reaction of the laity against the clergy, of the senses against the spirit?"

And if the Crusades "emancipated philosophy from theology," how was Scholasticism a union of philosophy and theology? Was John Milton really a more notable man than Socrates? Would Mr. Seely give the references to documents or original sources showing that during the Middle Ages scientific progress was seriously checked by the antagonism of the Church to investigation? And finally, he will confer a favor upon numberless persons, in different camps, if he will furnish a list of the many popes who, since 1773, have denounced the Jesuits.

Considering the general love of fair play which is characteristic of Americans, it seems hardly possible that, if our Catholic taxpayers and Catholic leaders were only to sufficiently interest themselves in the matter, they could not secure for the schools which they help so largely to support text books that would not "poison the wells" to the prejudice of their religion.



1. —— *The Dangers of Spiritualism;* 2. **Wiggin:** *Diary of a Goose Girl;* 3. **Mann:** *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages;* 4. **Ruyssen:** *Kant;* **De Vaux:** *Avicenne;* 5. **Crowley:** *The Heroine of the Strait;* 6. **Yorke:** *Text Books of Religion;* 7. **Stoddard:** *In the Footprints of the Padres;* 8. **Foster:** *The Fundamental Ideas of the Roman Catholic Church: Explained and Discussed for Protestants and Catholics;* 9. **Chauvin:** *Le Père Gratry;* **Perraud:** *Le Père Gratry;* 10. **Gunkel:** *The Legends of Genesis;* 11. **Caigny:** *De Gemino Probabilismo Licito;* 12. **Scheeben:** *The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century;* 13. **Laughlin:** *The Elements of Political Economy;* 14. **Stang:** *Spiritual Pepper and Salt;* 15. **Laberthonnière:** *The Ideal Teacher; or, The Catholic Notion of Authority in Education.*

1.—A volume on spiritualism is most timely, for we hear on all sides discussion and investigation of that cult and its allied questions. This one under review * is a record of the personal experiences of the author, with his notes and comments. Few would have the courage to undertake for science and religion what he did, but the value of his conclusions and, we trust, the reception of his work will repay him. The author's endeavor is first to prove that these spiritistic phenomena are real and objective; *i.e.*, distinct from the subject and indicative of the existence and power of other spirits; secondly, to point out the moral dangers which arise from the cultivation, even in a mild way, of such phenomena. He shows that the passion will grow upon the novice, and in turn give a controlling power to these spirits of questionable character. The work is unusually interesting and scientific, presenting strong evidence. In itself it proves how fascinating the study may be and how easily it may lead innocent victims to most unhappy experiences. As the author advises the laity to avoid investigation, so we think the work advantageous rather for the clergy alone. They should know the scientific side of the question and the opinions of men such as the author. Then in an intelligent

* *The Dangers of Spiritualism.* By a Member of the Society for Psychical Research. St. Louis: B. Herder.

and judicious manner they may explain, as is their duty, the dangers and evil consequences of this cult.

2.—We always look for something delightful from Kate Douglas Wiggin, and the present volume* meets all our expectations. The Goose Girl leads us far away to the charms of Thornycroft farm. We are immediately at home with its people, particularly Phœbe, and very much interested in its hens and chickens, its ducks and geese. The Goose Girl tells us about their good habits, their virtues, and some of their faults. The Girl writes simply, with pleasant humor, now and again pointing a worthy moral or making a mirthful hit. With the play of her magic wand this Goose Girl (far from a goose in the ordinary sense of that word) instructs and delights us by the doings of the feathered tribe. Most of us take no interest in their talk. But that is because, unlike the Goose Girl, we do not know how to interpret it. She makes the charm grow upon us, and it is broken altogether too soon and too rudely by *His* arrival. We were not interested in Him, and he might have stayed away awhile longer for our sakes. Perhaps the Girl will write as a goose wife or a goose mother. Let us hope so.

3.—Mann's *Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages*† is the most important work of church history that has appeared in English for many years. A true history of the popes of the period mentioned has long been needed. The work of the prejudiced Bower was alone in that field, and so we feel that we cannot give too hearty a welcome to this historical work. It deals with the popes under the Lombard rule from Gregory I. to Leo III. The author's purpose is to continue it till the end of Gregory XII.'s reign, from which time we have the learned work of Pastor. Father Mann's treatment of every question is thorough, unbiassed, scientific; his references are profuse and of the best, and the great value of his work is that he has gone direct to original sources. His life of Gregory I. is particularly excellent. Gregory was in many ways the greatest Pope of them all: an intrepid bishop, a holy apostle, a saintly priest, a sympathetic man reaching down to lift up and console the poorest and meanest of his fellows. The treatment of the celebrated case of Honorius is also worthy of special mention.

* *Diary of a Goose Girl.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.* By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. Vol. I., Part I. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The work is destined to be a classic. We hope that the author will soon present his other volumes, continuing, under the encouraging words of Leo XIII., "to make the popes known."

4.—THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE has already drawn attention to the series of *Grands Philosophes* published by the house of Alcan in Paris. The present volumes * are a further witness to the splendid ability of the undertaking, and in regard to them we repeat the words of praise already given to their predecessors. The work on Kant is a masterpiece. The state of pre-Kantian philosophy is admirably summarized, the influences that directly affected the Königsberg thinker are finely described, and the examination of Kant's entire system is beyond praise. In the work on Avicenna the Baron Carra de Vaux, an eminent Arabic scholar, gives a comprehensive view of the Arabian philosophy, and leads us to the origins of scholasticism. Once more we earnestly commend the volumes of this series to the intellectual Catholics of the United States. Woe to us if our philosophical reading is confined to Zigliara, Russo, Dupeyrat, and Kleutgen, and if we continue to make of ourselves a spectacle of folly by refuting Kant, Des Cartes, and Spencer in one contemptible syllogism, though we have never given to their pages the courtesy of five minutes of study. Catholic students never had a better or a safer opportunity for an honest acquaintance with the thought that is shaping the modern world than in works like these we are reviewing. We should be pained to learn that the Abbé Piat's series has had no support or encouragement in this country

5.—Mary Catherine Crowley, an author of growing fame, furnishes us, in her latest story, *The Heroine of the Strait*,† with a very vivid picture of life in Detroit when the latter was a frontier trading station and the English and the French were struggling for the mastery. Into a very pretty love tale she weaves a great deal of Indian lore, as well as a very accurate knowledge of the intimate relations of the French habitant and the English trader with the Indians. Angelique Cuillerier is a most attractive character. A sweet child of nature on whose simple, unaffected ways are engrafted all the devout practices engendered by the profound religious beliefs that were instilled into the Canadians

* *Kant.* Par Théodore Ruyssen.——*Avicenne.* Par le Baron Carra de Vaux. Paris: Félix Alcan.

† *The Heroine of the Strait.* By Mary Catherine Crowley. Illustrated by Charles Grunwald. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

by the heroic missionaries who first faced the dangers of the virgin forests. The portrayal of Pontiac is true to life—clever as a fox, brave as a lion, full of resources in fighting, and yet with all the cunning, bloodthirstiness, and treachery of the Indian. The writing is exceedingly clever; still, in the descriptions of tragic events the author seems to lack that power of vivid word-painting which stirs the heart and makes one hold his breath with thrilling expectancy for the tragic climax. Probably, because the novel lacks this vivid coloring, it gives a more faithful picture of the times and of the place and circumstances.

6.—The present volume * of Father Yorke's *Text Books on Religion* is prepared for the fourth grade. The text used is that of the Baltimore Catechism. Father Yorke's original work consists in the adaptation of biblical stories and incidents, admirably fitted to illustrate the lessons and implant more deeply moral truths in the mind of the child. We might suggest that the scriptural references be always given.

We would recommend also Father Kinkead's volumes, † progressively numbered, from that for a prayer-class to that for a post-confirmation class. The text of the Baltimore Catechism is supplemented and enlarged by the author and the questions consecutively numbered. They are published at a price easily suited to all.

Father A. Schaffler has given us a timely and valuable work ‡ for the instruction of little ones. It should be a great help to teachers, being simple, direct, and full of interesting and pointed stories. The chapters are on the primary truths, and the appendix includes equally praiseworthy instructions on first confession.

The Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien, whose work in the catechetical field is well known, has published a small pamphlet, § offering suggestions on the framing of a course in Christian doctrine. It was published at the request of members of the Educational Conference held at Cliff Haven in 1901. The importance and the matter of instruction are intelligently treated.

* *Text Books of Religion.* By Rev. P. C. Yorke. San Francisco: The Text Book Publishing Company.

† *A Catechism of Christian Doctrine.* By Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead. Nos. 00, 0, 1, 2, 3. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *First Instructions for Little Ones.* By the Rev. Albert Schaffler. New York: J. F. Wagner.

§ *A Course of Study in Christian Doctrine.* By Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien. New York: D. H. McBride & Co.

7.—Charles Warren Stoddard has given us a most delicious bit of writing in his *In the Footprints of the Padres.** The subject-matter is most commonplace: some of his own personal experiences when, as a boy, he went out to California, and as a growing young man in the crude civilization of San Francisco before it had evolved out of its mining camp period of existence. There are added to these autobiographical reminiscences a long story about Marie Terese Yelverton. But commonplace as the subject-matter is, it is all touched up with exquisite literary skill, so that it is a perfect delight to dwell on his poetic pictures, his incomparable comparisons, and his full rounded periods. With the hand of a master he throws an air of romance and mystery over that old Spanish civilization that has gone down before the mercenary Saxon. To one who knows San Francisco life, and has been brought up in it as Mr. Stoddard has been, there is an added pleasure.

We cannot repress an inclination to quote a short passage that will give one some idea of the skill of the author's pen. In the delightful chapter entitled "In a California Bungalow" the author says:

"We were rapidly wending our way towards the coast, and on the breezy hill-top a white fold of sea-fog swept over us and swathed us in its impalpable snow. Oh! the chill, the rapturous agony of that chill. Do you know what a sea-fog is? It is the bodily, spiritual, and temporal life of California; it is the immaculate mantle of the unclad coast; it feeds the hungry soil, gives drink to the thirsting corn, and clothes the nakedness of nature. It is the ghost of unshed showers—atomized dew, precipitated in life-bestowing avalanches upon a dewless and parched shore; it is the good angel that stands between a careless people and contagion; it is heaven-sent nourishment. It makes strong the weak, makes wise the foolish—you don't go out a second time in midsummer without your wraps—and it is altogether the freshest, purest, sweetest, most picturesque and most precious element in the physical geography of the Pacific Slope. It is worth more to California than all her gold and silver and copper, than all her corn and wine—in short, it is simply indispensable."

8.—There is a sort of satisfaction in meeting with a volume

* *In the Footprints of the Padres.* By Charles Warren Stoddard. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

like Professor Foster's work,* which has been directed to this office for review. The book represents, about as fairly and successfully as can be, the case of Protestantism against the Catholic Church. Libel and calumny are set aside. The author has gone to Catholics for an explanation of Catholic doctrine, and in a generally satisfactory manner has summarized what he has found. It would be too much to say that he has made no mistakes in his exposition; but those that occur evidently result from his lack of closer familiarity with Catholic sources and never from malicious misinterpretation.

So we here have a Congregationalist teacher putting forth a summary of Catholic teaching. It is something we can well afford to be grateful for, since the book will at least serve as an entering wedge of Catholic truth. What if each detail of the exposition *is* followed by a presentation of objections to the doctrine? At least the controversy is an honest, open discussion; and that is all we ask as a beginning. Nearly every Protestant who reads this book will acquire a better notion of the Catholic faith than he possessed before. At the same time he will have presented to him pretty much everything that can reasonably be put forward as an objection by a Protestant; and these criticisms will possess the further advantage of being pressed home not by an ignorant pamphleteer, but by a man of recognized learning and responsible position. So the Protestant reader may fairly conclude: Well, this is about the best that can be done for my religion. And then,—why then, the fair-minded reader's judicial instinct will prompt him to seek a full treatment of the same subject at the hands of a Catholic writer, and he will take up Möhler's *Symbolism*, or Scheeben's *Dogmatic Theology*, or Milner's *End of Controversy*, or Hecker's *Questions of the Soul* and *Aspirations of Nature*, or Searle's *Plain Facts for Fair Minds*, or Bruno's *Catholic Belief*. As a result, the reader will finally arrive at a thorough knowledge and just estimate of the fundamental ideas of the Catholic Church. This, we take it, was the end Professor Foster wished to further. If so, may it be attained completely by many thousands of readers!

9.—The stories of Père Gratry given us by Cardinal Per-

* *The Fundamental Ideas of the Roman Catholic Church: Explained and Discussed for Protestants and Catholics.* By Frank Hugh Foster. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work. 1899.

raud, the great Oratorian's spiritual child and disciple, and by Père Chauvin, are not only the best accounts we have of the intensely mournful career of Gratry, but they are besides very remarkable pieces of biographical literature. Especially Père Chauvin's volume * we regard as one of the most excellent productions of this kind of literature that has ever appeared. Keenly critical, wisely discriminating, absolutely just, and enthusiastically devoted to his subject, Père Chauvin has achieved nothing short of a classic. We wish for these books a very wide circulation in the United States. No one can know that glorious, heart-broken man, that priest whose pure zeal brought to him both the raptures of an apostle and the agony of a martyr—Gratry, the lover and the beloved of all noble souls,—no one can know him without being better for it, and braver and holier. Père Gratry's crowning sorrow came from his violent opposition to the Vatican decree of infallibility, while that decree was still pending before the Council. When the definition was finally promulgated, he submitted heartily; but during the year and a half of life still allotted to him, he lived in retirement, suspected and despised by his former opponents in controversy, suffering terribly in mind and body, and enjoying as his one earthly consolation the devotion and veneration of a few faithful friends. But now that the fever of those days of fierce polemics has cooled, and death has wrought a work of mercy and peace on the field of former conflict, the figure of Père Gratry rises before us as one of the most lovable, high-minded, pure-motived of men; and as we turn the entrancing pages of these biographies we forget his errors and give him the tribute of our homage as one of the grandest priests of his century, and one whose work will long exercise a great influence for good.

10.—The introduction † to Dr. Hermann Gunkel's monumental work on the Old Testament has been translated by Professor Carruth, of the University of Kansas. The title, *The Legends of Genesis*, has an infidel-like appearance; but nevertheless Dr. Gunkel is a theist and a Christian, probably in the same sense that Harnack is a Christian. Unquestionably the

* *Le Père Gratry*. Par R. P. A. Chauvin. Paris: Librairie Blaud et Barral.—*Le Père Gratry; Sa Vie et les Œuvres*. Par Cardinal Perraud. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Douniol.

† *The Legends of Genesis*. By Hermann Gunkel, Professor of Old Testament Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated by W. H. Carruth.

matter of the early books of the Bible will for ever remain beyond attack as teaching the highest moral and religious truths —the creation of the world by God, the fall of man, the redemption to come. But the historicity of the form in which this matter is expressed can be subject to endless debate. This form, in Dr. Gunkel's view, is composed of legends pure and simple, of tribal folk-lore and Semitic myths. What germ of truth may be contained in this position, which seems dangerous to the conservative mind, we are not yet in a position to say. We understand that one of the questions proposed to the Papal Commission on Scriptural questions is exactly this: how far the form of Genesis gives us historical truth, and to what extent is it dependent on Chaldeo-Babylonian myths? Whatever be the outcome, Catholics can rest in the perfect security of the church's divine guidance, and need have no doubt that even if the old-fashioned view of Inspiration must undergo some modification, nothing really essential to that dogma will be abandoned.

11.—In a most commendable spirit Father De Caigny has written this volume* with a view to reconcile the two schools of equiprobabilism and probabilism. The dissertation is dispassionately and intelligently written, and forms a valuable contribution to the already extensive literature on the subject. While throwing much light on points of agreement between the two parties, we cannot say, however, that the author has absolutely reconciled the two. In fact, we believe that both will object strenuously to his conclusion. We also think that the treatise is not well named. In truth the title is misleading, for, according to the teaching of the Church, there are more than two licit systems in this matter of the solution of doubt.

With the same spirit Father De Caigny has written this second volume. It is an irenico-critical dissertation on the true system of St. Alphonsus, showing that although he added to and perfected his first work, he did not substantially change his system of moderate probabilism. The work merits the attention of moral theologians, particularly those who have applied themselves to and look for peace in this much disputed question of probabilism.

* *De Gemino Probabilismo Licito.* By D. Majolo de Caigny, O.S.B. Bruges: Desclée, De Brouwer et Soc.——De Genuino Morali Systemate S. Alphonsi. By D. Majolo de Caigny, O.S.B. Bruges: Desclée, De Brouwer et Soc.

12.—The present translation of Dr. Scheeben's work * is an endeavor to give to English readers an account of the holy men and women of the nineteenth century whose processes of canonization are now going on. The little pamphlet will give surprising news to some Catholics. It speaks only "of those Catholic Christians who have shone so brilliantly as to deserve the highest honors of the church, and are expected to receive that distinction when the canonical process has been completed"; "yet they number almost two hundred, a goodly army indeed for half a century." The sketches are brief but interesting and instructive. The editor and translators are to be congratulated, and we trust that they will continue to do similar work.

13.—Professor Laughlin has revised his well-known *Political Economy*,† and has brought it up to date, giving the latest economical theories and discussions on present political questions. In the second part of the volume, on descriptive political economy, the questions of taxation, national debt, free trade, bimetallism, are intelligently discussed. As the serious thought of an acknowledged authority, the book deserves study and will be found satisfactory as a hand-book in high-schools.

14.—Dr. Stang's labors in the non-Catholic mission field, both by the written and the spoken word, are well known. A hearty welcome will be given his latest volume,‡ and as it was sent forth in the spirit of Christian love, so may it lead thousands into the true fold. Because of his varied experience Dr. Stang was eminently fitted to write such a book. It may be termed a collection of answers to inquiries that are ever appearing in the mission question box. All are treated briefly but learnedly and skilfully; and while it would be impossible to give an exhaustive answer without writing volumes, a book such as the present will smooth over some rough places and lead the reader to a personal interview with the priest. Then, as the experienced know, the way to conversion is fairly clear.

* *The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century.* From the German of Rev. M. J. Scheeben, D.D., by Members of the Young Ladies' Sodality of Holy Trinity Church, Boston, Mass. Edited by Rev. J. P. Schleuter, S.J. (Paper.) New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Elements of Political Economy.* By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D. New York: American Book Company.

‡ *Spiritual Pepper and Salt.* By Rev. William Stang, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Dr. Stang is particularly happy in his choice of practical, catchy headings and in his ready insight into the pith of a difficulty.

The volume deserves a high place in our popular apologetic literature. To be very critical, we would suggest a revision of the chapter on "Woman's Equal Rights." The author limits his classification of women to the girl, the wife, and the mother. Dr. Stang must have forgotten for a moment such women as St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Siena, and Mrs. Craven when he wrote that "woman's influence in literature has ever been enfeebling." We might also suggest that detailed references be given for quotations, particularly when the extracts are from our opponents. References make appeal impossible. Nothing lends more weight and dignity, and the inquirer demands them in even the smallest brochure.

15.—The latest publication of the Cathedral Library Association * we esteem to be a work of considerable value and of grave importance. The title by no means defines the intellectual province to which the essay introduces us. For, judging by the title alone, the general reader would see little or nothing to attract him, and would likely dismiss the matter as one with which only school teachers had the misfortune to be concerned. But in reality we have here a discussion of a great and present problem which has thrown its shadow large upon the political, educational, and religious arena of our time—the function of authority in the intellectual training and life of the race. Certainly if any problem is a world-problem, a world-riddle, it is this: "The individual is zero," said the ancient world; "he must get his laws and his lore, his wisdom and his worship, stamped into him by the heel of authority." "The individual is supreme," says the modern world; "and nothing on the earth beneath, or in the heavens above, can justly impose on him any system which he may not freely examine, and freely reject."

Is either extreme wholly right and to be adhered to? or only half right and part of a just mean still unattained and still to be sought for? Here is a world-problem indeed; and wise words have been written upon it by Père Laberthonnière.

* *The Ideal Teacher; or, The Catholic Notion of Authority in Education.* By Père L. Laberthonnière, of the Oratory. Translated by Margaret LaFarge. Edited by Rev. Joseph McSorley.

It is true he enlarges upon only one aspect of the question, namely, the place of authority in the relations of teacher and pupil in the school-room; and this gives his work a direct appeal to educators. But his treatment goes beyond this partial view. He lays down principles of the highest value to the wider interests of the boundless subject. Authority, he says, is necessary. Absolute individualism is absolute anarchy. On the other hand, authority may wear the guise of absolute despotism, which is at least as intolerable as anarchy. Whenever authority is exercised for the sake of authority; whenever it does not invite initiative, but crushes it; whenever it refuses to disclose to its subjects the grounds which render its precepts reasonable, wise, and helpful, it is a degrading, un-Christian and un-Catholic tyranny. The very authority of faith, absolute as it is, was never meant by God to quench the light of intelligence and cut the sinews of autonomous personality. The work of the Catholic educator is not to deaden the soul of his pupil into unquestioning passivity, and then to unload upon it a sheer burden of dogma; but rather to train the soul's highest aspirations and best native energy till they meet with and fasten upon faith. The child, or the man, if so be, is not to be placed blindfolded against a wall, and have religion shot into him with bullets out of the catechism. His eyes must be open and his acceptance of faith must be that highest service of God—the free choice of a sovereign will.

These are indications of Père Laberthonnière's solution of the problem of authority. It is a solution which will astonish those outside the church by its liberality and large spirit of toleration. For the same reason, doubtless, it will mildly shock those whose military and beharnessed religious training has let them learn too little about the liberty of the children of God. It is a profound and refreshing essay. To non-Catholics and to Catholics it will do immense good if it have a wide circulation among them, and this with all our hearts we wish it.

A VOLUME OF DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL SERMONS.*

Here are twenty-five sermons, prepared by a priest who has exercised the parish ministry for many years without losing his zest for study. Though always busy in a large city parish, Dr. McQuirk finds time for study, quiet of mind for mature reflection, and now gives us a second volume of excellent discourses.

He evidently does not mean them to be simply sermons for the use of sermonizers, or repertories for his brethren of the parish clergy. His book, indeed, serves these high purposes. But the author also intends the sermons for the reading of the laity, and they are well fitted to attract that class of readers; which good quality, it may be said in passing, will make the discourses all the better adapted for consultation by priests.

The spirit of these sermons is one of intelligent zeal for souls; fervent exhortation and clear instruction are found everywhere in them. The subjects chosen are the more vital ones, such as the Value of the Soul, the Call to Repentance, Confession, Communion, the Necessity of Revelation, and the Qualities of Divine Faith. Three sermons are on our Lord's Divinity, and three on the Holy Spirit, the same number treating the dogmatic and spiritual lessons of the Passion.

We fear that many of our priests fancy that the laity will not read sermons. This is a mistake. Good sermons are good reading, and are oftentimes a fair though never an adequate compensation for the lack of the spoken word. Not a few families actually need to read sermons, or some such sort of literature, because they live where Mass and preaching is seldom to be enjoyed. And how very many persons can only attend an early Mass, and from one year's end to another must be content with the "five-minute" sermon. Others again must stay at home on Sundays because of illness, or of the duty of caring for the sick. Now, in all such cases immemorial Catholic custom prescribes devout reading of the Prayers at Mass, and a sermon besides. Here is the book for such cases, written by a proficient in practical preaching. Any priest who gives his people religious reading extends the power of his ministry indefinitely. A book such as this serves his purpose well.

* *Sermons and Discourses.* By Rev. John McQuirk, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, New York City. New York: St. Paul's Library, 129 East 117th Street.

The Tablet (3 May): Publishes a *verbatim* report of the judgment of the Lord Chief-Justice and his colleagues in the case of the Protestant Alliance *vs.* the Jesuits. "Viator" describes the flourishing condition of Catholicism in Holland.

(17 May): Fr. Thurston treats of the Unctions in the Coronation Service. Criticism of the article on Anglican Orders in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The Roman Correspondent gives an account of the American mission to the Vatican and how it was arranged without offending susceptibilities in Congress.

(31 May): Explains the dramatic purpose of Wagner's "Holy Supper of the Apostles," about to be performed in the Westminster Cathedral. Relates how the Shah refused to submit to the conditions imposed by court etiquette at the Vatican, and so could not visit the Pope.

The Month (June): Fr. Thurston laments that the literature called into existence by the approaching coronation service has been devoted mainly to controversial purposes and has not settled any of the scholarly problems connected with the question; so he answers some of the anti-Catholic writers. The Countess de Courson tells of the bright and edifying side of the lives of the Paris apprentices. Fr. Rickaby points out wherein Catholics cannot agree with the theological positions of the Six Tutors whose essays in constructive theology he reviews. A Religious writes of Anglican Sisterhoods, telling of her own experiences while a member of one of them.

The Critical Review (May): Prof. S. J. Banks contributes a notice of Cremer's *Das Wesen des Christenthums*, the purpose of which is, he writes, to present the entire conception of our Lord as contained in the New Testament and to prove that Christianity is founded upon faith in Christ, His Death and Resurrection, against Harnack, who accuses the church of erring grievously in substituting Christ and faith in Him for belief in His teaching only.

Rev. G. D. F. Schnaud devotes several pages to a review of Kidd's *Principles of Western Civilization*, which he shows to be an elaboration of the thought that all society is the outcome of evolutionary forces which are constantly working towards the greatest good of the social organism, not of the individual as such.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 May): P. Dunand narrates how recent investigations have manifested the falsity of the "abjuration" attributed to Jeanne d'Arc and have shown that her conduct at Saint Ouen was perfectly irreproachable and admirable. P. Ermoni discusses the origin and history of the words "Theology" and "Dogma," and shows that a History of Dogma is not only possible but necessary for Catholics. An interesting article by P. Martin, after showing the lack of historical evidence as to the physical appearance of our Lord, indicates the beautiful and touching traits of Fra Angelico's "Christ," laments present artistic poverty, and says that as yet we have no beautiful representation of the Sacred Heart, although Da Vinci's wonderful "Christ" is really an equivalent. P. Turmel, continuing his sketch of Mabillon, tells how the great Benedictine suffered for having exposed frauds in the matter of relics and for having attempted to give an honest edition of Saint Augustine. M. Bidou denies that the picture on the Winding-Sheet of Turin was the work of an impostor.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (April): M. Bourgeois undertakes to show that there is some excuse for Père Gratry's error in building his philosophical system on a false principle, since he was deceived by the authority of Wallis, Newton, and Leibnitz. P. Martin writes on the development of doctrine and on the limitation of the Church's authority to points connected with revelation. P. Bros says that Apologetics must be conducted on more synthetic though less deductive lines; and comments on the good result obtained by those who adapted their methods to the needs of those influenced by Kant and made Catholicity a "postulate" of life, as Châteaubriand, Lacordaire, Blondel, Ollé-Laprune, and Fonsegrive; to this method we owe converts like Father Hecker, Paul Bourget, Brunetière, and Karl Huysmans. Writing on

the insufficiency of science to explain life, M. Seyer cites these words of Renan: "To live is not to amuse one's self by playing with the world; it is to accomplish beautiful things, to be the travelling companion of the stars, to know, to hope, to love, to admire, to do good. He has lived most who in mind and heart and deed has worshipped most." J. Charbonnel warmly praises V. Giraud's recent work on Taine.

Le Correspondant (10 May): H. de Lacombe draws attention to the great bishop and the great monk who served and honored the Church of France so well in this century, Félix Dupanloup and Henri Lacordaire, both of them born in 1802. G. de Grandmaison points out the hopes of Spanish revival under the new king, and declares that Spanish and French interests are one and in opposition to German and English. M. Andre concludes his sketch of the intimacy between Franz Lizst and the Princess Wittgenstein. L. de Meurville discusses the *pro* and *con* of M. Vignon's thesis as to the Turin Winding-Sheet and suspends assent until a little more light has been obtained.

(25 May): P. Klein discusses the first volume of a work upon Taine and declares it worthy of its subject. A. de Lapparent finds consolation for the Martinique disaster in the spectacle of the universal emulation to render aid to the unfortunates. L. Donfougeray comments admiringly on *Ben Hur* (which has reached its millionth copy), and rejoices that it has now been translated into French. M. Vignon answers M. de Meurville's objections and insists on the proofs of the authenticity of the Holy Winding-Sheet.

La Quinzaine (16 May): M. des Essarts contrasts the romanticism of Mme. de Staël, imitative of foreign models, with the romanticism, faithful to national and classical traditions, of Châteaubriand, Lamartine, and Hugo. Mlle. Faure continues her Studies in Dante, taking up the last scene of the "Purgatorio." M. Joly writes on the perils of the middle classes from the envy of those below and from the oppression of those above; and urges them to oppose the extension of bureaucracy. M. Fonsegrive discusses Paul Bourget's recent novel *L'Étape* (which ap-

peared in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* Feb.–May), and refutes its anti-democratic teaching. L. Dimier sketches Claude Lorrain in view of the present exposition of his works at London.

Études (5 May): P. Bremond praises and defends against its critics *Le Rayon* of M. Monlaur, a book which interweaves with the Gospel narrative the story of a noble, pure-souled maiden who becomes a friend and follower of our Saviour during his earthly life. P. Brucker gives an interesting account of three modern theological encyclopædias: Vacant's *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique;* the *Kirchenlexikon* of Freiburg, and the *Realencyklopädie* of Leipzig, a Protestant work not to be recommended to young seminarians, or to priests of superficial training, but which is a valuable aid to real scholars. P. Brucker also writes on the Turin Winding-Sheet, congratulating M. Vignon on his labors, but confessing the question is not yet settled and suggesting a chemical examination of the cloth. Dr. Surbled reckons the Catholic physicians of France to number 800.

(20 May): A suggestion is made to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of the Immaculate Conception. P. Dudon indicates defects in Rudemare's defence of the officials who decided upon the validity of Napoleon's marriage. Obituary notice of P. Carlos Sommervogel, the assistant and successor of the Pères de Backer and the one to whom is due the splendid new edition of the *Bibliothèque des Écrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus.*

Canoniste Contemporain (April): P. Boudinhon discusses the custom of using a white stole in administering Holy Communion *extra missam et intra missam*, and says it is tolerated.

Études Franciscaines (April): P. Hilaire de Barenton shows that to see through opaque bodies can no longer be regarded as preternatural, and mentions a young girl of Beyrouth who can see through stone.

Revue du Monde Invisible (April): P. Poulain denies that any case of true natural ecstasy has yet been authenticated.

L'Ami du Clergé (17 April): P. Lescoeur assails the position taken by Dr. Surbled as to the character of spiritistic phenomena.

L'Univers (11 May): Francis Veuillot remarks that though the Free Masons pretend to be republicans they advocate monarchy in Italy and elsewhere and were supporters of Napoleon III. in France.

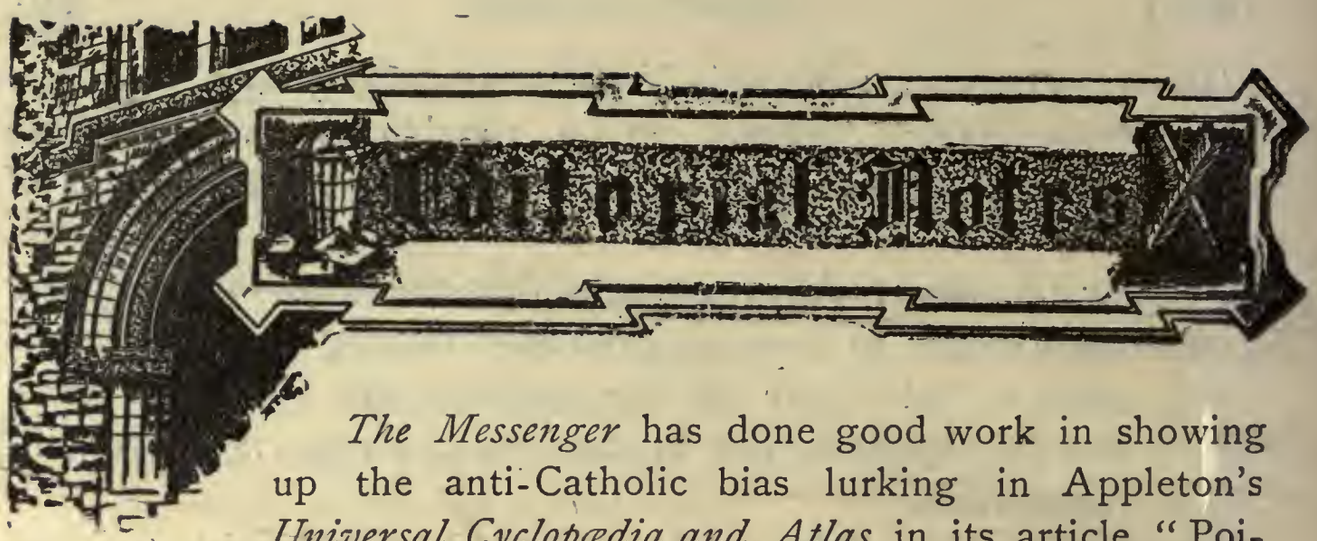
La Croix (4 May): A writer says that the work of preaching the Gospel to men is gradually making its way. It is good to take care of the women, the boys and girls, and the children, but to care for the men is urgent, indispensable.

Science Catholique (May): M. C. de Kirwan insists on the necessity of science and philosophy supplementing each other. P. Laveille sketches the relation between Lamennais and his intimate friends after 1836. P. Quiévreux defends his criticism of Molina against M. Lanusse. P. Forget, who regards P. Maignen's "Le Père Hecker" as a comprehensive and *conscientious* study, makes certain scattering remarks in connection with a new book by the same abbé.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 May): G. Vitali discusses the origin of the Inquisition, showing how it grew out of conditions existing at the time. Lord Halifax's answer to the Joint Pastoral of the English Bishops is translated from the *Nineteenth Century* of May, 1901.

(16 May): S. di P. R. advocates that the women of Italy should follow the example of their French sisters and form a league to influence the elections.

Civiltà Cattolica (17 May): Under the text *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, a denial is made to the recent statement of the *Rassegna Nazionale* (see our issue for May) that the *Civiltà Cattolica* is less insistent now than heretofore upon the submission due to doctrinal decisions of the Roman Congregations. It attacks the book in which Paul Lapeyre advocates a complete transformation of the character of clerical activity in order to obtain results by "social action"; the *Civiltà Cattolica* advocates a policy of opposition to, and on the part of the young, a separation from the modern world.



The Messenger has done good work in showing up the anti-Catholic bias lurking in Appleton's *Universal Cyclopædia and Atlas* in its article "Poisoning the Wells." Standard books of reference, such as this Cyclopædia pretends to be, are the real sources of current information, and what is drawn from these fountain sources makes public opinion.

The Catholic people cannot be too aggressive in these matters. If publishers get a well-deserved castigation they will be careful not to repeat their literary crimes. The matter of the Cyclopædia should be taken up by all the Catholic Fraternal Societies of the country, and not be allowed to lapse until the Appletons are compelled to revise their cyclopædia according to the latest information.

At the death of Archbishop Corrigan there was an extraordinary outpouring of public sympathy. It may well be taken as a spontaneous tribute from the public at large to the importance that is attached to the position of Archbishop of New York. He has within his immediate charge the direction of over seven hundred priests, the education of over seventy thousand children, and the care of the spiritual interests of one million, two hundred thousand souls. Rome will select none but the wisest and best ecclesiastic for this important see. Bishop Farley is well fitted for the position for many reasons. His entire priestly life has been identified in one way or another with the administration of the diocese. He has manifested a broad as well as a conservative spirit in his management of affairs. His sympathies have been country-wide in their extent, while he has shown excellent administrative ability. He is a Roman in his love for the centre of Catholic unity, and at the same time he is a deep lover of his own country's best interests. He is, moreover, a *persona grata* to the bishops and archbishops

of the country. He is fitted to assume the responsibilities of the administration of the great archdiocese by a providential training as well as by matured talents.

It appears at the present time (June 23) that the visit of Governor Taft to the Holy Father will be fruitful in good results.

The favor with which the Taft Commission has been received in Rome and the celerity with which its business has been transacted have contributed not a little to a more cordial understanding between the administration of affairs in both church and state. The situation represented by instructions that have been issued to Governor Taft concerning the sale of the Friars' land has evidently been accepted. There has not been any evidence in the public press that there is a particle of reluctance on the part of the Friars to part with their 400,000 acres of land. While we readily discount many of the statements emanating from official sources as well as from Filipino reports concerning the antagonism to the Friars, yet it is undoubtedly true that they are Spanish and not American in their sympathies, and that it would contribute to the more complete pacification of the islands if the land now held by the religious orders were owned by the people. The American government has taken the only fair and just way of bringing about the desired end. Other governments would have sequestrated the property, and then asked what are you going to do about it? The American government invites the Friars to sell, and through a Court of Arbitration gives a fair price.

It will contribute to the freedom and independence of the church in the Philippines to have all traces of the ancient political relationship removed. The church can do her work best untrammelled by any hindrances from the civil order. The church is always more powerful when it is allowed the fullest freedom to appeal directly to the hearts of the people, and a priesthood is more influential when it lives by the generous gratuities of the people than when it has landed estates or is supported by the civil budget.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IN Ireland the Gaelic League has arranged for a number of important gatherings during the summer months, encouraged by the success of the movement last year when for the first time an attempt was made to utilize the holiday season. We are informed that the suggestion came from one of the members who had been on a trip to America, and had obtained reliable information from one of the officers of the Catholic Summer-School on Lake Champlain. There is also an incipient movement in England which has not advanced beyond the discussion of possibilities. The following passage from the late Brother Azarias was recently quoted with approval by a Catholic editor in England:

The primary import of the Catholic Summer-School is this: To give from the most authoritative sources among our Catholic writers and thinkers the Catholic point of view on all the issues of the day in history, in literature, in philosophy, in science, upon the economic problems that are agitating the world, upon the relations between science and religion; to state in the clearest possible terms the principle underlying truth in all these subjects; to remove false assumptions and correct false statements; to pursue the calumnies and slanders against our creed and our church to their last lurking-place. Our reading Catholics in the busy round of their daily occupations heedlessly snatch out of the secular journals and magazines undigested opinions upon important subjects, opinions hastily written and not infrequently erroneously expressed; men and events, theories and schemes and projects are discussed upon unsound principles and assumptions which the readers have but little time to unravel or rectify; the poison of these false premises enters their thinking, and unconsciously they accept as truth conclusions that are distortions of truth.

The editor then proceeds to show that the conditions are similar in both countries, and states his convictions in these words:

This poison is as actively operative over here in England as in the United States. Could we do better than adopt the antidote which the American Catholics have found so effective? For, as Brother Azarias goes on to say: "It is among the chief purposes of the Summer-School to supply antidotes for this poison. And therefore the ablest and best equipped among our Catholic leaders of thought, whether lay or clerical, are brought face to face with a cultured audience and give their listeners the fruits of life-long studies in those departments of science or letters in which they have become eminent. They state in single lectures or in courses of lectures such principles and facts and methods as may afterwards be used and applied in one's reading for the detection of error and the discovery of truth. To achieve such work is the mission of the Summer-School, and therefore does it in all propriety, and in all justice, take a place in our Catholic system of education." Such is the excellent description given of the Summer-School by the distinguished member of the Christian Brothers whose learning and piety would have marked him out as a man of power in any country. It will no doubt be objected that what he says is only a foreshadowing of what might or what should be, but that to bring the idea to realization is a very different matter. Well, no doubt it is. No doubt

there are difficulties here in England which are unlike those that had to be faced in the United States. But difficulties must not daunt us in our efforts for the church. They have not daunted us hitherto. We have met and matched, successfully on the whole, innumerable difficulties already in our struggles to provide facilities for higher education. And if we are to keep the higher education of our more leisured classes in safe hands we shall have to face more difficulties still. That education must be Catholic and it must be up to date. If not, then we shall soon find out that Catholic parents will obtain elsewhere what they do not find provided for them by the church. And of this fact signs are not wanting already.

All over the country we have higher schools, and in many of them there are men and women of superior ability. But in these days no teacher can possibly keep abreast of the literature, the science, the research, the speculation, by his unaided efforts. The best among us after a time grows deeply and sadly conscious of his inability to keep up with the rushing current of thought. Could any better and more economical solution be found than that of consecrating say one week of the annual school holidays to the delightful pleasure of a Summer-School, where men of the highest talents would, each in his own sphere of work, pour forth to the eager listeners the treasures of knowledge of which he was the acknowledged master? How better or more easily could you learn just where truth is suffering hot attack, just where insidious error is slowly creeping in? And the while, leisure and recreation and social intercourse would make the days pass in pleasure and instructive interest. To many a wearied teacher, to many a weary thinker, such a week would be an oasis in the desert. Have we no men of zeal and leisure who would undertake this great work for the Catholic Church? Some time ago its inauguration seemed on the eve of accomplishment. Why it failed is neither here nor there. We feel sure that an arrangement akin to the Summer-School of the American Catholic educationists would prove an immense boon, not only to teachers but to the whole work of our higher education among us. It only needs some one to take it up, to draft a programme, and once the Cardinal saw that the scheme was unobjectionable, and his assent was obtained, no man in England to-day could by his presence do more to make the gatherings a success and centre upon the work of a Summer-School the attention and the sympathetic notice of an open and fair-minded press. The more Catholics meet together for mutual instruction the better will it be for all. We have all something to learn. And no doubt we have all something to impart.

The best way to understand the value of the Summer-School is by a personal visit. From July 7 to September 5 the session will be continued for a period of nine weeks. A pamphlet giving railroad rates, etc., may be obtained from the Secretary, Warren E. Mosher, 39 East 42d Street, New York City; after July 7 send direct to Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain.

The following statement will be of interest to our readers as showing the extraordinary progress of the Catholic Summer-School.

Attendance:—The Trunk Line Passenger Association's report since 1896, the year when the first session was held on the grounds of the School at Cliff Haven, is as follows:

Year.	*No. of Persons.*	*Gain.*
1896	931	——
1897	1,526	595
1898	2,480	954
1899	3,024	544
1900	3,727	703
1901	4,769	1,042

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

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The Saints. Saint Anthony of Padua. By M. l'Abbé Lepetre. Translated by Edith Guest. Pp. xiv.–86. *More Home Truths for Mary's Children.* By Madame Cecilia. Pp. vi.–268. *Our Lady and the Eucharist.* Selections from Father Faber. By Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. New and enlarged edition. Pp. 79. Price 30 cts. net.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston: *Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers.* By Charles Francis Adams. Pp. 387. Price $1.50 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

American Teachers' Series. The Teaching of History and Civics in the Elementary and Secondary School. By Henry E. Bowne, B.A. Pp. viii.–385. Price $1.50. *The Mystery of William Shakespeare.* A Summary of Evidence. By his Honor Judge Webb. Pp. 302. Price $4.

VICTOR RETAUX, Paris:

Histoire des Croyances, Superstition Mœurs, Usages et Coutumes (selon le plan du Décalogue). Par Fernand Nicolay. Third edition. 3 vols. Pp. v.–393, 548, 465.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:

The God of Things. A Novel of Modern Egypt. By Florence Brooks Whitehouse. Price $1.50. *Lafitte of Louisiana.* By Mary Devereux. Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards. Pp. 427. Price $1.50. *In the Eagle's Talon:* A Romance of the Louisiana Purchase. By Sheppard Stevens. Pp. 475.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

The Danger of Youth, and a Tried Antidote. By Rev. Joseph Jordans, S.J. From the German. (Paper.) Pp. 88. Price 13 cts. *Socialism: Its Economic Aspect.* By William Poland, S.J. (Paper.) Pp. 32. Price 5 cts. net. *The Convents of Great Britain.* By Francesca M. Steele (Darley Dale). With a preface by Father Thurston, S.J. Pp. xxi.–320. Price $2 net.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston:

'Tween You and I: Some Little Problems of Life. By Max O'Rell. Pp. 480. Price $1.20 net. *Unto the End.* By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden). Pp. 365. Price $1.50. *Five Little Peppers Abroad.* By Margaret Sidney. Pp. 449. Price $1.10 net.

ANCIENNE MAISON CHARLES DOUNIOL–P. TEQUI, Lit. Ed., Paris:

La Magique Moderne ou l'Hypnotisme des Nos Jours. Par R. P. Pie-Michel Rolfi, O.F.M. Traduit en française sur la 3e edition par M. l'Abbé Dorangeon, avec Introduction de Mgr. Merie. Pp. 368. Price 3 fr. 50.

CHARLES POUSSIELGUE, Paris:

Fénelon, Directeur de Conscience. Par l'Abbé Moise Cagnac. Pp. xxviii.–410. Price 6 frs.

ALPHONSE PICARD FILS, Paris: *La Question Biblique chez les Catholiques de France au XIXième Siècle.* Par Albert Houtin. Pp. iv.–324.

BROWN & NOLAN (limited), Dublin:

How to Reason; or, The A B C of Logic Reduced to Practice. By Rev. Richard C. Bodkin.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London; CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, 120 West 60th Street, New York:

Saint Lioba (700–779). Daniel O'Connell (1775–1847). The Priest-Hunters: A Tale of the Days of Queen Elizabeth. By Lady Amabel Kerr. *Saint Colette (1381–1447). The Last Voice of the Old Hierarchy. Saint Philip Benizi (1233–1285).* By Lady Amabel Kerr. *The Workingman's Apostolate.* By Father Cuthbert. *The Last Sacraments.* Compiled by the Rev. W. H. Cologan. *The Book of Wisdom.* With Notes by the Very Rev. Canon McIntyre. (Pamphlets.) 4 cts. *Entertainment of Our Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament.* By Henry More, S.J. 10 cts. *Some Prerogatives of Peter.* By the Rev. W. R. Carson. 10 cts. *Devotional Essays.* By M. D. Petre. 8 cts. (Pamphlets.)

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York:

The Boer Fight for Freedom. By Michael Davitt. Pp. 589. Price $2.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

Father Marquette. By Reuben G. Thwaites. Pp. 233. Price $1.

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The Coast of Freedom. By Adéle Marie Shaw. Pp. 466.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, New York:

Terrors of the Law. By Francis Watt. Pp. 129.

THE ANGELES PUBLISHING COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.:

A Blighted Rose. By Joseph F. Wynne. Pp. 425. Price $1.50.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. Pp. 206. Price 75 cts. *The Virginian: A Horseman of the Plains.* By Owen Wister. Pp. 504. Price $1.50.

A. C. MCCLURG & Co., Chicago: *Religion, Agnosticism, and Education.* By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Pp. 285. Price 80 cts.

SILVER, BURDETTE & Co., New York: *Sketches of Great Painters.* For young people. By Colonna Murray Dallin. Illustrated. Pp. 305. Price 90 cts.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York: *Forty-five Sermons.* Written to meet objections of the present day. By Rev. James McKernan. Pp. 291. Price $1.

CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

The Ideal Teacher; or, The Catholic Notion of Authority in Education. By Père L. Laberthonnière. Translated by Margaret LaFarge. Edited by Rev. Joseph McSorley. Pp. 81. Price 30 cts. *Special Devotions, Compiled for the Pupils of the Sacred Heart.* Pp. 143. Price 30 cts.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Memoirs of the National Academy of Science. Volume VIII. Sixth Memoir.

THE GLEANERS.—BY MILLET.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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ARE "RELIGIOUS GARB" DECISIONS CONSTITUTIONAL?

BY REV. SIMON FITZSIMONS.

THE recent decision handed down by the Honorable Charles R. Skinner, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York, in the question of the wearing of the dress proper to a religious community by a teacher in the public schools of the State, and forbidding the use of such dress in the future by the teachers at Lima, New York, is the latest of a long series of such decisions. The portion of the decision relating to the so-called "religious garb" reads as follows:

"It is the duty of school authorities to require such teachers to discontinue, while in the public school-room, and in the performance of their duties as school teachers therein, the wearing of such garb or dress."

Elsewhere the document reads:

"I further decide that it is the duty of the respondent (the school trustee) herein to require teachers employed by him to discontinue in the public school-room or rooms the use of the distinguishing dress or garb of any religious order."

No statute, no article of the State Constitution, no clause of the Constitution of the United States, is cited in explanation or justification of such high-handed proceedings. It is but just to Mr. Skinner, however, to say that this method of dealing with the question did not originate with him. The credit of this subtle and ingenious distinction, by which anti-Catholic prejudice was made to triumph over the Constitution as well of New

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

York State as that of the United States, belongs properly to the Honorable Andrew S. Draper, who, as Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York State, unblushingly inaugurated this line of policy in his famous decision, No. 3220, rendered March 24, 1887, thus establishing the astounding precedent. Mr. Skinner has been simply the slavish copyist of Superintendent Draper—the worthy disciple of so unscrupulous a master.

REAL AND PHANTOM ISSUES.

That such decisions have been allowed to stand unchallenged by constitutional authority for a period of fifteen years is one of those astonishing marvels which are calculated to shake our faith, if not in human nature, at least in human intelligence. The only possible way in which to explain the existence of such a phenomenon under a free government is by saying that no legal authority competent to deal with the question has given it any attention. Only in this way can we understand how grave questions involving constitutional rights—rights of whole classes of citizens—could be left to the adjudication of clerks and pettifoggers, and how the Constitution could be handed over for interpretation to men who never read a page in Kent or Blackstone. At the hands of such judges nothing was easier than to raise clouds of constitutional dust, and in the blinding confusion to create a false issue. It must be confessed they made the most of their opportunities. Intentionally, or unintentionally, the superintendents of public instruction have excluded from consideration the real question at issue by raising a phantom one; and it is remarkable how successful they have been in inducing the multitude to follow them. The real question, however, is: the individual rights of the citizen as guaranteed by the Constitution; the phantom one is: the imaginary one of the union of Church and State. The phantom has, like all bugaboos, been inflated by imagination and prejudice into startling proportions; the real question has been wholly eliminated from the discussion by resolutely ignoring it. Let us endeavor to restore each to its proper dimensions.

The real question at issue, then, in all these decisions is: Does a citizen of the United States forfeit all or any of his or her constitutional rights or privileges by becoming a member of a religious community? In other words: Is a citizen of the United States disfranchised for private opinions? Or, to put it

still more plainly: Does a religious profession decitizenize an American citizen? Or, to come to concrete cases: What rights and privileges did the son of the late General Sherman forfeit when he made his profession as a member of the Society of Jesus? What rights and privileges, retained by her sisters in the world, did Miss Catharine Drexel forego when she assumed the religious garb of her order and became Sister?

The monstrous proposition, that either Father Sherman or Sister Drexel has been disfranchised by their action, or that either of them is by such act deprived of rights which they possessed while living in the world, or which their brothers or sisters now living in the world still retain, is too subversive of human liberty to be even mooted in a country in which one of the fundamental principles of government is, that all its citizens are equal before the law. The bulwarks of the rights of the individual citizen, both in State and Nation, are too strong to be demolished by the mere *ipse dixit* of a state superintendent of public instruction; the guarantees of freedom both in State and Nation are too numerous and too explicit to be set aside by a verdict based wholly on religious prejudice.

PROVISIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

And first let us consider the provisions of the Constitution of the United States.

Article XIV., Sec. 1, of the Amendments to this Constitution declares that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States."

Here the language is plain and unmistakable. The citizens of the United States are protected against such legislation by the different States as might be detrimental to their freedom, their rights, and their privileges; and where such laws are in existence they must not, according to the provisions of this article, be enforced. Now, in the State of New York there is no law which conflicts with this article of the amended United States Constitution, and in the various decisions of Messrs. Draper and Skinner these functionaries fail to cite any such law. At best they merely attempt to interpret a law—falsely, as we shall see later—to cover the case. But even supposing such a law existed in New York State, it is quite evident that, inasmuch as it undertook to abridge the privileges of individual

citizens, it would be on that point unconstitutional; and it is likewise evident that the enforcement of such a law—supposing its existence—by a superintendent of public instruction would be also unconstitutional. What then, when it is a mere undertaking to enforce a law which exists only in imagination, or which at best can be only a misinterpretation of an existing law ventured at haphazard? If the law and its enforcement would be unconstitutional, surely the enforcement of an imaginary unconstitutional law cannot be constitutional.

And if we ask what are these privileges against which legislation by the various States would be unconstitutional? The famous commentator on the Constitution, Judge Story, will answer for us by saying that he has no hesitation in interpreting them to mean "those privileges and immunities which are in their nature fundamental; which belong to the citizens of all free governments." Chief among the privileges of the citizens of all governments which deserve to be called free is the right to hold public office, and even the right to participate in the work of government. These privileges, then, are the inalienable rights of the individual citizen, and can be forfeited only by crime, and no State can confer on even a superintendent of public instruction the power to annul these rights and privileges.

NO RELIGIOUS TEST REQUIRED.

Again, Article VI., Sec. 3, of the United States Constitution declares that "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office or public trust under the United States."

The language in which this article is couched is very plain and very comprehensive. No religious test is to be required for the holding of any office; that is, there must be no religious test either positive or negative; no test, whether applied directly or indirectly. The Constitution cannot merely mean that it must not be required that a person belong to a particular creed in order to be eligible to or qualified for office. It does and must mean the converse and complement of this as well; namely, that an aspirant to any office cannot be excluded from such office by reason of adherence to any particular creed or denomination, or because of a lack of such creed or religious belief. In other words, it means that all such offices are open

to persons of any creed or of no creed. This no one will deny. Now, it is precisely here that the decisions of Messrs. Skinner and Draper are in direct and flagrant violation of the Constitution. It is admitted on all sides that the office of teacher in the public schools is a public office. The Constitution expressly declares that there shall be "no religious test" for that office. The Superintendent of Public Instruction, however, expressly declares that there shall be a "religious test," and declares the applicant for office disqualified unless the "religious test" required by him is satisfactorily complied with. In his Lima decision Mr. Skinner unhesitatingly states that the reason of the exclusion of certain teachers is precisely because they do not meet the requirements of this "religious test," which the Constitution says must not be applied. He declares the significance of the "religious garb" to be "for the purpose of indicating membership in that denomination" marked by this distinctive garb; and then he proceeds to say that "It is the duty of school authorities to require such teachers to discontinue, while in the public school-room, and in the performance of their duties as school teachers therein, the wearing of such garb or dress." That is to say, the wearer of a religious garb, in order to hold the office of teacher in a public school, must, during the time of his or her discharge of the duties of that office, cease to be a member of that religious body or community; the Constitution of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE CONSTITUTION THE SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND.

In yet a third way do the arbitrary rulings of superintendents of public instruction conflict with the Constitution of the United States. Article VI., Sec. 2, of this Constitution declares: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, . . . shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

Now, according to the articles of the United States Constitution just quoted, viz., first, that no State shall make or enforce any law abridging the privileges of citizens of the United States; and second, that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office; the decisions of Messrs. Skin-

ner and Draper are in direct violation of this Constitution, inasmuch as they undertake to abridge the privileges of citizens and apply a religious test for office; and since these decisions have in every instance been rigidly enforced,' it follows that by the enforcement of them, as well as by the decisions themselves, there has been also a direct violation of the provision of the Constitution in Article VI. For although a superintendent of public instruction may not be a judge in the legal sense of the term, nevertheless since such superintendents undertake to expound the law, and even the Constitution, they must in so far be regarded as judges, and consequently bound by judges' limitations. Otherwise we would have the abnormal condition of an ordinary citizen clothed with powers which enabled him to defy the Constitution, and enabling him to render decisions impossible to judges in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

EQUAL PROTECTION OF THE LAW FOR ALL.

There is even yet a fourth way in which these preposterous rulings of school authorities violate the United States Constitution. Article XIV., Sec. 1, above quoted, further says: "Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

While this amendment was made to protect the rights of the emancipated slaves, it has also a general application to the community at large, and safeguards the rights of each and every citizen. For it must not be forgotten that every encroachment on the rights and liberties of the citizen is nothing more than a step towards slavery. It matters not whether the color be white, or black, or red; or the race be Caucasian, or Mongolian, or Ethiopian. A white man in chains is a slave just as much as the plantation negro. On this point Judge Story is clear and worthy of attention. He goes into class distinctions which bring this clause of the Constitution very close to the question here under consideration. He says: "But though there may be discriminations between classes of persons where reasons exist which make them necessary or advisable, *there can be none based on grounds purely arbitrary.* The law, for instance, may, with manifest propriety, establish the age of majority, and declare that such as have not reached it shall be incapable of entering into contracts; but no one would under-

take to defend upon constitutional grounds an enactment that, of persons reaching that age, those possessing certain physical characteristics, *in no way affecting their capacity or fitness for general business, or impairing their usefulness as citizens, should remain in a condition of permanent disability. Such an enactment would assail the very foundations of a government whose fundamental idea is the equality of its citizens.*" The decisions of the superintendents of public instruction make invidious "discriminations between classes of persons," and base them "on grounds which are purely arbitrary." These rulings are equivalent to an enactment "that persons possessing certain characteristics, in no way impairing their usefulness as citizens, must remain in a condition of permanent disability." Hence these decisions "assail the very foundations" of the government, which declares that all its citizens are equal before the law. Judge Story adds: "And now that it has become a settled rule of constitutional law that color or race is no badge of inferiority and no test of capacity to participate in the government, we doubt if any distinction whatever, either in right or privilege, which has color or race for its basis, can either be established in the law or enforced where it had been previously established." For color and race Messrs. Draper and Skinner would substitute dress and creed, and would in effect make enactments affecting with permanent civil disability the wearers of a particular style of dress as well as the professors of a particular form of religious belief.

So far the Constitution of the United States.

NO DISFRANCHISEMENT EXCEPT BY LEGAL TRIAL.

The rights and privileges of the citizen are equally safeguarded by the Constitution of New York State, which is also flagrantly violated by these preposterous decisions. Article I., Sec. 1, of the Constitution of New York State declares that "No member of the State may be disfranchised or be deprived of any right or privilege, except by law and after a legal trial."

The purpose of this enactment is to safeguard the rights and privileges of the citizen against all despotic exercise of arbitrary power. There can be a forfeiture of the citizen's rights and privileges only in consequence of crime, and even then only by process of law; that is, by a legal trial in which the accused will have the benefit of a trial by jury; in other

words, in which he will be judged by his peers. But a superintendent of public instruction constitutes himself at once both judge and jury, dispenses with the formality of a trial, practically declares the wearing of a particular dress criminal, and enacts, by his word only, civil disabilities against whole classes of citizens by which they are shorn of certain inalienable rights and privileges; and all this is effected in the face of the first section of the first article of the Constitution of New York State. The second section of the same article was framed to supplement the first, and established for those who were to be shorn of their rights and privileges, the "trial by jury"; thus doubly guarding the citizen against the arbitrary exercise of despotic power. The decisions of the superintendents, however, level both these bulwarks of freedom at a single blow, and at once proceed to deal with the wearer of a religious garb after the manner of a criminal already tried and condemned. A common malefactor is entitled to a trial by his peers before he can be stripped of his constitutional rights; but, according to the high-handed dealings of school authorities, the moment a man or woman dons the garb of a religious community—whether it be the Society of Friends, the Salvation Army, the Sisters of St. Mary of the Episcopal Church, or the Sisters of Charity of the Catholic Church, or whatever else it may be—in that moment he or she is ruthlessly stripped of constitutional rights and privileges without even the formality of a trial, and is dealt with in a manner worse than the worst of criminals. Better be a malefactor of the most wicked type than exercise your right of thinking and believing as you wish.

FREE EXERCISE OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION ENJOYED BY ALL.

This, however, is not the only way in which these decisions set at naught the Constitution of the State of New York. The same Article I., Sec. 3, guarantees that the "Free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship shall be allowed to all."

Now, it is quite manifest that there can be no such thing as free enjoyment of religious profession if such profession is to be attended with civil disabilities. The profession of a religious belief and the propagation of the same are two things widely different. The superintendents of public instruction who have rendered the extraordinary decisions concerning the religious

garb seem to be of opinion that at least in some cases the profession of a religious belief necessarily implies a propagation of such belief—that the two are inseparable. But if the logic of these extraordinary decisions be sound, and the principle be carried out to its legitimate conclusions, it follows that the process of disfranchising is quite a sweeping one. For if a dress, or a garb, or an ensign, be taken as a profession of religious belief; and if such a form of profession be held to be a barrier to holding the office of teacher in a public school, it follows that the garb of the Quaker or the Shaker, the badge of the Christian Endeavorer, the ensign of the Epworth League, the motto of the King's Daughters, nay, even the badge of the Freemason, all pins, buttons, badges, bearing the inscriptions "Thy Kingdom Come," "In His Name," must exclude the wearer from holding the office of teacher in the public schools of the State; and thus we have the work of disfranchisement carried out in wholesale fashion, in spite of the assurance of the Constitution that "the free enjoyment of religious profession shall be allowed to all."

Here, then, we have four distinct provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and two provisions of the Constitution of New York State, with which the decisions of Messrs. Draper and Skinner are in open and direct conflict. Surely the provisions of the Constitution must be numerous and forcible which justify their action in the face of so many distinct adverse ones. These provisions must be conclusive. They must be so plain and striking as to leave no doubt about their meaning. And they must be numerous enough to outweigh so many guarantees both of State and Nation. All the more especially must they be clear, and strong, and unmistakable, since they antagonize the rights of the citizen, and, to all appearances at least, assail the very foundations of our free government. And above all they must apply unquestionably to the case in point. What, then, when it will be found that no article of the Constitution of either State or Nation is invoked at all; and that the only reason advanced for this wholesale enactment of civil disabilities is a vague vaporing about the separation of church and state? It is an old trick of the common thief to join in the hue and cry, to call out "Stop thief!" and mingle in hot haste with the pursuers. Messrs. Draper and Skinner seem to have adopted these tactics quite successfully.

FLIMSY PRETEXTS.

They have vehemently raised the cry of danger of union of Church and State, and by thus creating a false issue have easily succeeded in drawing public attention from the true question involved, viz., the rights of the citizen. There is, indeed, a provision of the Constitution of the State of New York under which school officials seek to shelter themselves in these unconstitutional decisions. Article IX., Sec. 4, says: "Neither the State nor any municipality may aid in the maintenance of any school or institution of learning, wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught." But only by the wildest stretch of an imagination wholly distorted by religious prejudice could it be claimed that the wearing of a particular style of dress by a teacher meant "the control or direction of any religious denomination" to which the teacher might happen to belong; or that the wearing of such a garb could be construed into a teaching of the "denominational tenet or doctrine" held by the wearer. In point of fact none of these decisions claim that any religious tenet or doctrine has been taught by the wearer of the religious garb. There is not even the claim that the garb is one which is assumed at stated times for special acts of religious worship; as, for instance, the vestments worn by a priest during Mass, or the surplice worn by an Episcopal minister in the pulpit. The fact is kept out of sight that such dress or garb is the ordinary daily dress adopted for general use by the individual and used on all occasions, secular and religious; and that its adoption is simply the exercise of rights and liberties pledged and guaranteed to the individual citizen by both state and nation. Superintendent Draper, however, assuming the *rôle* of Dogberry—evidently with the same qualifications—declared that the wearing of a certain form of dress in the school-room was "most tolerable and not to be endured"; or what is the same thing, that the wearing of a religious garb in the school-room "constituted a sectarian influence which ought not to be persisted in." This preposterous assumption, which pretends to see a woman's dress bristling over with dogmas of faith, needs no refutation. It is too glaringly absurd to be taken seriously, except by persons blinded by fanaticism and bigotry. It may be taken as an

eloquent tribute either to the wonderful imagination of the superintendents of public instruction who regard it seriously—if indeed there be any such—or to the skill of the designer of those wonderful garbs that are so eloquent and aggressive. But no man in his sober senses will be found to maintain that it is an honest interpretation of the clause of the New York State Constitution just quoted regarding the relations of church and state. So far there has not been the slightest attempt to show that there is any violation of this portion of the Constitution. All proof lies in the *ipse dixit* of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. And this brings us to the *nodus* of the difficulty; namely, the autocratic power with which that high functionary is clothed. Meanwhile, however, it must not be forgotten that the only counterpoise to the six constitutional provisions in State and Nation, guaranteeing to the citizen the enjoyment of his rights and privileges, is the sole fanciful interpretation by a state superintendent of public instruction of an article which he has neither right nor authority to interpret.

AUTOCRATIC POWER OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

But we are told the decisions of the superintendent of public instruction are final, and from them there is no appeal; and to the everlasting disgrace of the legislature of the State of New York this seems to be true. Title XIV., Sec. 1, of the Consolidated School Law of the State of New York does indeed expressly declare that the superintendent's "decision shall be final and conclusive, and not subject to question or review in any place or court whatever"!

If this section of the Consolidated School Law means all that is claimed for it, it is but another proof of the utter recklessness with which State legislatures gamble away the priceless treasures of the people's liberties. If the current interpretation of this provision be correct, then is your State superintendent of public instruction your only true autocrat. According to the accepted views of his powers under this statute, no other official in the United States is clothed with such authority. And it is not merely that he is vested with omnipotence in matters pertaining to his own sphere; but his word is law in matters of transcendent importance. No governor of a State, no president of the nation, no judge of the Supreme Court or Court of Appeals, no chief-justice of the United States, can

compare in authority—supreme and arbitrary—with this extraordinary functionary. For if we are to take him at his own estimate of his powers, he is vested with the authority of both the executive and judiciary; and this not only in matters pertaining to ordinary school affairs, but also in questions involving the interpretation of the Constitution, and under it the rights and privileges of citizens. That a superintendent of public instruction should, in ordinary matters relating to the efficiency of the public-school system, be endowed with sovereign and final authority, is doubtless supremely desirable. But what can be more absurd or ridiculous than to hand over to such a functionary, for interpretation, the Constitution of the State of New York? But it is not the Constitution of New York State alone, but the Constitution of the United States as well, which he is sometimes called upon to construe. For the interpretation of the Constitution of the State of New York the State has seen fit to appoint one chief-justice and six associate justices, constituting the Court of Appeals. For the interpretation of the Constitution of the United States the founders of our government saw fit to appoint one chief-justice and eight associate justices, constituting the United States Supreme Court; and of these latter the presence of six is necessary in order to render a decision. But according to the prerogatives arrogated to himself by the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York State, his plenipotentiary authority overrides that of the Court of Appeals in the State and that of the United States Supreme Court in the Nation. For the State legislature has, according to the popular notion as well as his own claims, invested him with such panoplied power as to render his decisions "final and conclusive, and not subject to question or review in any place or court whatever." And this, too, in questions involving the construction of both constitutions! And this, too, in questions involving the constitutional rights of individual citizens! And this, too, in questions concerning the disfranchising of whole classes of citizens (Quakers, Salvationists, the various Anglican communities, the various Catholic religious communities, etc., etc.) and affecting them with permanent civil disabilities! But the climax of absurdity is reached only when it is understood that this functionary, so highly exalted by the State legislature, need not be, and often is not, conversant with law at all, and that he who is thus clothed with despotic power

to decide the meaning of the constitutions and define the rights of citizens, may have been advanced to the lofty dignity from the counter or the plough instead of from the bench or the bar.

CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS SHOULD BE EXEMPTED.

In justice, however, to the State legislature it should be said that the prerogatives arrogated to themselves by the superintendents of public instruction are not explicitly set forth in the statute above quoted. Indeed, it might even be argued that such preposterous powers are excluded by this statute, at least implicitly. However this may be, nothing is more certain than that the Dogberrys at the head of the educational department in New York State have taken full advantage of the doubt, and with all the wisdom of their kind have audaciously undertaken to interpret the State Constitution and pass judgment on the citizen's constitutional rights. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* must, however, be the mandate of the law in so important a matter; and if need be Title XIV., Sec. 1, No. 7, should be speedily amended so as to be wholly unequivocal, and a clause inserted expressly forbidding the meddling of State superintendents with constitutional questions. Until something of this kind is done the legislature must be held responsible for the preposterous presumption of high educational officials, which have made the Empire State ridiculous in the eyes of the world. By all means let the superintendent of public instruction be clothed with absolute power—power final and irrevocable—in his dealings with school trustees in rural districts, with boards of education, with irrepressible school marms; and, in a word, with all matters which manifestly belong to his sphere; but in questions involving a construction of state or national constitutions, or both, or where the sacred and inalienable rights and privileges of citizens are concerned, let it be clearly understood that the cobbler must stick to his last. All such questions must be decided at the proper tribunals.

Indeed, few things are more certain than that the individuals who have been declared deprived of their rights and privileges as American citizens by the ridiculous rulings of school authorities, have, according to the fundamental principles that underlie our government, indefeasible rights to teach in any school in the State for which they are otherwise qualified, in spite of the

ban placed upon the garb they choose to wear. So long as the dress of a teacher does not offend against good morals, just so long has such teacher the right to exercise his or her constitutional right and privilege to choose whatever form of citizen's dress is agreeable; at least until the State has decreed to put its teachers in uniform. This it has the right to do, provided it chooses to make itself ridiculous, and provided public opinion will tolerate it. Until then our Shallows and Dogberrys are, in these ridiculous decisions, simply violating the Constitution in the name of the Constitution.

There can hardly be a question that the teachers who have been affected with civil disabilities simply because they have exercised their citizen rights to choose whatever form of citizen's garb they please, could regain these rights—possibly damages for disabilities also—by instituting a suit for their restoration in the Court of Claims of New York State. This would be, perhaps, the most direct course since the decision of a superintendent of public instruction is declared inviolable and not subject "to question or review." Portia's charge to bloodthirsty Shylock finds an easy parallel here:

> ". . . Take thou thy pound of flesh;
> But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
> One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
> Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate."

The educational Shylocks who whet their knives so eagerly for their pound of Christian flesh should be made to understand that in the excision of the religious garb from the school-room they must not sacrifice one jot or tittle of American liberties.

THE RUINS OF LA HUNAUDAYE.

OLD CASTLES OF BRITTANY.

BY ALPHONSE DE CALONNE.

TONQUEDEC is the most beautiful and imposing ruin of the Middle Ages in Brittany. Its situation, in a picturesque country upon the summit of a hill, attracts the attention of landscape painters; its six towers, its two enclosures, and its donjon still standing, recommend it to the historian and archæologist. In this part of the Armorican Peninsula old castles abound. One cannot go any distance without stumbling against some ancient stone building, especially on the coast, where these strongholds are to be found in abundance.

Most of these castles date from the fourteenth century, the great epoch of war against the English. They were built at the end of the civil wars, which had demolished many ancient fortresses upon these very sites. It was about this time that the first Scandinavian ships made their appearance upon the coast.

Tonquedec fortress, which is relatively modern, was built in 1339 by Rolland de Coëtmen upon the site of a castle which was demolished by order of King John. Its exterior towers are enormous, well constructed, and original. Its design is that of

an irregular polygon, in which are two distinct castles with private courts.

The first, which serves as an entrance, is fortified by four large towers. The second has two towers of smaller diameter. Behind the second enclosure is a donjon on a point of rock at the foot of which flow the waters of Léguer.

What still remains of Tonquedec is of magnificent materials. Its interior fortifications would enable it to make a long resistance against an enemy.

Tonquedec was completely destroyed in the reign of Louis XIII. by order of Richelieu, who also caused to be demolished the ancient Chapel La Collégiale, belonging to the Castle of Hunaudaye. One finds here traces of every century, from the twelfth on.

The entrance is intact; only the portcullis and drawbridge are wanting. In form it is an irregular pentagon, and has five enormous towers.

The edifice is well proportioned, and one cannot fail to be attracted by its beauty of outline. In those times castles were built only for defence, but this one was ornamented, and there was some ornamentation even on the outside for the enemy to see, showing that courtesy already existed and politeness was not confined to friends. Just within the court was the lodge where the lord of the manor received his guests. But this lodge and all habitable portions of the castle have disappeared, together with the foliage about it, and nothing remains but deserted ruins.

The inhabitants of the country come here for stone, and seem to have converted this historical monument into a quarry.

This castle was built in 1378 by Pierre de Tournemine, whose escutcheon is lying in the ditch.

The Castle of Guildo is completely ruined; the thick walls which overhang the precipice will also soon disappear. It is situated upon a rock by the sea, on the right bank of the Agrenon.

The sands have long since invaded the little estuary and decreased the size of the bay into which its waters flow.

The inhabitants of the neighboring villages likewise come to the ruins to seek material for building. These picturesque ruins attract many American and English artists, who find rich and varied material from among the population, who, on fête days, appear in very picturesque costumes.

THE INNER LIFE OF FRENCH CATHOLICISM.

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

FRANCE puzzles American Catholics just now. We read at this opening of a new century of "the eldest daughter of the church" still sending out more Catholic missionaries than all the rest of the world put together, and of the like proportion in her contributions to the Propagation of the Faith. Americans may hang their heads here, or perhaps tremble within their souls.

Again, it is in Paris that the work of prayer for the conversion of England finds its centre. And yet monks and nuns are hurrying from the shores of one country to find a refuge in the other; schools are abandoned; missions are cancelled; houses of prayer are broken up. And this is not in England but in France. And it is the English, still half respecting their mighty or vulgar apostates, Elizabeth and James, who now again give a refuge to the exiles of the land of Douai and St. Omer, of Paris and Bordeaux. England will be training missionary religious to creep back, on sufferance at most, to the land that founded the Irish colleges, and the Jesuit seminaries; where martyrs were trained to suffer for the faith of Patrick, Columba, David, and Augustine.

Truly, as an exiled French priest of the Revolution wrote when in England, "we French ought to give up our prejudices against the English; for their kindness to us has no bounds." Or, as even the Superior of the Assumptionist Fathers now says: "That country of toleration and freedom is eager to show hospitality to the French monks."

All this has been said before; all this has been reflected over. We in America only get more and more puzzled. We think, if we here were half the population, not to say a majority, we should make short work of trifling with Indian schools, of refusing equal chances to young Catholics, of keeping older ones out of high offices, and of insolent assumptions of non-Catholicism, as somehow our national creed or our protest.

What then of these strange French Catholics? How many are they? Have they any sense? Any courage? Do they deserve pity? Or blame, or contempt? No Catholic can be really indifferent to what is going on among Catholics anywhere. Yet we cannot seem to make up our minds about this matter. Naturally enough, any Catholic publication among us sometimes speaks of France Catholic, and so reverences and admires; but then again France Freemason comes to mind with all its disgusting impiety, "la grosse fureur anticléricale." *

"He is a Freemason"; "There is Freemason influence"; "You must be a Freemason to get this or that." † It was no "clerical" said such things this year, but French "Catholics" of a type who must be taken count of, and whose existence and ways help to explain the *status quo*. Oh yes, they are Catholics. Arrive at their house on a Friday, and they will offer you meat. "We thought," "after your journey," etc. ‡ They will, indeed, then politely withdraw the forbidden mess, and the beloved *potage* also; nor will they again offer you such, on days of abstinence. They have the crucifix in every room, as in the days of their fathers. Will their children have it, these children who see it not in their schools? For, of course, our good bourgeoisie must send their children to the state schools, the schools without religion; otherwise, the father's chances of promotion in the mob of employés would be injured. And that is no fancy of the *père de famille*. There were documents going about in France this year, with official

* Feuillet: *La Morte*, p. 209.

† Cf. *La révolution et le régime moderne, d'après M. Taine*, par l'Abbé Birot, p. 358:

Quotes M. Gadand, Minister of Agriculture, 1895, of a high degree in Masonry: "Freemasonry is but the Republic concealed; and the Republic but Freemasonry disclosed." We shall have nothing to do with Catholics pretending to be republicans. They want to cheat us. "Power under the Republic must belong to republicans [anti-Christians] alone."

‡ On retrouve partout, dans l'école libérale, la tendance à confiner le plus possible la religion dans la vie privée; un homme est chrétien, il va à la messe, fait même ses Pâques; mais comme député, maire ou électeur il vote les lois impies, donne sa voix à un candidat anticlérical, interdit les processions, assiste et pérore au besoin à un enfouissement civil. 'Væ duplici corde, . . . et peccatori terram ingredienti duabus viis.' (Eccli. ii. 14.) Nous avous entendu dire à un évêque du parti libéral qu'il serait à désirer que l'Église restreignêt l'obligation de l'abstinence aux réunions domestiques, parce que les mœurs publiques ne sont plus chrétiennes. De pareilles compromissions seraient-elles de nature à les *christianiser?* Le même prélat était de *l'opposition* au Concile et peu partisan du pouvoir temporel. Nous préférons la simplicité et la franchise militaire du maréchal Mouton, comte de Lobau, qui s'était illustré dans la défense de l'île danubienne de ce nom. Assistant à un grand dîner officiel, un jour maigre, il refusait les viandes qu'on lui présentait; s'apercevant de certains sourires, quoique discrets et contenus: 'Il ne m'est arrivé qu'une fois, dit-il, de faire gras le vendredi; ce fut dans l'île de Lobau où j'ai été réduit à manger la tête de mon cheval.' Un silence respectueux accueillit ces paroles.—*La révolution et le régime moderne*, pp. 429, 430.

names attached, inquiring what men in government pay were daring to send their sons and daughters to *les Frères et les Sœurs*. So the child goes to what is often an anti-religious place six days a week; and on the seventh—by the way, a Frenchman thinks it odd that we call Sunday the first day; what Sabbatarians they are in France and Italy! "God rested the *seventh* day," they will repeat to you—but, on this Christian day of the Lord, off goes the little girl of the family (an only child I think of) to Holy Mass, alone. The father never goes, unless the day that he orders a family Mass for his mother's soul, when the members of the family go, be they government slaves or not; and perhaps all resolve to have the priest at their own death-bed—alas! The young mother goes not either. Headaches prevent, and unending elaborate cooking, and husband's example, his worldly interest, and what not; and so they let the poor little soul in their charge go alone. Sometimes she is ailing or unhappy, and does not go herself; small wonder. But she says her private prayers, even long ones sometimes, poor child! for she made her First Communion this year; and had been sent to nuns at the local religious school to be prepared for that great day. And great day it is, in the life of young people in France: it marks a certain standard of age, of ability, of knowledge, of strength of body. And behind all, the hanging on to religion perhaps, even in multitudes who seem to have fallen off. There is the thought of their own First Communion, and all that was said, and all that was resolved. Oh! happy thoughts that half live again to make the heart ache, and the soul fear, in parents who are the sport of the powers of evil. "I believe," said the late Bishop Isoard, a champion of Catholic France,—"I believe religion is sick unto death in France, and will die, unless you fight to save it." Indeed sometimes one is tempted to call by no more dignified name than tomfoolery all the talk about France being "*la fille aînée de l'église*," with a sort of tone that the promise was that the gates of hell would never prevail against the Church—of France. Not indeed that French Catholics are the only people given to this talk. It runs down to the parish, the family, the individual Catholic. But, as I said, the little French child of the church made her First Communion, had her photograph taken in fine dress and veil. The photograph is enlarged—hideous form of art, so-called—and shown to visitors,

and the pretty prayer-book, and the beads. Is it a sacrilege, on the parents' part at least? Will they ever ask her to go to Communion again? "*Popule meus, quid feci tibi? aut in quo contristavi te? responde mihi.*"

And she and they are not peculiar in this. All the people about, *ouvriers* and all, send their children thus to First Communion. And one would be loath to say it means to them only the enrollment in a new grade of childhood, merely the putting on of the manly toga as it were, and the compliance with fashion. For *why* is it still the fashion, even among the flouters of God's law? Is there here a sign of some truth in the words about France's still Catholic heart?

However, this paper chiefly concerns Flanders. There are places far worse. But even at Dunkirk in Flanders, now third in France for docks and shipping, none of the crowds of workmen at the harbor go to Mass. More striking still is it to learn that *les pêcheurs d'Islande*, so pious we heard, who never sailed off in March without paying their devotions *à la petite chapelle de Notre Dame des Dunes*, whose return—of those that do return—is timed for their *fêtes* at the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, the novena that brings all the country-side to Dunkirk—why, these "devout" Iceland fishermen do not go to Mass. At Christmas, perhaps; at Easter indeed, and they make their Easter duty. Then they go a few more Sundays, it may be. *Voilà tout.* "*Ils ont une religion à leur mode*," said a perforce indulgent vicaire; adding that he trusted to their devotion to the Blessed Mother to gain their pardon with Almighty God. Or, was it *they* who trusted, he said. I forget. Truly, one must admit the romance of the *pêcheurs d'Islande* rather fades away. And one felt one's heart rather sink within. It is such a help in this weary world not to be disillusioned. Even those no longer young hope against hope.

But, by the way, our French and Belgian pilgrims to Lourdes: of *them* a well-known Redemptorist missionary assured me, giving, readily, leave to publish his name—of them many do not go to the sacraments; like the people we hear of, with devotion to nine Fridays and nine Tuesdays, but with no steady devotion to fifty-two Sundays. These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone. We may say it is a mad world, my masters; but, as Burke reminds us, and never needlessly, it is always well to know the temper and

mind of the people among whom you live. And surely the existence of the sorts of Catholics of whom we have spoken is a call to consider whether there are classes whom we can reach, and do not. As "A Catholic Bishop"—Bishop Bellord—wrote lately in the *Ave Maria*, are our Sunday-schools as real as they might be? Do young people get further than the verbal catechism? Are they in the way to understand Catholic principles as applicable in this world *hic et nunc?* They will not always be in Sunday-schools, not always preparing for Confirmation and First Communion. The world is not Catholic. They must be prepared for this sad world, not to step from home into heaven. Do they understand the Church's services? Do they understand the Mass? Even in New France, even in the real old France of Montreal, you might hear this year a sermon bewailing the increasing defection in attendance at Mass. And why? said the preacher; giving his own answer, that the people do not understand what the Mass is—in Montreal Cathedral.

Now, surely by every possible means the people should be got to understand why they come to Mass. If they ever came without understanding, that is naught to glory in. But, many a one understood well, indeed, who was ignorant of history and of letters. A bishop said of his own mother, who could not read: "She took me with her to Mass; and as we went, she would tell me what the Mass was: it was Almighty God coming down to us." And I do not suppose the bishop hears Mass more essentially than his mother heard it.

But the church is for all men, and for all ages. That pious Redemptorist missioner, director, and writer, mentioned above, looks on the decay of religion; looks at his convent in Brussels, and compares the days when daily Mass was attended by crowds, when all day long the people still kept to their devotion, in and out of the Redemptorists' ancient Carmelite chapel; now at length doomed to make way for a railway station. Think of Holy Week, he said. Who comes? who cares? Yet the service as it stands presupposes the presence of the faithful, and is unmeaning without them. I could not help saying, for I had often thought of this: how did the people understand those services, when most of them could not read, or had not books? Though, indeed, it must be said that Holy Week books in French were not unknown in days before the foundation of our

American Republic. But the answer the good father made gives cause for heart-searching. He said: not that the people had books; not that the service was fully explained to them; but that, "anyway they went in a spirit of penance." But, come now, *is* that the notion with which the Catholic Church would be satisfied as an ideal; that she adopted *Pange Lingua*, and *Vexilla Regis*, only for a choice few; that she would not be glad if more could follow her hymns for the Blessed Sacrament and for the reverence of the Holy Cross? She gathers her people together, her priest says, and is confounded if they are not present. It is well, no doubt, she will say, if they come, during that Holy Week, in penance. And how many even of the world's most ignorant and most despised have loved to linger near the Cross. But yet, may not even their loving hearts be made to love more if they hear the Sacred Words?* And are the prophecies of that Cross that draws all men, are they to be read, according to the church's highest ideal, to a people that neither reads, hears, nor understands? Take people as they are—the church of humanity so takes them. Do we assist no better on Good Friday or on Holy Saturday if we know enough to understand the words of *Ecce lignum crucis* or of the *Exultet*, or have enough taste to admire their beauty, the cry of men in wailing or in joy, but, either way, of men in their redemption, in their penitence or in their hope? We should all be there. And in penance. But I could

* The following letter appeared lately in the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston:

THE READING OF THE PASSION IN ENGLISH.

Editor Review: I am puzzled to know why the gospel of the day is not read in English in all our churches on Palm Sunday? The twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters of St. Matthew tell the story of the Passion and death of Christ, than which no other narration can be more significant to Christians. In churches where it is read in English simultaneously with the celebrant's reading it in Latin, I have noted with what attention it is listened to by the people. On the other hand, the "long gospel" is, I fear, only a bore and a source of distraction to the worshippers when it is read only in Latin. They stand first on one foot and then on the other, heartily longing for the end. There does not seem to be any need for this. It is not necessary that a clergyman should read it in English. I am sure that in nearly every parish could be found some layman most willing to help in this way, by reading the gospel on Palm Sunday, and thereby bringing home to the congregation, young and old, the great fact upon which the Mass itself is founded. The words of the Scripture are beautiful, forceful, and convincing, and the recital of the Passion and death of our Lord Jesus Christ in the words of St. Matthew, and in a language that the people understand, would be most instructive, edifying, and salutary.

A priest who attends one of the city institutions tells me that he has more confessions to hear after the reading of the Passion of our Lord on Palm Sunday than after the best prepared and most eloquent sermon he delivers the year round. Is there not food for reflection in this?—LAYMAN.

not help weighing the priest's despondent words. And one cannot but think they suggest much about neglect of Mass in any country, and perhaps specially in France. Certainly, no one has any excuse that he cannot, if he tries, get some honest way with his soul for assisting at Mass, the marvellous worship, where the seeing and the blind, the hearing and the deaf, the innocent and the penitent, the philosopher and the child, the hopeful and the weary, the men of the world and the women of the cloister, all meet and find their place in the infinite. Still, remember, we have priests declare to us that people not only do not assist at other services, which may require more study, but do not assist at Mass. And in France there are places where few go; and yet such populations have not overtly got loose from the Rome of Peter and the law of Peter's Master. They are full of fault. But what of approaching them in general with the words, Come to the church services which you do not understand, in a spirit of penance, and almost as a penance? Or, as I heard a priest on this side of the ocean say in church: You do not need books; books only minister to pride. He added, most truthfully, that the one thing essential was to abase yourself in God's House before His infinite Majesty, with the sense of your nothingness. And yet, and yet—what does the church, that is, the voice of God, make known to us? Many men, many minds. And some need the understanding with the mind, and would have a reason for the faith that is in them. More than that, if we are to trust most authorized books on prayer, do we not judge that the best way to assist at Mass is to follow the church's words? She is indulgent; she is for all: and sometimes we may feel that we assist better by our meditations, by our watchings—do we not sometimes, indeed, feel that we need to assist at two Masses consecutively, one with the book, one without? Nevertheless, it seems certain that Holy Church is not averse from our wish to understand. And all good churchmen may safely be with her.

In France, for instance, is there enough solid religious instruction? A former pupil of a Catholic *collège*, aged about thirty, told me this year that he came to the British Isles absolutely ignorant as to what Protestantism meant in the world's thought, or tendency, or groping. He lamented that he had not been prepared for the world's way. He felt he could not speak to the world, nor answer it in its language, as he knew

it deserved. That reminds me, too, how I heard a "professor" in a *collège* nearer home dismiss, to his class, Spencer and Darwin *et hoc genus omne*, as "a set of scallywags." One is not quarrelling with the ultimate philosophy, perhaps. But as a preparation for this actual passage to eternity, it is to be feared.

If the people want to understand more of the service of the Church, and more of the history of Bible and of Church, it may be not unwise to give them what they look for. A diocesan missioner in France this year deplored the neglect of reading of the New Testament. But in that church where he was preaching neither Gospel nor Epistle was ever read to the people. Is this taking men as they are; being all things to all men; and practising what is preached? Many know of l'Abbé Garnier of Caen, and of his strong words on this matter, and of his dissemination of cheap copies of the Gospels. The Catholic Church indeed wishes us to read them, and, generally speaking, the Bible as a whole. But Catholics in France do not follow her wishes. And Catholics in America do not either. When Protestants say we neglect the Bible, do we not rightly hesitate to contradict them flatly; do we not feel ashamed at seeing flat contradictions in Catholic papers? I have known more than exemplary Catholics say that they grew up strongly with the impression that the Bible was more a Protestant possession than a Catholic, and that they ought not to read it. I have known of missioners recommending their audiences not to read it. But I did not hear the words. I *did* hear a convent superior, however, object to a New Testament being among the books for a Children of Mary's library. "What do they want with reading that?"

And to pass to the Church's service, is it most edifying to hear young men under French Jesuits reciting the Rosary all through Mass, day in and day out? How can one deplore with any consistency lack of interest in the wealth of the church's divine beauty, in form of her liturgy, in loving choice of words from Holy Scripture, in strong and noble poetry, in consecration of every portion of the year, of months and days to great mysteries, to her types of worthiness in her conquerors of the world, when one is doing nothing to suggest all this day by day at Holy Mass which sets them forth?

However, look at the wonders done these years by Catho-

lics, in France as in America. Look at the money given for the schools of the church, after paying already for the schools of the state; a tyranny of the two republics, unknown under German emperor or English king. Those schools in France are successful beyond comparison in public competition; too successful, suggest the government tyrants, by word, and now by deed. Why submit to these men? Here we are back again to our puzzle. And we are not going to try to resolve it. "*Les Français sont des lâches,*"* said to me one of their country-women, superior of a convent. This lady had been in England, and was much struck by the men going to their different "temples" with their large religious books. In France, she said, men would be ashamed so to go. And yet, one sometimes thinks French Catholics are dissatisfied with France just because they have such a high ideal of what France ought to be. For if the masses do not go to church in France, neither do they go in England. And at ten minutes' walk or so from that French nun's convent, on the outskirts of the Flemish town, you could see a thousand people packed at a Sunday High Mass, in a church now being enlarged; and of this number more than half men—peasants and market gardeners chiefly. Nearer still to the convent is the church of a sea-side suburb. It also is being enlarged, for the second time in ten years. There is need. The crowds are great in summer; and if the proportion of men be not quite so high as in the suburb near the farms, is there as high a proportion in many-to-be-found English temples?

Take the Feast of the Assumption this year. Within the week there were 1,600 Communions; 1,000 on the feast, of which 500 men and boys, including 300 of "boys" up to eighteen or nineteen, from the well-to-do families having sons at the religious *collèges* of the North, who were at Malo-les-bains for the vacation. And such attendance might have been paralleled, nearly at the other end of France, this summer, near Clermont in Auvergne. True, not many of the *cornettes blanches* were to be seen except at the earliest Masses. A little after five is common there for first Mass hour; let Americans remember. True, also, that the lodging-house keepers too commonly excuse their souls in summer, having so much to do

* "And, in the name of what is serious, let us not act as if to justify what Jules Ferry said, that 'resistance from the Catholics is only talk. . . .'

"A bishop says to us: 'We are mourning now over the ruins we have let them make; and we don't know how to defend even the ruins.'"—*La révolution et le régime moderne*, p. 328.

with the bodies of their guests. *There* peeps out tottering Catholicism again; religion dying, Bishop Isoard would have said. Still, what would a parish priest in other countries say of all this, from a nomad population of 8,000, mostly nominal Catholics, of course? But then most French unbelievers are that, more or less. At daily Masses there were 50 to 200 present; and only when there were funerals could one see the disturbing air of indifference. French funerals are disedifying often enough. How these bedizened and decorated civilians and officers talk and boast of their bad-mannered impiety! But, poor fellows! they must look after their worldly advancement. And their wives will fetch a priest when they die. That is the way with nearly all the non-church-goers in Flanders, high and low. "*Les Français sont des lâches.*" It is the valiant Frenchwoman who said it. But Monseigneur Dupanloup was French; so was General de Sonis; and Veuillot on his side, and Montalembert on his; and the Comte de Chambord, and the humblest recipient in France of the Montyon prizes for virtue—for virtues that are the salt of the earth. What types of chivalry do these names suggest! "If you have not chivalry at home," did not the brave English patriot Gordon say, "then the next best thing is to go seek it at your neighbor's"? And that neighbor he meant was France.

Turn your eyes from any poor impious ones at funerals to the six little children who bear in the coffin of their little friend; boys for the boy that is gone; girls for the girl; the girls in their white dresses and veils as for First Communion; the boys in their costume too—black suits and white sashes. They carry the little coffin to the grave, preceded by priest and clerk. So you will meet the priests in their vestments, going to the houses of the dead, and the full ritual of the church carried out, which with us is better imitated by our separated brethren. Or some morning, as the priest passed through the streets carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick, with the altar boy ringing before him, one could notice that all those he met—men and women—knelt to adore.

And yet just outside that church was a great band stand; and while Benediction was being sung inside, the marches and dance music without almost drowned the sacred music within. Or rather, the music that was set to sacred words. Would that it had been all sacred! Is it the way to bring back the people,

to advertise on the church door that Monsieur or Madame So-and-So of the Opera will sing choice pieces at such and such a Mass? The people want religion, the dying souls. But they want the real thing. Is it not detestable to give young ladies at the sea-side Benediction as a chance for their love songs and violins? Even *Laudate Dominum* was suppressed there; that refuge of devotion with us, after the horrid frivolities of *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*. In France it was frivolity throughout. But at Mass, it must be said, the church's music was not always forgotten. One only wished that one could feel, when listening perforce to impiety without, that indeed everything spoke of the truer world, within. The curé has asked that the band playing be at some hour when there is no service. But the maire, though an ex-pupil of a Catholic *collège*, is on the way to preferment seemingly, and likes to amuse the voters by the anti-clerical civilization of public dances till Sunday midnight, and a general free and easy tone of public morality. "Let us have the question out between us," says a Belgian socialist paper; "your Gospel teaches restraint; we teach liberty. The first thing to get rid of is this notion you call God, and the second, your ridiculous distinction between absolute right and wrong." They see things clearer in French-speaking communities. You know where you are. At Bordeaux, this year, five hundred teachers of the state schools met and demanded the elimination from school books of allusions to the metaphysical hypothesis, or absurdity—I forget which—called God. And those are the *protégés* of some poor, good, muddle-headed Protestants.* A French religious, a teacher, would have a right to say something to us, if we criticised his position in face of such a state and its influence. He knows how things are. As said the leader of the enemy, the prime minister, M. Waldeck-Rousseau: "There are two bodies of Frenchmen growing up, one educated by our ideas, one by yours; the thing is intolerable." And so the next proposal is that no one shall hold any office in France—where every one is in a little office—who has not been to the schools eliminating the metaphysical hypothesis. You are befouling us with your purity, is, I think, the elegant expression of one of the newspapers of that tail which waggles so successfully the government head. And how so? Because your seminarists in the

* See recent numbers of *The Outlook*.

army are actually not only saying their own prayers in barracks but are inducing other soldiers to pray too. Send the seminarists to the hospitals. But, oh horror! in such a *milieu* they will be more wickedly influential than ever, with the sick and the dying. There *are* some *lâches* in France, exclaims *Le Temps* or *Le Journal des Débats.*

And in the face of this, what can you do? That seems to be the attitude. "*Un grand seigneur méchant homme est une terrible chose.*" And so is a government. That is all a devoted member of a religious order could say, as he showed their library shelves, with vacant spaces for their best books, gone to safety in private hands, not knowing what day the government of their country would seize its citizens' property. This old religious had seen his church shut up for thirteen years after 1880; he looked to see it going again, probably. For, after all, a monk exists only on sufferance under *liberté, égalité, fraternité.* He does not open the front door of his church. Nor do the nuns, either, open theirs. You go in at the side, through a house, through a passage. It is well not to attract the lovers of freedom.

Persecution is always more wholesome for Christians, anyway, remarks a French monk in America.

If in what has been written above there is anything that seems ungenerous or thoughtless, it is unworthy of attention. What church has known how to suffer this last hundred years as the French Church? The Revolution. The revolutions. The Commune. Those were storms indeed. And if there is no less danger now, though in half disguise, still men who can suffer, can wait; nor can they wholly fail in the real world, the unseen.

One note in conclusion. A good French priest repeatedly spoke this year of how he believed Edward the Seventh and Wilhelm der Zweite were subsidizing *la franç-Maçonnerie française* in its war on the church. The English King had been grand master of the Freemasons, and has now resigned, to his own brother; the priest truly declared. But somehow, one wonders what the Marquis of Ripon, past grand master, who resigned to submit to the church, would say to these suspicions? There is Leo Taxil and "Diana Vaughan." Is that good and learned French *clergé* too good for this world, so to

speak? For has it not been said: *Estote ergo prudentes sicut serpentes* as well as *sicut columbæ simplices?*

But perhaps the most suggestive postscript is, go and see your French curé and vicaire in church at their confessionals from 5 or 5:30 A. M., kneeling throughout three or four Masses from visiting priests; serving the dead too, at house, church, and grave; teaching daily catechism to children collected from state schools; on Sunday preaching at every Mass, often four times, with afternoon Vespers and evening Benediction, and with all their *quêtes*, all their *œuvres*. There is no more worthy, self-denying man than the curé, did not one of the *lâches* or the *fous* say, Gambetta, with his "*le cléricalisme voilà l'ennemi*"?

Then, do not forget, when you want to try to understand France, that Louis Blanc gave us this commentary: "*Nous entendons par le cléricalisme, non seulement le catholicisme, mais toute religion et toute religiosité, quelle qu'elle soit.*"

CLOISTERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA NOW.

A CITY OF LEARNED WOMEN.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

OURS is emphatically a women's era. Never has the weaker sex hidden her light less than in the present day, where the "eternal feminine," coming to the front with unfailing pertinacity in the broader field of liberty accorded by modern conventions, obtains a wide and in many cases a deserved prominence.

The universal spread of knowledge and literary culture among women is no doubt one of the boasts of modern civilization. We point to it with pride as emphasizing the superiority of this age over its predecessors; exemplified by the thorough training of mind and body considered equally necessary nowadays for girls as well as boys. Nevertheless, if we go a little more deeply into the matter, we shall find once more at the bottom of all our researches the most discouraging but true old adage embodying the world-weariness of the wisest king of old: "There is nothing new under the sun."

It is a shock at first to realize that our progress is not so wonderful as we imagined; and that, instead of inventors, we are only "revivalists"; perfecting perhaps what has gone before, with the help of added centuries of experience and science; but still only reviving things dormant, or at best forgotten. In an atmosphere of self-congratulation upon Women's Colleges and Universities and the Higher Education of Women, can it come as anything but a revelation to find one's self face to face with a city of learned women of long centuries past, who spread the light of their knowledge through a land which bowed before their intellect while reverencing their true womanhood?

Such was the revelation which disturbed my new-world complacency one bright morning in the ancient city of Bologna, in this year of the twentieth century; wandering through stately halls of learning where for centuries women had held intellectual sway. No fair girl-graduates were these, drinking their first draught at the fountain of mighty knowledge; but women whose powers of intellect had placed them in the professorial chair, instructing on equal terms with the men-professors the students who flocked around them. One knows, of course, of certain learned women of other days; considering them always as bright particular stars of individual genius, not confined to any country or age—such as a St. Catherine of Alexandria, a St. Catherine of Siena, a Vittoria Colonna, or a Lady Jane Grey. But to meet with such a galaxy of learning as that of the women of Bologna, all the product of one city, and many of them belonging to ages which are often thought lacking in even the rudiments of culture and learning, proves fairly overwhelming. It makes one pause to reflect sadly if we are quite as original as we think; and if, after all, the modern craze for women's improvement is only but a tardy revival.

Bologna's learned women were the natural outcome of a city the fame of whose learning dates back to the earliest ages. Learning was their birthright and inheritance. They breathed it from their cradles in the very atmosphere around them; witness the time-honored motto of the ancient city, "Bologna docet." Early as the fifth century the city possessed ancient schools of learning, founded by the Emperor Theodosius and restored by Charlemagne; while in the "Darkest Ages" of the

twelfth century 5,000 students, not alone from Italy but from various countries, thronged its academic halls. In the thirteenth century their numbers were raised to 10,000; and Bologna was another name for learning throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Small wonder then, in such an environment of universal learning, if Bologna's daughters wreathed their fair brows with the laurels of intellectual fame instead of the roses of pleasure; so that a woman-professor of canon law, a woman-professor of mathematics, and a woman-professor of anatomy deservedly took their places among the most brilliant and cultured masculine intellects of their period.

According to the archives of the old university city, the first woman-professor to make her name famous was Novella d'Andrea, professor of canon law in the University of Bologna, early as the fourteenth century. Dimly remote seem the memories of this mediæval "blue-stocking"; of whom dry-as-dust history tells us but the bald facts concerning her special line of knowledge. Tradition, however—the gossip of the ages—which makes all history live by pointing out the purely human side of every story, has handed down to posterity a striking picture of this first Bolognese professor. One would imagine her most naturally as a female of commanding aspect, somewhat forbidding, nay, even masculine in appearance, as from her rostrum the learned woman expounded knotty points of canon law to her students. It seems, then, one of the veriest freaks of tradition to learn that Novella d'Andrea possessed a countenance so passing beautiful that she was forced when teaching to hide it behind a veil, lest, looking on its rare loveliness, the students might be distracted from their studies. This paragon of loveliness and learning was but the first of a long succession of talented women, each celebrated in her own special line—professors, painters, anatomists, poets, linguists—whose achievements have lived after them.

In the first half of the fifteenth century, in 1413, the figure of another memorable woman arose on the horizon of Bologna; differing from her predecessor in many respects, but whose fame nevertheless still re-echoes throughout a world ignorant of Bologna's veiled professor. Long after the phalanx of learned women are forgotten, except in the memory of their native town, St. Catherine of Bologna is a name world-known to many a generation. She was no political woman whose inspired

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MEA MATTUGLIANA, A POET.

CLOTILDE TAMBRONI, PROFESSOR OF GREEK.

and commanding genius moved her fellow-citizens to action; but only a humble religious in a quiet monastery, hidden away from the strife and tumult of those stirring times. The glamour of her birthright was nevertheless upon her; and cradled in the home of knowledge, the learning of Caterina Vigri, the Franciscan nun, was only equalled by her saintliness. From her earliest years the maiden's feet were set in the paths of learning; for with all the enthusiasm of youth her intellect turned towards the clear well-spring of knowledge which so powerfully attracts pure and lofty minds. Her predilection and ability for Latin letters was strongly marked, and some of her translations from Latin and Latin compositions are still preserved, to attest the early learning of this most wonderful woman. Add to this that the young girl was an artist, a painter of no mean ability, and also a musician; and one can have some idea that the saint's claims for learning were by no means unfounded. She entered religion, however, early; and her book, *The Seven Spiritual Arms*, composed for the use of her sisters, is considered a most valuable work on the spiritual life. St. Catherine of Bologna died in 1463, her body being preserved in the Monastery of Corpus Domini at Bologna. Here to this day one can see her books, her violin, some of her fresco-paintings, and an exquisitely illuminated *Book of Hours*, all written and

illuminated by her own hands, precious souvenirs of the learned and saintly daughter of whom Bologna is so justly proud.

At a later period, to swell the ranks of intellectual women, came another professor, Dorothea Bacchi; Mea Mattugliana, a poet, the classic beauty of whose features is handed down in a striking portrait, and Teresa Muratori, painter and poet, whose frescoes still adorn the walls of Bologna University. The most prominent figure, however, among the talented women of the sixteenth century was that of the young girl artist, Elisabetta Sirani, a product of Bologna's eclectic art-school, who does no mean credit to her teaching. Before her untimely death, at the early age of twenty-six, the girl, whose exceptional artistic abilities were fostered and developed to the highest degree by her training and environment, left numerous works of art as a heritage to her native city. Brought up by her father, Andrea Sirani, also a capable artist, Elisabetta aided him in many of his important works. She was a favorite pupil of Guido Reni; and not only Bologna's picture-gallery but many of its churches possess fine specimens of her paintings. They are beautiful alike in conception and coloring, but showing something of youthful immaturity and weakness—signs, perhaps, of a genius destined to be cut off before reaching its perfection. Some old historians say that the young girl met her death by poison, administered through jealousy; but on this point tradition remains uncertain, and we like better to picture the young artist's early death as due to natural causes. Her remains now lie at rest in one of Bologna's most hallowed shrines, near the tomb of the great Dominican founder, in the Church of St. Dominic. Characteristic in its physiognomy is the altogether girlish portrait of the sad-faced young artist we look upon to-day. Nothing of intellectual strength or firmness is here; but in its place an imperceptible artistic grace of outline; a dreamy sweetness which makes the face almost Raffaellesque in expression and contour. The dark eyes with their arched eyebrows are wide apart, and in them lies the shadow of melancholy so often seen in the eyes of those doomed to an early death, strangely contradicting the smiling mouth.

A far different personality is that of the famous Laura Bassi, that graceful and talented woman, who held with honor and conspicuous ability for so many years the chair of mathematics and physics in her native university in the eighteenth

Laura Bassi, Professor of Mathematics and Physics.

Elisabetta Sirani, Artist.

century, and to whose memory a marble tablet is erected in the present building. Her portrait is still handed down to us, and its every line shows the semblance of a regally splendid personality, in all the perfection of mature womanhood. The chiselled features, finely moulded forehead, and thoughtful eyes reveal intellectual qualities of the highest order, combined with rare personal charm. Altogether it is the presentment of a queen among women, before whose intellectual sway men and women alike must bow in homage.

Though all coming from the same city, it will be seen that the talents of the learned women of Bologna by no means ran in the same grooves—witness a contemporary of Lauri Bassi, who made her fame as a professor of anatomy, Anna Morandi Manzolina. This Italian woman-doctor, so far in advance of her time, was the wife of an anatomical professor; and having by her prominent abilities in the study of surgery and anatomy won the degree of professor, worked with her husband at the profession of her choice. Her lectures on anatomy, given in the splendid Anatomical Theatre which is the glory of the University, won her much attention. The wax anatomical models executed by Manzolina are still preserved in Bologna's Museum of Anatomy, as an example of what a woman-professor of anatomy accomplished in the seventeenth century. Among the fine collection of statues and busts of famous medi-

cal and surgical celebrities which line the walls of the Anatomical Theatre, the portrait-bust of this amiable and benevolent-looking woman holds an honored place. It is a gracious, matronly face, with the optimism of the philanthropist shining out of the kindly eyes and the fine, firm mouth. Judging from her portrait, the professor of anatomy seems to have lost nothing of womanly refinement in the exercise of her profession, which has for its scope the benefit of humanity.

Still more of a prodigy, perhaps, in her own especial line, was that marvellous polyglot linguist Gaetana Agnesi, who is still a byword in Italy to the present day, and whose name has been given to various educational institutes for girls. This talented Bolognese lady who, even amid a city of learned women, shone out as a bright particular star, was born in Bologna in the eighteenth century, and from her earliest childhood manifested every indication of being an infant prodigy. The "Women's Rights" movement had by no means pervaded Bologna at the time of our heroine's appearance on the stage of life; but thanks to the divine spark which renders all true genius in advance of ordinary humanity, and belonging to no especial time or period, her ideas were what we should term altogether modern in their enlightenment. In proof of this it is surely sufficient to state that at the tender age of nine years this marvellous child ably sustained an argument in Latin, proving the right of women to the Higher Education! And this in the Italy of two centuries ago, while we think that we, and we only, have discovered the "right of way" over women's educational theories. Unlike many infant prodigies, whose overforced brains have paid the cost of their precocity with their lives or else with the complete break-down of mental powers, this talented child lived to spread the wings of her rare genius, and expand her intellect into womanhood's most noble perfection. In some respects Gaetana Agnesi's talents rivalled those of another wonderful Italian linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, also a native of Bologna. At a later period of her life this famous woman, in the presence of a large assemblage of littérateurs and savants, presided over by President De Brosses, at Milan, performed the achievement of sustaining a thesis in all known languages! Nor was Gaetana Agnesi, or any of her sisters-in-knowledge, a type of the so-called "emancipated," and therefore unwomanly woman, whose intellectual

powers so led her away as to forget the self-respect due to her sex. No; the great linguist, and many other of Bologna's learned women, added saintliness to their knowledge. They were fervent Catholics—true and faithful daughters of that church which has held aloft the torch of learning throughout the centuries; denying it not to the weak and humble, and spreading it in dark places where perhaps the modern reformer and scientist would hesitate to penetrate.

The last prominent name in Bologna's brilliant constellation of learned women brings us down to the beginning of the nineteenth century; for though many gifted women have followed in the wake of their more famous sisters, ably upholding the city's reputation, none seems to stand out so markedly in any particular achievement or branch of knowledge. Clotilde Tambroni, the last pedagogue of the earlier period, is claimed by two centuries; for though she won her laurels in the eighteenth century as professor of Greek at the university, her brilliant lectures being attended by constant crowds of students, her death only took place at the beginning of the last century, in 1817. The memory of this singularly gifted professor is honored by a fine monument in the Certosa cemetery, recording her goodness and talents. Some contemporary artist has also handed down her painted portrait; and of all our series of portraits of fair and learned women, that of Clotilde Tambroni bears away the palm for classic beauty and high intellectual power. The beautiful arrangement of the hair and the costume of the period in its severe simplicity enhances the effect of perfect grace. There is a strange reminder in it of other famous portraits of beautiful women of that period—a Vigée Lebrun, a Récamier, and a Siddons; but with more of youthful innocence and purity in the brilliant dark eyes and the forehead marked with the unmistakable stamp of a pure and lofty genius.

Enough has been said to substantiate the claims of Bologna's women to a wide culture, and that far in advance of the women's educational movement. Their memory will never die in the city of their birth, but beyond it their reputation is not widely spread. So in refutation of the ridiculous assertions made against the Catholic Church, and often believed by those who have never taken the trouble to inquire into facts, that she discouraged learning in her daughters, one glories in publishing the fame of these Catholic women who, in the ages of

ANNA MORANDI MANZOLINA, PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY.

faith, freely offered their faculties of brain and heart on the shrine of knowledge.

We have seen them in their contemporary portraits; but it brings the memory of the learned women still closer to visit their Alma Mater; to linger in those quiet collegiate precincts which had the privilege of fostering so many noble intellects. A grand old pile is this Bologna University—called the "Archiginnasio," and now containing the valuable city library. It stands in the very heart of the city, close by San Petronio and the palace of the Podestà. In the piazza outside, under the arcades by which it is entered, the busy, cheerful life of Bologna wags merrily on. But inside the wrought iron gateway which separates this "Home of ancient learning" from the outside world there is a noonday stillness; a brooding quiet strangely attuned to the solemn dignity of the spot. Not a sign of life is visible in the enchanted palace of the past. Even the porter, as becomes an inhabitant of a learned city, is busily reading a small vol-

ume; so that one can linger unmolested among the architectural beauties of the fine old courtyard. Bologna is *par eminence* the city of noblest architecture; and the University close, with its long rows of columns, its graceful arches, and its upper open gallery, is no exception to the rule. Nor is color wanting to complete its perfection. The roof and walls are enriched with picturesque escutcheons in fresco and bas-relief; forming an interesting index to the professors, students, and honorary fellows of this great Bolognese University from its first foundation. There is something intensely grandiose in this dim perspective of cloister-columns, lightened only by the brilliant masses of color in the frescoed coats-of-arms. A heavily-studded doorway, barred and bolted, leads to the chapel; so we must reluctantly rouse the porter-student from his pursuit of literature, to open the door. As in so many of the grand old Catholic universities, the chapel is dedicated to our Blessed Lady; and famous Bolognese artists have decorated it with splendid frescoes, illustrating the history and symbols of the Blessed Virgin. A grand old staircase leads to the upper open gallery, whose walls are adorned, like the cloister below, with the same characteristic mural decorations of raised coats-of-arms. Opening from it are the academic halls, and first and foremost the celebrated "Anatomical Theatre." This theatre, though small in dimensions, is perhaps one of the most unique in the world. When one thinks of its many associations, and the great antiquity of its fame in surgical research, one looks with redoubled interest around the walls, which, apart from their associations, form a fine architectural scheme, a finished specimen of the wood-carver's art. Roof and walls are completely of wood. From the splendidly panelled ceiling of cedar of Lebanon a high-relief of Apollo, surrounded by the signs of the Zodiac, presides over the gathering of "immortals" of medical and surgical fame, who stand in solemn company around. From Pythagoras to Mondini, from Anna Manzolina to Galvani, they are all here, each in his niche of fame—the world's discoverers in medical, surgical, and anatomical science; as well as the professors who have lectured or made discoveries here. The effect of the architectural arrangement is altogether harmonious. Life-sized statues are placed in the lower tier of niches, divided by groups of Doric columns; while elliptical niches above contain a series of portrait busts, which look down strangely life-like on the theatre of to-day.

Close by Pythagoras with his scroll stands the inventor of the application of false noses, holding in his hand as a trophy a nose; and beside him the discoverer of the corpuscles in the blood! But in our pursuit of the memory of the learned women, one looks with most interest for the bust of the one woman-professor found worthy to hold her own in this "Valhalla" of medical science. Most appropriate of all the decora tions is the professor's raised rostrum. It is covered by a canopy supported by two male figures, exquisitely carved in lime-wood, forming a magnificent study of the anatomy of the human form, and distinctly showing all the muscles and arteries. Three tiers of benches form galleries encircling the theatre, whence the students assisted at the anatomical demonstrations; and the floor is likewise of wood, in panelled sections, which can be raised to reveal the marble pavement with its drains beneath.

Once again here, in high relief against the carved walls, appear our old friends the gorgeously colored coats-of-arms of the professors who have lectured in this theatre—bright touches of color on the sombre splendor of the carved wood decorations.

Bologna has indeed lavished a wealth of art-labor on the decoration of her Anatomical Theatre; but has she not reason to build a fitting memorial to her scientists, who have especially distinguished themselves in this branch of learning? For true to her motto, "Bologna taught" when other cities and nations were still wrapped in the darkness of ignorance. It is one of her proudest boasts that the first anatomy of a human body which ever took place in the world was performed here by Mondini in the year 1449; so that the primary studies of anatomy owe their origin to Bologna's University and to a Bolognese professor.

On the opposite side of the "Loggia Gallery" open the apparently endless vistas of academic halls. These eighteen magnificent chambers are now used as the City Library; and a priceless collection of books, precious manuscripts, and richly illuminated missals is gathered here; many of them the long-accumulated store of patient, untiring monkish learning, gleaned from the suppression of monasteries. At either end of the library-rooms are two vast lecture halls, where the examinations took place—one the hall where medicine, mathematics, philosophy, etc., were taught and examined; the other the

A VISTA OF ACADEMIC HALLS, NOW THE CITY LIBRARY.

"Aula Magna," in which canon law and jurisprudence were examined.

Splendidly ample in their proportions are these University chambers—a fit background to a school of learning which has endured for centuries. Around their walls, as in every part of this "world's university," is continued the roll-call of names, escutcheons and armorial bearings of those who were privileged to call the university their "Alma Mater." Many a famous name is among them—names from every quarter of the habitable globe, drawn thither throughout the ages to sit as willing

scholars at Bologna's feet. Here Galvani, that famous Bolognese citizen whose statue stands in the square just outside these library windows, lectured, and gave his first lessons in the wonderful discovery which bears his name. Here, also, was the true domain of our learned women. In these very halls they took their turn with the other professors in lecturing and examining, in their various branches of science and literature. No lesson or examination took place in this noble university, but what was under the immediate protection of the Son of God and His Virgin Mother; for over the doorway of each lecture hall, immediately above the space for the professor's pulpit, was placed an exquisite life-sized fresco of the Divine Mother and Child. It is one of the most touching features of the university of the past, emphasizing the sincere and living faith of those who built and taught in it—the survival of the beautiful old Catholic ideal which erected the first universities throughout the civilized world; religion and learning hand-in-hand.

There is much that is sad in Italy of the present; but still there is hope. They may have robbed monasteries and convents of their most precious literary treasures, but they have not torn down the Madonna from the walls of the once famous University, which owes its all to the ages of faith. The University of Bologna is changed now to another site; and though it may be but a small consolation for much change and spoliation, one is glad to think that atheistic and materialistic doctrines will never be boldly propagated from a rostrum over which the Mother of God has presided throughout long centuries.

Full of the memories of the women who have made these old walls live again—memories clear-cut and cameo-like, as are their portraits, against the background of ages—one takes leave of Bologna's University with regret. No longer perhaps, in the inevitable mutability of nations, does the learned old city lead in the advance-guard of knowledge; but the fact incontestable remains, that "Bologna teaches" still. In teaching the lesson of her mighty past she emphasizes a doctrine which latter-day learning in the pride of intellect would do well to assimilate—that religion and learning can be twin-sisters also in the present, lovingly associated till the threshold of eternity, when the Source of all religion and learning will be revealed.

TWO ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS: A CONTRAST.

BY AGNES C. STORER.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593).

THE life-history of Christopher Marlowe, the first English dramatist before Shakspere who possessed great dramatic and poetical genius, may be very briefly outlined.

Born in 1564 at Canterbury, the son of a shoemaker, he received a liberal preparatory education through the generosity of some unknown benefactor, and was graduated in 1587 with highest honors from Benet College, Cambridge. There are slight indications that he may have served for a brief time in the military campaigns of the Low Countries. However that may be, there soon began in London the struggle for fame and fortune of one who, though a boy in years, was already a man in poetic genius and ambition. Attaching himself as playwright to one of the prominent dramatic companies, dashing Kit Marlowe at once became "the darling of the town," and hail-fellow-well-met with such brilliant spirits as gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, the dramatists Nash and Chapman, and even, it may be, the great master, Shakspere himself. Small wonder that the personal friendship and praise of such giant leaders affected the moral balance of so young a man. As, with pitying interest, we study the brief career of one who, though so great of intellect, was, alas! so weak of soul, Marlowe's life seems the very embodiment of the Elizabethan spirit,—passionate, undisciplined, athirst for the possession of all physical and mental delights, living unsatisfied in the present, hopeless of the future, dreaming, writing, feasting, starving sometimes, perhaps, as did so many of his brother dramatists, and then the twenty-nine brief years of careless, irreligious life were suddenly quenched in the last saddest scene of all, Marlowe being stabbed to death, in 1593, in a wretched tavern brawl at Deptford.

Until his time, in all dramatic compositions heroic couplets of tedious length were used, more often than not utterly un-

suited to their subject. Our daring and original young genius, realizing that conception and expression should harmonize, in his very first play, "Tamburlaine the Great," written before he was twenty-four, revolutionized English dramatic poetry by substituting for these monotonous heroic couplets a full and flowing blank verse. The sonorous beauty and adaptive elasticity of "Marlowe's mighty line," as Ben Jonson called it, was instantly recognized and enthusiastically applauded by his fellow-dramatists. "Tamburlaine," besides its more varied versification, exhibited greater dramatic action and a more spirited dialogue than any of its English predecessors, and, notwithstanding its oftentimes blustrous extravagance of language, contains many passages of exquisite poetry. Mr. Lowell thus describes, as only he can, the impression made upon the reader by their discovery: "In the midst of the hurly-burly there will fall a sudden hush, and we come upon passages calm and pellucid as mountain tarns filled to the brim with the purest distillations of heaven. And, again, there are single verses that open silently as roses, and surprise us with that seemingly accidental perfection, which there is no use in talking about, because itself says all that is to be said, and more."* Marlowe's splendor of imagination is even more vividly apparent in "The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus." Distinguished by a simplicity of construction unusual in his compositions, this tragic and powerful rendering of the Faust legend occupies a position of eminence among the masterpieces of English dramatic poetry. As all remember, Faust, giving rein to his desire for illimitable power, for that threefold abomination Holy Scripture warns us against, "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,"† enters into a compact with Lucifer, who, in return for fulfilling for a time these unholy desires, is to obtain final possession of Faust's soul. The closing passages of the tragedy, Faust's last despairing soliloquy, under the immediate approach of his doom, have perhaps no parallel in the whole range of poetry for the qualities of agonizing terror and swiftly advancing pitiless finality. Here horror is so piled upon horror that, as Charles Lamb expressed it, the entire scene is, in very truth, "an agony and bloody sweat":‡

* *The Old Dramatists*, p. 36. † St. John's 1st Epistle ii. 16.

‡ *Specimens of Early Dramatic Poetry.*

". . . Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still! ye ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That Time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned!
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul!—half a drop; ah, my Christ!
Ah! rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him. Oh spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills! come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! no!
Then will I headlong run into the Earth!
Earth gape! Oh no; it will not harbor me!
(*The clock strikes the half-hour.*)
Ah, half the hour is past; 'twill all be past anon!
Oh God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in Hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand, and, at last, be saved!
Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting souls?
Or, why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul would fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For when they die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagued in Hell!

Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of Heaven.
(*The clock strikes twelve.*)
Oh, it strikes! it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to Hell.
(*Thunder and lightning.*)
Oh soul! be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found!
(*Enter Devils.*)
My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly Hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Ah Mephistophilis!"

Marlowe's intense subjectivity and incapability of taking an impersonal view continually force themselves upon the reader of his plays. Through them all the characters simply express their creator's own limitless aspirations. "That like I best that flies beyond my reach." Marlowe has not the slightest understanding of, or sympathy with, ordinary every-day human nature, consequently his characters are, in the words of Mr. Lowell, "but personages and interlocutors. We do not get to know them, but only to know what they do and say. . . . Nothing happens because it must, but because the author wills it so. The conception of life is purely arbitrary, and as far from life as that of an imaginative child."* Rarely capable as he was of moving the springs of gentler passions, Marlowe is at his best when expressing his own fervid love of mere physical or natural beauty or power, light, color, wealth, whatever sensual delight the desire of the moment might suggest. "His raptures were all ayre and fire." The truth of this statement is well exemplified by the familiar lines addressed by "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe," as old Izaak Walton called it.

Mr. Lowell thus summarizes his power and its limitations: "Marlowe was certainly not an artist in the larger sense, but he was cunning in words and periods, and the musical modulation of them. And even this is a very rare gift. But his mind never could submit itself to a controlling purpose, and renounce

* *Loc. cit.*

all other things for the sake of that. His plays, with the single exception of 'Edward II.,' have no organic unity, and such unity as is here is more apparent than real. Passages in them stir us deeply, and thrill us to the marrow; but each play, as a whole, is ineffectual. . . . Marlowe had found the way that leads to style, and helped others to find it, but he never arrived there. He had not self-denial enough. He can refuse nothing to his fancy. He fails of his effect by over emphasis, heaping upon a slender thought a burden of expression too heavy for it to carry. . . . Marlowe, we therefore see, had an importance less for what he accomplished, than for what he suggested to others." *

THOMAS HEYWOOD (15-?-16-?)

So strongly contrasted are the intellectual and spiritual impressions received from the writings of gay Kit Marlowe, and those of the far less known Elizabethan dramatist, Thomas Heywood, that to pass from the fierce, unbalanced splendor of the one to the simpler, homelier atmosphere of the other, seems not unlike the change from midsummer in the city streets to the invigorating freshness of a June morning at sea.

The exact dates of Heywood's birth and death are unrecorded. We simply know that he was born in Lincolnshire, probably about ten years before Shakspere, and died at a good old age in the middle of the seventeenth century. From our author's writings we learn that he graduated from Cambridge, and early settling in London, at once devoted his splendid abilities to the three-fold career of actor, dramatist, and littérateur. How indefatigable were these labors we may judge from the fact that Heywood was the author, in whole or in part, of two hundred and twenty plays, only twenty-three of which are now extant, and, moreover, wrote the lord mayor's pageants for many years. Nor was this all. Shakerly Marmion speaks of him as writing upon

> "All history, all actions,
> Counsels, Decrees, Man, manners, states and factions,
> Playes, Epic edieuns, odes and Lyrics,
> Translations, Epitaphs and Panegyricks."

Heywood delighted in compilation, and the Biographical

* J. R. Lowell, *Loc. cit.*

Dictionary of Poets of all Ages he planned, but never completed, is to this day regretted by students of literature. His bookseller, Kirkman, tells us that, in addition to acting almost daily, he obliged himself to write a sheet every day for several years, a habit of regularity explanatory, in part, of the vast extent of his labors.

Heywood's disregard for fame is evinced by his having made no effort to preserve his compositions, writing indeed oftentimes on the blank side of his tavern bills. This unaffected modesty is as apparent throughout his plays as are their author's geniality, manliness, and reverence for the highest ideals. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever of good fame," these we feel instinctively, in studying Heywood's plays, must have been the ideals ever beckoning their writer on. Mr. Swinburne, in an extremely brilliant critical analysis of his romantic and contemporary plays, writes as follows: "His passion and his pathos, his loyalty and his chivalry, are always so unobtrusive, their modesty may sometimes run the risk of eclipse before the glory of more splendid poets, and more conspicuous patriots; but they are true and trustworthy as Shakspere's or Milton's or Wordsworth's or Browning's"; and again: "The very hastiest and slightest of them (the plays) does credit to their author, and the best of them are to be classed among the genuine and imperishable treasures of English literature. His prose, if never to be called great, may generally be called good and pure; its occasional pedantries and pretensions are rather signs of the century than faults of their author." * Writing so rapidly as Heywood did, his plays are often marred by technical defects of rhyme and metre; these, however, are mere faults of over-hasty workmanship, insufficient to really lessen their intrinsic worth. One and all are distinguished by a lofty moral feeling, but too rare in the Elizabethan age, and a keen insight into human motives and passions. Writing always *con amore* with refreshing vigor and spontaneity, Heywood apparently felt, even more noticeably than the majority of his literary compeers, the stimulating influence of the great post-graduate university in which he lived and labored so long —mighty London, in that brilliant age, as never before, embracing the intellectual culture and learning of the entire country. His critical eye noted all the varied phases of that many-

* *The Nineteenth Century*, September, 1895.

sided city life, and, realist that he was, we find them reflected in the histories of every-day men and women, depicted with such simplicity and directness that Heywood's plays can still be read with interest. This skill in creating powerful effects with homeliest materials caused Lamb to exclaim: "Heywood is a sort of prose Shakspere. His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting," * and in our own day Mr. Symonds has declared him to be "the master of homely English life, and gentlest of all poets who have swept the chords of passion." †

The domestic drama "A Woman Killed by Kindness" is generally considered his masterpiece; but as truly Heywood in spirit, style, and construction is a later play in which he was assisted by William Rowley, "Fortune by Land and Sea." The following passages from this vigorous sea-comedy will serve to show Heywood's "temperance in the depths of passion," a distinguishing feature of all his plays. ‡ The scene is taken from the first act and represents a number of gallants assembled in the taproom of an inn. The dissolute Rainsforth taunts the stripling Frank Forrest with unmanly reverence for his aged father, and on Frank's spirited and indignant reply, exclaims:

". . . It seems, sir, you are angry."

Frank. Not yet.

Rainsforth. Then what would anger thee?

Frank. Nothing from you.

Rainsforth. Of all things under heaven, what wouldst thou loathest to have me do?

Frank. I would not have you wrong my father, and I hope you will not.

Rainsforth. Thy father's an old dotard.

Frank (starting to his feet). I could not brook this at a monarch's hands, much less at thine.

Rainsforth (mockingly). Ay, boy. Then take you that. *(Flings wine in his face. Frank draws sword. Rainsforth does the same, quickly.)*

Frank. I was not born to brook this. Oh, I'm slain! *(Falls dead.)*

Goodwin. Sweet coz, what have you done? Shift for yourself.

* *Specimens of Early Dramatic Poetry.*

† *Essay on the English Drama during the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.*

‡ The extract given is taken from the admirable acting version edited by Mrs. Janet Edmondson Walker and used by the Delta Upsilon '99 of Harvard University in its very successful presentation of this old comedy.

Foster. Away! *(They hurry Rainsforth out. As they do so the Drawers enter carrying supper, see Frank's body, and call out.)*

1st Drawer. Oh, stay the gentlemen! They have killed a man! *(Enter Bess, the attendant, who runs to Frank and kneels beside him. The Drawers come to her.)*

1st Drawer. Oh, sweet Mr. Francis!

2d Drawer. They have drawn the blood of this gentleman that I have drawn many a quart of wine to.

Bess. What! Are you men or milksops? Stand you still, senseless as stones, and see a man expire his last? One call my master; another fetch a constable!

1st Drawer. Hark! I hear his father's voice below; ten to one he is come to fetch him home to supper, and now he may carry him home to his grave. See, here he comes! *(Bess and the others draw aside, as Mr. Forrest, Susan, Frank's sister, and the Host enter.)*

Host. You must take comfort, sir.

Old Forrest. Would heaven I could.

Susan. Oh, my brother! *(Kneels by Frank, weeping and wringing her hands.)*

Old Forrest. Is he dead? Is he dead, girl?

Susan. Ay, dead, sir! Frank is dead.

Old Forrest. Alas, alas, my boy! *(Falls into chair by table.)* I have not the heart to look upon his wide and gaping wounds. *(Turning to Host:)* Pray, tell me, sir, doth this appear to you fearful and pitiful; to you, who are a stranger to my dead boy?

Host. How can it be otherwise?

Old Forrest. If to a stranger his wounds appear so lamentable, how will they seem to me that am his father? *(Goes toward body.)* Ah, me! is this my son that doth so senseless lie? My soul shall fly with his into the land of rest. Behold, I crave, being killed with grief, we both have one grave. *(Falls senseless across the body of his son.)*

Susan. Alas, my father is dead too, gentle sir! Help to restore his spirit, over-travailed with age and sorrow.

Host (trying to rouse Mr. Forrest). Mr. Forrest! Sir!

Susan. Father!

Old Forrest (looking at her, smiling, and in a dazed manner). What says my girl? Good morrow! What's o'clock that you

are up so early? Call up Frank; tell him he lies too long abed this morning. Will he not up? Rise, rise, thou sluggish boy!

Susan. Alas, father, he cannot!

Old Forrest. Cannot? Why?

Susan. Do you not feel his pulse no motion keep?

Old Forrest (bursting into tears). Ah, me! my murdered son! *(Enter Young Forrest, who rushes to Susan and his father.)*

Young Forrest. Sister!

Susan. Brother!

Young Forrest. Father, how cheer you, sir? Why, you were wont to store for others' comfort, that by sorrow were any way distressed. Have you all wasted, and spared none for yourself?

Old Forrest. Oh, son, son! See, alas, where thy brother lies. He dined with me to-day, was merry, merry, he that lies there. See thy murdered brother. Dost thou not weep for him?

Young Forrest. When you have taken some comfort, I 'll begin to mourn his death, and scourge the murderer's sin. Dear father, be advised; take hence the body, and let it have solemn funeral.

Old Forrest. But the murderer? Shall he not attend the sentence of the law with all severity?

Young Forrest. Have you but patience. Should we urge the law, he hath such honorable friends to guard him, we should but bark against the moon. Let the law sleep. The time, ere it be long, may offer itself to a more just revenge. We are poor, and the world frowns on all our fortune. With patience, then, bear this among the rest. Heaven, when it please, may turn the wheel of Fortune round, when we that are dejected may again be raised to our former heights.

Old Forrest. Oh, when saw father such a tragic sight, and did outlive it?

Young Forrest (leading his father away). Nay, do not look that way. *(To Drawers:)* Bear hence the body. (*They stand beside it, ready to bear it off.*) Come, father, and dear sister, join with me. He owed a death, and he hath paid the debt. *(Men bear away the body as the curtain falls.)*

Scattered throughout Heywood's plays are numerous breezy lyrics, characterized by delicacy of taste and touch, freshness

and ease of metre. The following song from "The Rape of Lucrece" is a good example of these:

AMPULEIUS' SONG.

"Pack, clouds! away, and welcome day!
With Night we banish Sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft! mount, lark! aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow;
Bird! plume thy wing, nightingale! sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
—To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I 'll borrow.

"Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast!
Sing, birds! in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Black-bird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare linnet and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves! amongst yourselves
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
—To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds! in every furrow."

Heywood himself has revealed to us the true uses of the poets:

"They cover us with counsel to defend us
From storms without; they polish us within,
With learning, knowledge, arts, and disciplines;
All that is naught and vicious they sweep from us
Like dust and cobwebs."

Judged by these high requirements, Thomas Heywood is not found wanting; and therefore, though filling a position in the realm of English poetry not so conspicuous as those of many other singers, it is one sure to endure, because built upon the lasting foundation stones of honesty of purpose and simplicity.

THE LIFE STORY OF A SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER.

WHILE in Tennessee this spring we made acquaintance with a convert of striking personality. He is a tall man, in middle life, of grave cast of countenance, with a flowing beard. He is a typical mountaineer in manner as by birth and training; slow of speech, sometimes almost painfully so, but of much intelligence and no ordinary religious feeling. His race, that of the highlands of the South, is perhaps as solidly non-Catholic as Norway.

His spiritual experience is of such interest that we give it to our readers as he wrote it down, adding here and there a few of his spoken words to complete his story. We wish that we could transfer to our pages the dignity of his address, and our own sadness that so noble a race as his, that of the American hill-country, yet remains almost entirely unknowing of Christ's true faith.

It is quite impossible for me to accurately retrace the way I came, for it was through a pathless wilderness of false teaching, prejudice, and anti-Catholic environment; but I feel like a mariner safe arrived into port after a perilous voyage on the stormy and trackless deep.

Forty-three years ago my eyes opened upon this beautiful world in the month of May, when the flowers were in bloom, and the birds singing in the trees. Being a child of loving parents, my earlier years passed away like a pleasant dream, and not one sad memory comes to me from that angel-guarded period. My parents taught me, as soon as my budding intelligence would allow, that there was a good and merciful God above all; that he made me, and that I should love him and be good; that God was everywhere, saw all we did, heard all we said. Confidence in my parents caused me to accept this knowledge without question; though as a child I wondered why it was, if God was everywhere, I could not sometimes see him, for my childish mind sought to give to him a bodily form; and my mind was never quite at rest upon the subject until I

heard a venerable man say that he had the same trouble when he was a boy, but found out that "God clothed himself with light as with a garment," and that was why we could not see him. His explanation satisfied me.

These things are mentioned in the way of filial justice to my beloved parents; they certainly did the best they could for me with the knowledge they possessed, and the morality of their lives was as free from censure as any I have ever known. I stop to bless their memory, and to breathe a prayer for their souls.

But they had been reared in Protestant beliefs and prejudices; taught, not only to disbelieve the Catholic Church but to fear and hate it. I have heard my father prove to his own satisfaction that the Dragon, and the Beast to whom the Dragon is represented as delivering his seat and power, spoken of in the 12th and 13th chapters of Revelation, was none other than the Catholic Church. One of the first things my memory recalls is an old book showed me by an aunt in which was both pictured and related the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and my aunt assured me those horrible deeds were committed by the Roman Catholic Church, and that it would kill all Protestant Christians now if it had the power. Thus was I taught, and thus I believed.

The natural bent of my mind in boyhood and early manhood was to investigate spiritual subjects. When a boy I carried a copy of the New Testament in my pocket until I wore the covers off it, reading it almost every spare moment, thinking to learn in it all I wanted to know; believing also that the privilege to read the Sacred Scriptures was purchased with the blood of saints, who were persecuted to the death by the Catholic Church for disseminating the word of God. Furthermore, while taught to disbelieve in the infallibility of the church, I fully believed in the infallibility of the Scriptures, and thought they were given us by God for private interpretation.

Reading in the New Testament where Christ said to St. Peter, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," I told my father that church must be in the world somewhere, for, from Christ's own words, it must be indefectible. His answer was that I was right, and that the Baptist Church was that church, and could trace an unbroken connection to the

days of the Apostles; thus claiming that the Baptist Church was not a Protestant Church, but was the Only True Church of Christ. He showed me books written by J. R. Graves, a leading light in the Baptist denomination at that time, which, he said, proved that the Baptist Church had apostolic connection. Afterward I read those books and accepted as true the statements they contained; for I could not know they were false when I had never learned anything in refutation. I was taught that the Rock that the Church was built upon was the Christ, and not St. Peter; and that the Keys given to St. Peter were the Gospel; and that the other Apostles, and every preacher since them, possessed the Keys the same as St. Peter; that the power to forgive sins was through the preaching of the Gospel; and I learned to scoff at the idea of a priest having the power to grant absolution.

In short, I was taught to believe in the doctrines inculcated by the sect known to the world as the Baptist Church. To enumerate all would transcend the limits of this article; but those who read this may easily realize the difficulties to be overcome by Protestants before they can become Catholics. My reading was limited to Protestant authors who confirmed my early formed beliefs and prejudices. Among many other things, I believed that the Catholic teaching on the Blessed Sacrament was not only preposterous but positively sacrilegious.

Protestant historians and statisticians pretend to put in contrast the illiteracy of Catholic countries, and the education and enlightenment of Protestant countries, and I believed that the Catholic Church purposely kept the majority of its membership in ignorance, knowing that its unreasonable doctrines would not bear the light of knowledge. As an example of my inexcusable bigotry, I will relate an incident that occurred in the year 1897. I was returning from the Tennessee Centennial at Nashville, in company with my daughter, and stopped over for a few hours in Chattanooga. It was a week-day, and while out walking we came to the Catholic Church; actuated by curiosity, we entered. I did not take my hat off, but went stalking down the aisle with my hat on. A priest was slowly walking up and down one of the aisles reading, and noticing me, he rebuked me for showing disrespect to the house of God in not removing my hat. At that time the priest was totally unknown to me, and it was some three years later I learned

he was Father Tobin, of Chattanooga, who has since then become to me a spiritual father indeed; and Providence so ordered it that the same priest who rebuked me some years afterward baptized me. I kept my hat on in the church partly through thoughtlessness, but mostly through contempt; for I did not then believe that a Catholic Church building was in any sense the House of God.

About this time I formed the acquaintance of a gentleman in Bristol, Tennessee, whose amiable qualities won my friendship and esteem; but religious subjects had never been mentioned between us, and I took it for granted that he was a Protestant. He was about the first Catholic acquaintance I had ever formed. I never thought a college graduate and a man of extensive information, as I had found him to be, could possibly be a Catholic; for I believed only the ignorant, outside of the priesthood, belonged to the Catholic Church.

Soon after the beginning of the Spanish-American War, I was passing him and another gentleman standing and conversing on a street in Bristol, Tennessee, when the other gentleman, observing me, beckoned me to them, and told me they were in an argument. He said he was contending that the people of Cuba were as illiterate and uncivilized as the newspapers claimed they were, and that my friend was contending that the charge of illiteracy against them was greatly exaggerated; and they asked for my opinion. I answered that I believed the Cubans were as ignorant and uncivilized as claimed, and that the Roman Catholic Church was to blame for it; adding, further, that the Roman Catholic Church was a withering, blighting curse to any nation where it predominated as a religion.

Glancing at my friend, I saw at once that my remark had wounded his feelings. With lips quivering with emotion but a steady eye, he looked me in the face and said in a low but decided tone, "I am a Catholic." I at once asked his pardon, pleading the excuse that I did not know he was a Catholic. Parting company from the other gentleman, we walked on together, and he said to me: "Answer me truly, have you ever read anything from Catholic authors in defence of the Catholic Church and its history?" I answered that I would admit that what I knew of the Catholic Church had been learned exclusively through Protestant sources. Then he asked me if I

would read what Catholics had to say for themselves and the Church if I had the books, and I answered that if he would accept my doing so as a reparation for wounding his feelings, and would furnish me the books, I would read them. He answered, "That is a bargain; come to my office and I will give you a book now."

The first book he gave me was *The Faith of Our Fathers*, by Cardinal Gibbons; and its perusal gave my Protestant opinions such a shaking up as I should not before have thought possible. About this time the publishers of the *American Encyclopædia* were bringing it up to date by making additions and corrections, and they called upon a prominent Baptist president of a certain Baptist theological school for a brief history of the Baptist Church. His scholarship was at stake, and he gave the origin of the Baptist Church as historically fixed in Germany in the sixteenth century. The Baptist denominational papers, for a few issues, had condemnatory editorials of the prominent brother's church history, but very soon the matter was all hushed up. Well, I thought, if that is true, the Baptist Church is sixteen centuries too young to be the Church of Christ.

The more I studied about it the greater became my perplexity. I was like a mariner lost at sea without chart or compass. After a time I reasoned that my eternal salvation depended upon my acceptance of the truth, and that I could not afford to be influenced by prejudice, or remain in a quiescent state; I must investigate this matter for myself. Language would fail me in trying to depict the distracted state of my mind at this time. I was beginning to realize that I had built my house upon the sand, and that the foundation was slipping from under my most cherished beliefs. Was I to sever the religious associations of a lifetime that would separate me from very dear friends, and even make me seem as a stranger in my own family? It was impossible for me ever again to be what I had been. The false and contradictory teaching of the Protestant sects disgusted me, and their libellous statements against the church brought to my cheeks the blush of shame. There was a time right along there when I must have approached very near to the border of downright scepticism of everything religious; but God was merciful to me, and saved me at length from my doubts. I got down upon my knees when no eye but

that of God could see me, and prayed to be led into the light of the Truth, promising that I would accept it at whatever personal cost. God, in his mercy, granted my humble request. Continuing to read such books as my friend loaned me, I found out that the Catholic Church, instead of meriting the charge of fostering ignorance, had ever been the repository of the arts and sciences, and saved the classics, ancient and mediæval, from destruction; instead of the bloody persecutor that I had been taught to believe her to be, I learned that perhaps a thousand Catholics had suffered martyrdom to one Protestant put to death by Catholics; and that the active charities of the Church in the relief of poverty and suffering have been colossal down through all the centuries since its founder, Christ, went about doing good. I found all this evidenced by history, and proven by the speaking monuments of monasteries, situated even on burning desert sands and the snowy passes of Alpine heights. I found to my astonishment that it was a shameful fact that Protestant nations had practically exterminated pagan peoples, and could not justly lay claim to have Christianized any.

I could not restrain a feeling of shame and remorse that the American Indians had by Protestant influences been almost exterminated; and I do verily believe that if the church could have dealt with them alone and unmolested, the Indians would have been, ere this, a Christianized and civilized people, living in the country that belonged to their fathers. The Catholic Church alone can point to a nation of people saved from paganism and idolatry. I read of the labors of St. Xavier, and hundreds of other devoted Catholic missionaries who went without pecuniary assistance or protection of any kind into the most hostile regions, raised altars to God, and told the Story of the Cross; and I could not avoid the conclusion that all nations and peoples would long since have been Christianized had it not been for the retarding influence of Protestantism and Protestant countries, which send scheming politicians and unscrupulous traders right along with their preachers, and introduce intemperance, with its attendant vices.

I never fully acknowledged that the Catholic Church was the only and true Church of Christ until I read *The Confessions of St. Augustine.* After reading that book I was convinced that the sacraments and doctrines of the church were the same in the fourth century as now; and that the essential

characteristics of a church could alone be applied to the Roman Catholic Church. Whereas before I had disbelieved the infallibility of the church, I had now reached that point where I could not believe in any other kind of a church. Whereas beforetime I believed in an infallible Bible, I now believed in an infallible church, the Divine Judge of what is authentic and inspired Scripture, that taught the Gospel in all its completeness one hundred and fifty years before the New Testament was compiled. The church I now recognized as the divine repository of the Truth and the infallible teacher in faith and morals; because the Holy Ghost dwells in the church and preserves it from error. I saw the inconsistency of an infallible Bible being in the custody of a fallible teacher, and had now seen far too much of the fruits of such heretical teaching. All that remained in the way to my becoming a Catholic was intelligent understanding of the Sacraments and their acceptance. Of these the most difficult to accept in unquestioning faith were Penance and Holy Eucharist. My mind was so completely encased with false teaching on these two sacraments that the grace of God alone could free me from the bonds which enthralled me.

About this time I made the acquaintance of Father Tobin of Chattanooga, the same who rebuked me for wearing my hat in his church. He, with great patience, explained to me the teachings of the church on the sacraments, and loaned me two books, *The Religion of a Traveler* and *The One Mediator*, the reading of which gave me great assistance by their logical and convincing exposition of truth. Others of a different mental constitution might differ from me about doctrinal reading; but of all the books I read, the ones of most help to me were *The Faith of Our Fathers*, *St. Augustine's Confessions*, *The Religion of a Traveler*, and *The One Mediator*.

My progress was slow; but meeting Father Tobin from time to time, who reasoned away the difficulties in my path, I at length came out into the clear, calm light of unquestioning Faith. In the sacrament of penance I saw in the confessional not so much the priest as the Christ whom he represents and who gives him the power to grant absolution. To me it is the same as telling my sins into the ear of the Redeemer. The last thing I yielded to was the most important of all, the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist; but at last

I cried out from my soul, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief," and my understanding was opened to the consistency, the beauty, and the glory of this the greatest of the sacraments, the centre and essence of the Gospel, the Incarnate God. And when I beheld the church, the Lamb's Bride, in all her divine loveliness, I loved her and I hastened to unite myself by baptism to the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church of the Living God. How pleasant, how comforting to feel secure in the True Fold of the Shepherd, after my wanderings in the wilderness of doubt and sin!

After being received into the church, I notified the Protestant church of which I had been a member from boyhood of the step I had taken. I received the accompanying letter in response:

January 21, 1901.

Mr. —— ——, Chattanooga, Tenn.:

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 12th instant, addressed to clerk of the Baptist Church ——, was read to the Church Sunday morning, and the following motion was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That because of Brother —— ——'s unorthodox views of Christianity, and on his notice that he has decided to leave the Crucified One, the Blood and Crown of the Old and New Testament, to go off with the wooden cross to the Catholic Church, that this church withdraw fellowship from said brother, and that the clerk be instructed to notify him at once of this action. By order of the Church.

(Signed) —— ——,
Church Clerk.

First Baptist Church, ——, Tenn.

As our convert rose to depart he said: "The religion which I once hated with all my heart as the plague of the human race, I am now ready to die for." His simple and deliberate manner but added solemnity to the words he spoke.

INCURABLE CANCER CASES ALONE ARE TAKEN HERE.

AMERICAN HOUSE OF CALVARY.

BY RUTH EVERETT.

IF some statistician were to compile a record of the number of charities, reformatory movements, and good works generally speaking, now blessing the world, that were set on foot by women, many a sneer would be turned to praise. A prominent citizen of Brooklyn, New York, once told the writer that every reform of that place had been simply forced upon the city fathers by the women. If that seems a little hard on the men, the human average is maintained by the great compliment it pays to the women of the City of Churches. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that a number of the most celebrated and worthy charities of the world have been started by women: notably by widows, who were beyond the first flush and vigor of womanhood. In one, at least, of the many well-organized charities that are under the control of women, the *exaction* that its members be widows exists; and that is "Les Dames du Calvaire" (The Ladies of Calvary).

One of the most beautiful examples of how a small thing

that has the devotion of *one* pious and consecrated soul may grow to bless many nations is found in the career of Madame Garnier, the benevolent French widow who, some fifty years ago, founded the first House of Calvary in Lyons, France. Wishing to make her life a blessing to those that others rather shunned, Madame Garnier ultimately settled upon poor women who were hopelessly sick with cancer. Her first two or three patients she took to her own home and there personally ministered to their every want until death relieved them. She found that the most numerous victims of cancer are women, and that of these women mothers are more apt to be mowed down. She found that there were ways to make the pathway to the grave of the rich sufferers as comfortable as possible; but that after the poor mothers had spent six months in the hospitals and had there been declared incurable, the chances were that the husband had become discouraged, demoralized, perhaps dissipated. The children would have been scattered; or drifted into some institution. Now where was the mother to go to die? Where could she drag out the tortured remnant of her life? It was to provide for just such as these that Madame Garnier established the first House of Calvary.

Like almost all things of this nature, at first it was up-hill work, and the Lyons House remained the only one for more than thirty years; when, in 1874, a foundation for the work was laid in Paris, which was soon followed by another in Saint Etienne. A fourth, in 1881, was successfully established in Marseilles. The next in line was the one in Brussels, Belgium, 1886; which is the mother in the direct line of our own American House of Calvary, at Nos. 5 and 7 Perry Street, New York City, founded by Mrs. Annie Blount Storrs. The first house, No. 5, was opened and blessed by the late well-beloved Archbishop Corrigan, June 12, 1899, and a few days later was ready for patients. The most striking and pitiful voucher for the necessity of the work was found in the fact that every bed had been spoken for months before the House was opened.

Several years ago when Mrs. Storrs was in Europe—it was in Brussels, Belgium—she read a notice in the entrance of one of the churches that upon a certain Sunday a sermon would be preached by a priest well known for his eloquent fervor about the work of the Women of Calvary, and that the collection would go to the House of Calvary. That was the first Mrs. Storrs had ever heard of the work. She made inquiry, and the

result was that she entered the Brussels House of Calvary and there took her training as a dresser of the wounds; at the same time carefully studying the workings of the institution, with the object of establishing a House of Calvary in her native land. Mrs. Storrs did not succeed in a day; in fact, almost every

THE BEDS WERE ALL SPOKEN FOR BEFORE THE HOUSE WAS OPENED.

day for five years before the gilt sign, "HOUSE OF CALVARY," was put up over the door of No. 5 Perry Street, Mrs. Storrs was working in the interest of the suffering women of New York, by laying the matter before the proper ecclesiastical authorities, and sympathetic people of means. At last the requisite money and support were pledged, the Archbishop gave his consent and blessing, and the doors were opened for the suffering poor women who were under sentence of a slow and most painful death.

By the time the House of Calvary was one year old it was an incorporated charity, with a charter from the State Board of Charities. And the day it was two years old, through the generosity of a friend who gave them his certified check for $15,000, they had been able to buy, pay for, and thoroughly overhaul, putting in new, sanitary plumbing throughout, open doors of communication between the two houses; in short, be

all ready to celebrate their arrival at the small age of two years by the opening and blessing of No. 7.

Mrs. Storrs is in constant receipt of evidence how dear the charity is to the public, for letters come to her, not alone from all over the United States but from many parts of the old world. Since the New York House of Calvary, which is the eighth, and the only one in the English-speaking world, was established there has been one founded in Bethlehem of Judea, and Mrs. Storrs has received a letter from a Catholic priest in British India asking her to come out there and establish one.

Although under the control of Catholic women, the House of Calvary, in so far as the reception and care of patients is concerned, is absolutely non-sectarian. Protestants, Hebrews, all are welcome, all just as kindly cared for. Patients who can afford to pay, even a small sum, are not received; the aim of the ladies who are at the head of this work being to furnish a home—not a hospital—for those women who are sick and poor and homeless. A loved one has been taken from many and many a family throughout the land by this dread disease, cancer; and to those thus bereft the work is dear. A few years before the opening of the first house Mrs. Storrs received a letter from a small town in Mississippi. The writer said that her mother had died of cancer; that she, the daughter, had been able to give that mother what little comfort her sufferings would permit, but that she felt most keenly for such women as had no home in which to die; that the day upon which the letter was written was the anniversary of her mother's death, and that she begged to enclose the small testimonial of her sympathy. There was a two-dollar bill in the letter. Regularly a small testimonial of a daughter's love has come. One year it was several months behind time, and they were afraid their "mascot," as they had grown to call the good daughter, was ill or dead. But at length it came; times had been hard, but the daughter felt that she could do without something for herself, but that the offering in memory of her mother must be kept up.

In the reception room of the House of Calvary, in a beautiful gilt frame, there is a large crayon of a young man whose memory will ever be sacred to the Ladies of Calvary. This was young Thomas Mulry, son of Mr. Thomas Mulry, so well known in many charities of New York—notably in the St. Vincent de Paul Society. From the first efforts towards opening No. 5 Perry Street as a House of Calvary, young Thomas Mulry

THERE IS AN ATMOSPHERE OF PRAYER ABOUT THE HOME.

was active in the service of the ladies, always at their command. They were all agreed that they would not know how to get along without him. Mrs. S. Gaston Bailieff, Vice-President of the House of Calvary, gave "Tom" the pet title of "The Knight of Calvary." The boy—for he was about eighteen—took kindly to the distinction, and that first summer, when he was away on his vacation, he wrote a letter to the Ladies of Calvary and signed himself "The Knight of Calvary." Before the second house was opened the poor boy was in his grave. His death was as beautiful, trusting in God, and as pure, as his life had been. When his confessor told him that he must die, for a moment he was sadly silent, then he said: "It is hard to leave father and mother and all; but God's will be done." On the day that No. 7 was opened Mr. Mulry spread a cold collation for the hundreds of invited guests, in memory of his beloved son who was, and always will be for that House, the only "Knight of Calvary."

Few charities in the world have been as prosperous, from the very first opening of its doors, as the New York House of

Calvary. Helpful friends seem to be guided to its doors by Heaven itself, as the following story will illustrate.

For the sake of giving them names—for the story is true, but the names are assumed—let us say that Annie Kellogg and Katie Otis were ordinary hard-working women, and that they had been life-long friends. In their own humble way they lived close to God; they knew little beyond doing their simple duty; they lived together and most economically. Upon a certain day Annie was told by her physician that she could not live many days more. That she might be sure of disposing of her savings according to her own wishes she gave Katie her bank-book with instructions to pay to bearer the sum-total in bank. The sick woman then provided for her decent burial and the payment of all honest debts incurred in her sickness. After this she apportioned the considerable savings she had been able to make to various good works. But when she came to the end of those she knew of, and wanted to help, there was $100 left. So she told her friend to give that $100 wherever she thought that it would do the most good. And then she died. Katie executed all the bequests, and had about made up her mind to send the $100 surplus to the lepers of Molokai, when one morning, after early Mass in St. Anthony's Church, she chanced to tell her intentions to a lady she met there. This lady was a friend of the House of Calvary and advised Katie to do her charities nearer home; so the House of Calvary came in for $100; and neither of the women had ever heard of the House of Calvary before.

France and Italy have probably done more in the line of establishing new charities than any other countries in the world. In France, where were established the first Houses of Calvary, in addition to the Ladies of Calvary, who must be widows, and who are not religious, but women of the world, do not give up their homes, do not renounce their families, take no vows, nor wear any religious habit—they simply seek, by devoting themselves to the work of the Calvary, to sanctify their lives—there are the Daughters of the Cross, who may be either widows or maidens. The Daughters of the Cross live in the House, of which they do the housework; which in this country, so far, is done by hired help. There is no such a thing as a servant in the Calvaries. No one gets any salary; all are sisters, devoted to the same work. One essential difference between the Daughters of the Cross and any religious is that, in almost all

AWAITING WITH RESIGNATION THE WELCOME VISITOR.

of the orders, the religious must have a dower. Of the Daughters of the Cross, in the Houses of Calvary, nothing is asked but good character, devotion, obedience to the rules of the House, and a promise to give their lives to the work. Having been accepted on those scores the daughters belong to the House. If one were to be taken ill the week after she enters, she would be cared for like a daughter; and should she not recover, but live a hopeless invalid for many years, she would not be sent away, but would be cared for even to the day of her death.

And the poor women who come into this home to die? It would melt a heart of stone to hear their histories. "Mother" Doyle is eighty years of age. She has brought up seven sons who lived to manhood; some of them served the Union in the war between the States, and now the old lady is alone, dying a ward of charity. The House of Calvary is but three years old, yet Mother Doyle is the only one of the patients who was entered among the first. Most of them come in, stay a few weeks or months at the most, then die, and their bed is given to the next on the waiting list. Mrs. Horan and Mother Doyle were the greatest friends, and it was a hard blow to poor old Mother when Mrs. Horan died last winter.

"GOING TO MASS," IN BELGIUM, HOLLAND, GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND IRELAND.

BY AGNES MARIE FABER.

IT is true that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the same the world over. It is equally true that the customs of the people who frequent our Catholic churches are absolutely, and very often, bewilderingly different. This is a matter of considerable interest to those of us who are so fortunate as to cross the sea for our holidays.

When we anchored at the Antwerp docks at 5:30 A. M. on a rarely beautiful summer day we knew that we could easily be in time for one of the early Masses at the cathedral. The luggage was sent on ahead in the hotel conveyance, and we followed leisurely along the deserted morning streets. It was all familiar ground, and the narrow pavements and quaint, crooked houses greeted us like old friends extending a welcoming hand. A few milk wagons were astir, pulled along the spotlessly clean thoroughfares by panting dogs; and when we reached the Place Verte the Flower Market was in readiness for the Sunday morning sales—such a blaze of color, and such a glory of perfume to weary wayfarers of the sea!

Whilst we were at breakfast the cathedral bells sent forth the summons to 8 o'clock Mass, and in truth a sweeter, more tuneful call never brought any of us hurrying to the House of Prayer. The chimes of the Antwerp Cathedral are rung with great frequency, and are of a peculiarly delicate, harmonious tone, so that tender, silvery blessings seem to be continually winging their way earthwards.

The first impression one has on entering the imposing edifice is that of the interior of a skilfully constructed stage-church, there is such an unexpected bustle and confusion of tongues, and such a scurrying of people in every direction. The 8 o'clock Mass was being celebrated at one of the numerous side-altars, so we entered and selected our kneeling-chairs. A number of other Catholics did the same, in many cases dragging their burdens noisily over the tiled floor to some

favorite corner. All the time the services were in progress an unusually unkept-looking woman, with a greasy shawl pinned around her shoulders, and no head-covering, went around fussing among the worshippers to collect the fees for the chairs. There were numbers of these women in the church, and, if possible, each one was a trifle more untidy in appearance than the other. To add to the theatrical effect, there was a constant *va-et-vien* of curious tourists, even at so early an hour, who would stop in groups and peer at us across the railing of the chapel as though we were a species of rare animals on view. Their ultimate destination was the vicinity of the main altar, near which hang the world-famed Rubens pictures. These masterpieces are veiled on week-days, and it costs a franc per head to see them, while on Sundays their coverings are removed during the celebration of the Masses, and the multitude of foreigners make the most of a good opportunity, sadly to the detriment of prayer and devotion. The distraction, the ceaseless shuffling of feet, and the very audible whispering were really almost unbearable. During the tramp-tramp of the throngs we tried valiantly to listen to a sermon in Flemish, but with poor success. During the remainder of our stay in Antwerp I felt that I had a sort of grievance against those beautiful, inviting bells of the cathedral—as though they had not fulfilled their whole promise. It would certainly be a fine thing to dispense with the company of all tourists during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and likewise to banish the women money-collectors for ever. They all combine to make a most unfavorable, unholy impression in that most magnificent of churches; and this decision is strictly from an unbiased point of view.

One week later we were eating honey-cake and drinking the morning coffee in a quaint old inn of Dordrecht when the church bell clanged forth its summons for 10 o'clock Mass; a plain, matter-of-fact Dutch bell this one, and it swung from the belfry of the only Catholic church in a town of forty thousand inhabitants, so there was no embarrassment as to choice.

When we stepped down from the inn door it was to join a number of sober Hollanders whose footsteps we promptly followed. A few of them wore sabots, and still a few wore the picturesque lace caps. In many cases this national head-dress was surmounted by hideous modern bonnets, trimmed to the point of toppling over with stiff, artificial flowers—a combination pro-

ductive of very inartistic results. The majority of the owners of caps and sabots had just landed from one of the steamers that ply along the Merwede River, and were residents of the adjacent villages on the dikes. The townsfolk wore solid holiday garments of a modern cut, and an equally stolid Sabbath air, and plodded along in heavy Dutch shoes among the quiet, spotless streets—streets that curve like a succession of endless capital S's.

The Dutch church put forth a very plain exterior, whose roof leaned out at a perceptible angle to the foundations, and in that respect was in perfect harmony with the neighboring mansions in the Wyn Straat.

It must be frankly confessed that the church was scarcely more attractive inside. The walls were of white calcimine, and bare and cold. The altars were decorated with uncommonly ugly flowers, and wooden attributes of many painful color-combinations. The men occupied seats in small pews on both sides of the church. The women knelt in the nave, on chairs with movable seats which were looped up with bits of leather when the owners wished to use the kneeling-stool underneath; and there were no exceptions to this rule of the division of the sexes. At the back of the church were stretched long benches for the use of those who could not afford to pay for a seat, and also for the orphans, who made a most picturesque showing in their stiff white caps and their little pudgy skirts. The choir was composed of a fairly good chorus of male voices.

There were an annoying number of collections during the Mass. They began right after the Credo, and seemed to continue uninterruptedly. Gentlemen of the congregation, carefully gloved, carried around red velvet bags on long sticks. Attached to each of these bags were several bells that kept up a continual jangle during the three regular collections (the first one for the church, the second for chair-rent, and the third for the orphans). On leaving the edifice one was confronted by men holding large copper platters, soliciting alms for the poor. There are extra collections, of course, besides the ones mentioned, and no eloquence could do justice to the maddening, tantalizing, distracting effects of those impish little bells; at least, such is the impression on the nervous susceptibilities of the American-born.

To the imperturbable Dutch I really do not think that the ringing of fire-bells would make any appreciable difference;

the women are so placid and dull-looking, with such pretty, sunny hair, and such rose-leaf, exquisite complexions. They all wore pockets in the back of their skirts, and a rear view revealed many frantic attacks among tucks and plaits in the search for handkerchiefs and rosaries. Very few people genuflected on entering the church; and if heads were inclined at mention of the Holy Name, the action at such times was an almost imperceptible one. The Dutch people seldom sit down during the services. The pulpit being in the centre of the building, half of the congregation were obliged to turn around in order to face the speaker. Even then the majority of them remained standing during the long sermon, which they seemed to accept very phlegmatically. The surroundings, and the very atmosphere, seemed cold and unattractive. If there be a strong devotion to sacred things among the Dutch, it is decidedly not of an emotional sort. The absence of particular shrines around the church was very noticeable, and it must therefore be inferred that they were not greatly desired by the faithful of the parish. During the six weeks we remained in Dordrecht the church was never open during the week except on Saturdays, for a couple of hours, when confessions were being heard.

A Sunday in Cologne is not an event to be easily forgotten. Before entering the magnificent cathedral we stood on the street for quite awhile, looking up at those massive towers, and filled our eyes, our hearts, and our souls with the entrancing majesty and beauty of that wonderful temple. It almost seemed incredible that anything so absolutely marvellous as the Cologne Cathedral could be reared at mortal command; indeed, it is much more reasonable to conceive it as one of the magical occurrences of the *Arabian Nights*. It is impossible to say how infinitesimal one feels beside those gray walls and thousands of niches peopled with statues of the saints, and enriched with the work of centuries. And what language can do justice to that noble interior? Its vastness is almost appalling; and its devotional atmosphere, the mellowness acquired by ages of prayer, as it were, fairly grasps one on entering the doors, and envelops one like the embrace of a loving mother.

The 10 o'clock High Mass was just beginning as we entered, and the vast building was crowded with worshippers—worshippers in the true sense of the word. No coming and going of the curious tourist here. A scarlet-clad verger, with

his mace of office, stood rigidly at the foot of every aisle, and no one was allowed to pass those stern sentinels but those who had come to participate in the Holy Sacrifice; and it must be confessed that they were extremely strict in the performance of their duty. A great organ near the altar pealed forth, a choir of men's voices rang out above the multitude, and the incense arose in soft clouds to mingle with the bewildering array of sun-tinted colors that streamed from the jewelled windows over that never-to-be-forgotten scene.

At 11 o'clock there was a Low Mass, and we were fortunate in being able to procure seats nearer to the main altar, the while we breathed a deep sigh of relief that there were no annoying collectors for pew-rent—they would have been such a desecration in so exquisite an environment. The pews were quickly filled again, the organ pealed forth, and oh, delight of delights! that great congregation raised their voices simultaneously in a soul-stirring hymn of praise to God. In all directions they sang, those good, true, honest German voices—hundreds of stalwart soldiers in uniform, the men of fashion, the lowly peasant, the women, the smallest children, everybody—and they sang with a fervor and a delicacy of harmony that brought the tears to the eyes. We were not accustomed to such sounds. I am sure that two thousand people sang at that Mass, and the way that golden volume of praise soared to the Gothic roof, and swept back again, in and out the arches and pillars, and whispered, and appealed, and loved as one glorious voice, was a vocal prayer that no human hand could pretend to describe. I only know that we knelt, and sat, and stood in a perfect rapture of joy, and it is safe to say that never while we live shall we forget that morning in the Cologne Cathedral. In the evening, when we sailed away up the Rhine, the sun was setting behind a bank of misty red clouds, and the cathedral stood silhouetted in velvety black against the dazzling ball of light. One little star twinkled out audaciously above the lace-like turrets, and all too soon the beautiful structure faded from our sight in the deepening twilight.

The following Sunday found us in the town of Stratford-on-Avon, in England. We arose very early and started out, with plenty of time to spare, for the 8 o'clock Mass at the Church of St. Gregory. It was a long walk, quite a way beyond the famous Red Horse Hotel. Such a balmy, sunny, quiet morning in

Shakspere's old town, with a sky of vivid blue overhead! We walked past the historical Grammar School, and the contemporaneous cottages beside it, in front of which a delightful old man in a pot hat and a smock was sauntering back and forth puffing at his pipe—a picture within a picture. On past Marie Corelli's comfortable-looking home, where the flowers fairly grew out of the bricks in the walls, giving it the appearance of a house built in a bouquet of gorgeous yellow, red, and purple bloom. It was a wonderful sight, and, indeed, the abundance and luxuriance of the flowers in Stratford are one of its most impressive spectacles, and we found the early morning air sweet beyond compare with the beauty and the breath of them. I don't think we met more than five people in that charming twenty minutes' walk, and we certainly did not jostle many going into the church. The way lay through a little old graveyard, fit setting for the most romantic type of a Gothic structure imaginable. It was altogether a realization of the picturesque church so much favored in English literature. The roses nodded in at the windows—great big creamy fellows; and the ivy covered almost everything in sight. The priest came out to the sanctuary robed in rich white vestments, and after the Gospel gave us a scholarly short sermon in a voice so cultured and well trained that it was a rare pleasure to listen to him. It was quite a large church, yet there were but forty people in the pews, and of these only seven were men. We took seats at random, but later I found that we were in debt to the extent of "tu'pence" apiece. Every pew "had its price," so to speak. A notice to that effect was printed in gilt letters on the post at each end of them. The prominent pews were sixpence, and the tax was modified in proportion, until towards the end of the church the value of a seat was but a penny, with "free sittings" for those who could not afford to pay at all.

The intense, sincere devotion that made itself felt in that little English church was extremely edifying. We willingly lingered when Mass was over, while some sweet bird-song thrilled in through the narrow windows, and the soft fire of the sanctuary lamp flushed the marble of the altar with a delicate pink radiance.

In returning we walked along the rippling Avon, which was all in a merry glitter and sparkle with the morning sun; then through Shakspere's church-yard, where we lingered to read some of the odd inscriptions on the mossiest, most illegible

tombstones. The town was beginning to be wide-awake by the time we reached the streets again, and hastened back to our flower-decked inn to a very welcome breakfast.

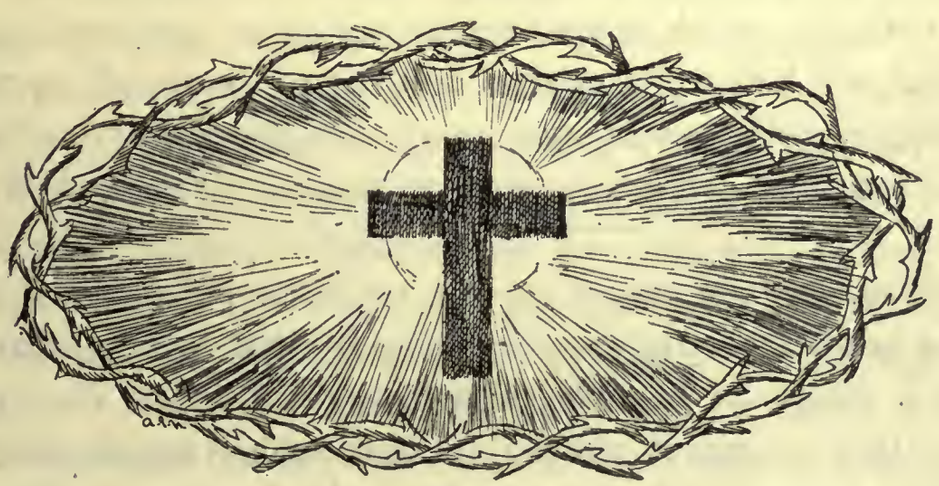
It was a decidedly gray Sunday that dawned for us in "dear old Ireland," in the ancient town of Lisburn, County Antrim. We started early for the 9 o'clock Mass, and had ample time to saunter along the quiet streets, past the deserted old mansions that were the pride of this once thriving town. They seem for all the world like gaunt, sad ghosts, begging the passer-by to give them back the days of prosperity and hospitality. We peered curiously through a few dusty windows in the vacant houses (alas! there are many of them), and their wide halls where the bright hearth fires had sent out their bright welcome, and the broad stairways, that had sounded to the touch of light footsteps, looked back at us so desolately through years of neglect and generations of dust—pathetic, lonely homes of Ireland,—homes so symbolical of their country's condition! The comparison impressed itself with extra force as we began to mingle with the crowd, all going in the same direction. A poor-looking, ill-clad company they were, the majority of them the hard-working mill-hands. Most of the women had shawls wrapped tightly around their heads in lieu of bonnets, many of them never having possessed such an article of luxury. It was impossible not to compare these humble, poverty-stricken creatures with the comfortably garbed Catholics we had met in the churches of other countries.

Before the Mass began, while we were scrutinizing the hooded, praying figures surrounding us, it was a strong temptation to picture to one's imagination the number of hearts there must have been in that assemblage that were lifted to God on behalf of their nearest and dearest whose homes were now in America. In that sense it was a different congregation from any among whom we had hitherto knelt. It would have been an odd man or woman kneeling with us whose interest and affection would not have instantly responded at mention of that glorious New Country—the New Ireland for many of them—to which they were bound by the strongest ties of kinship and love.

The Parish Church was a new one, built on the site of its predecessor, which had witnessed many generations come and go. The children occupied half of the middle aisle, boys and

girls on separate sides. The boys sang hymns during the Mass, with very good taste and feeling; and one young lad stepped into the aisle beside the harmonium, which was presided over by the schoolmaster, and sang alone, with an exquisite, fresh young voice. His solo was that ever-beautiful one, "There is a Green Hill Far Away," and every word was uttered with remarkable distinctness and devotion. Many were weeping when he had finished, and every head was bowed in rough, toil-marked hands.

The sun streamed in over the altar before the Mass was quite finished, so that when we came out the day was as golden as a primrose. We strolled back through the old Castle Gardens, and looked far across to the hills of County Down and Morne mountains, where the grass lay as green as an emerald beneath the blue sky. As that splendid landscape unrolled itself to the horizon I thought with an overwhelming sadness of the millions of loyal Irish hearts in America that were breaking for the sight of such a picture as this, and the millions of aching hearts in all parts of the world who knelt in their own Irish church in spirit every Sunday, even as we had been privileged to do in reality, with the breath of the hawthorn stealing in at the windows, and God's sunshine streaming down over his faithful people.



DOCTRINE VERSUS DOCTRINAL DISRUPTION.

BY REV. HENRY H. WYMAN, C.S.P.

THE subject of the present article has not only been derived from Mr. W. H. Mallock's incomparable book, *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption*,* but for the most part the matter as well, and I think those who read this book will admit that practically there is no difference between the two titles. In his own clear and indisputable way he has made the distinction between them as wide as I possibly can, which means precisely the difference between order and chaos, unity and diversity, authority and anarchy.

Strange as it may seem, there is nothing of which men are so unconscious as their own inconsistencies. This is particularly true in regard to religious beliefs, which in most cases have been inherited and confirmed by education and are seldom questioned. Yet it is possible that momentous changes of faith among multitudes may be brought about by some unexpected cause, such as the development of a new train of thought in the mind of a single individual. Mr. Mallock bids fair to be such an instrument through the publication of this wonderful book on the philosophy of religion. As the book shows, he grasps fully all the strong points of the leading schools of religious thought in the Anglican Church and treats all of them with equal fairness, manifestly content with the exposition of them in the attitudes which they themselves have assumed, and, what is unheard of before, ventures boldly to expound in the same spirit another religious system, and that the only one which his coreligionists instinctively reject without a hearing—the Roman Catholic.

In every way he seems to me to have written the most remarkable book on religious controversy that has appeared since Newman's *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.* My object in this article is simply to outline his arguments, leaving my readers to judge for themselves whether or not his reasoning is valid.

* *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption.* By W. H. Mallock. London: Adam and Charles Black.

THE NECESSITY OF A RULE OF FAITH.

Mr. Mallock first calls attention to the fact that all parties in his church directly appeal to ultimate proofs and authorities in questions of doctrine, and from this fact he concludes that there must be a final standard, otherwise all discussion of doctrinal points is idle. The great fundamental question which is shaking and dividing all parties, he says, is not one relating to the particular doctrines which the different parties severally and distinctively hold, "but it is a question of the rule of faith—of what are the ultimate grounds on which all or any doctrines are to be accepted by us as true. In a word, the whole trouble, as he puts it, is that there is no common rule for the settlement of any doctrinal question. Each party attends to its own theory of authority, but does not regard the theories of others; and, if we set them side by side, we find that there are precisely as many theories of authority as there are schools of theology, thus showing that the differences of doctrine can be attributed only to corresponding differences in their premises. Nothing is more illusory, as the history of controversy since the Reformation shows, than the idea that the Bible constitutes an authority against which there is no appeal. It shows that without an authoritative interpreter the Bible may become a source of dissension rather than a standard of unity.

THE NEW THEORY OF INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE.

Recently, as he clearly proves from the highest Protestant authorities, a great change has taken place in regard to the meaning of the Bible among almost all Protestant theologians as a result of what is called the "Higher Criticism." According to the theory of this school, we should follow the same methods in interpreting Holy Scripture that we do in the spheres of the natural sciences of philology and history. Now, this absolute change of base is, as he logically infers, revolutionary and wholly subversive of the old idea of the Bible as a Sacred Oracle to be interpreted by supernatural light given to believers. How, for example, he asks, by such a method can we know that Christ was born of a Virgin or that He rose from the dead? Yet to doctrinal Christianity, as ordinarily understood, the reality of these events is essential. But natural science by its very nature can tell us nothing about such things. If they are actual facts they belong to the supernatural order,

and it is only because God speaks through the writers of the New Testament and affirms that they happened that we can be certain that they are true. Plainly neither private judgment nor scientific rules of interpretation of themselves can establish the actuality of the Virgin-birth and Resurrection, as both these criteria, at their best, are liable to mislead us, as they often do in other matters which are far less recondite. An infallible witness alone can safeguard us against error in believing them.

THE THEORY OF THE CONSENSUS.

The idea of the necessity of an authoritative church has never been wholly given up by Anglicans. They have, with the exception of the Broad-Church party, always appealed more or less to tradition, which they have interpreted, as they do Scripture, in various ways. The Low-Church party has professed to follow the Primitive Church, attributing to it an authority which it has denied to the Church of a later period. But this theory rests only on the natural accuracy and retentiveness of memory of the early Christians as aids to their understanding of revelation. The obscurity of this period and the variable opinions as to the limit of it have made it the least definite of all the consensus theories. Furthermore, the Scripture account of the controversies in the Apostolic Church, and particularly that on the subject of circumcision, which was settled only by Apostolic authority, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, shows that primitive belief, even if it could be ascertained, would afford no immunity from error, except so far as the living authority existing at the time had decided upon it and has since continued alive to enforce it.

If we examine carefully the consensus theory as expressed by the High and Ritualistic parties, we find a more definite statement of doctrine in the early creeds and councils, but a greater difficulty in accounting for the cessation of authority to decide religious questions during the Middle Ages, when Christianity reached the acme of its influence in the world in spite of the triumph of Mohammedism over the Oriental churches which had revolted from the authority of Rome; for whether we consider the subsequent exercise of ecclesiastical authority by the Roman Church as legitimate or not, it certainly Christianized more people and sanctified more souls than the whole indisputable church of previous ages. Is it reasonable to suppose that a pseudo-authority could supplant the legitimate and

accomplish greater results? And in our consideration of this question we must not forget to compare the meagre results of Protestantism with those of previous ages.

THE MISSING LINK CAN BE FOUND.

If we conclude that Protestantism has failed to establish doctrinal Christianity on a firm basis, are we to conclude that the defence of it is hopeless? "No," says Mr. Mallock, because "the missing link which completes the doctrinal system of Christianity and makes of it a perfect whole is the principle of an ever-living and ever-infallible Church, which is the basis of the Roman system of doctrine." The Roman theory of authority "absorbs into itself all the positive elements of doctrine in Protestantism and makes of them an efficient, logical, and consistent body of teaching." But if the Protestant systems are taken by themselves alone, "we can only say that they are but broken parts—dead when torn from the body to which properly they belong, living when united to it."

"The net result of the Roman theory of the church, regarded as a witness and a teacher of Christian doctrine, is to endow that vast body with a single undying personality—an unbroken personal consciousness. The result which its possession of this complete organic character has on the Church of Rome, as a teaching body, is obvious. Being thus endowed with a single brain, it is endowed also with a continuous historic memory, is constantly able to explain and re-state doctrine, and to attest, as though from personal experience, the facts of its earliest history. Is doubt thrown on the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ? The Church of Rome replies: 'I was at the door of the Sepulchre myself. My eyes saw the Lord come forth. My eyes saw the cloud receive Him.' Is doubt thrown on Christ's miraculous birth? The Church of Rome replies: 'I can attest the fact even if no other witness can; for the angel said Hail! in my ear as well as in Mary's.'"

GOD AND THE COSMOS.

In conclusion Mr. Mallock says: "Whether it is possible for one to respond to this appeal seriously, and accept doctrinal Christianity as the Roman Church offers it to us, each man must decide for himself." While the sole aim of the author has been, as he says, to show the Protestant of to-day that, if the organic voice of Rome is illusory, all doctrinal Christianity must be

illusory also; still his admission that whether it is possible to accept doctrinal Christianity as the Roman Church offers it to us, *each man must decide for himself*, shows that he does not hold that any scientific *fact* contradicts its teaching; otherwise it would be impossible to accept it. But he also adds (and I think he here voices his own personal difficulty): "Doubtless as knowledge widens it reveals to us aspects of things which make such a response difficult. The apparent insignificance of this earth as compared with the rest of the universe, the enormous antiquity of mankind as compared with the Christian centuries, the evanescent character of mankind as measured by cosmic time, all tend to paralyze the action of faith, and to interfere with the idea that the Creator of all the world died for the sake of a swarm of ephemeral animals crawling for a moment on the surface of this paltry pillule."

When I think of this objection I can only say to him, as Sophar the Naamathite said to Job: "Per adventure thou wilt comprehend the steps of God and wilt find out the Almighty perfectly." If we contemplate God, as He reveals Himself to us, we learn that "all nations are before Him as if they had no being at all, and are counted to Him as nothing and vanity." Is the vast cosmos (and even if it were millions of times vaster than it is) more than a single atom in the eyes of Him who created all things out of nothing? What were Nazareth and Bethlehem compared with other cities in the world, and is the Lord less in our eyes because He chose to dwell in them? If He died for "ephemeral animals crawling for a moment on the surface of this paltry pillule," is it not because He Himself became *One* of them, and thus made such an act possible? Could not God, if He chose, assume a nature that He had created? If He could not, would He be omnipotent? The humility of the Redeemer is His most attractive feature to the majority of His followers, and should we not rather learn from the vastness of the universe, and His own apparently insignificant place in it as Man, the loveliness of humility in His eyes? Our standards of greatness are plainly not His; and, inasmuch as we are mere creatures, what does our knowledge of anything amount to in the presence of Omniscience?

St. Mary's (Paulist) Church, San Francisco, Cal.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.—*Continued.*

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE STRESS OF DECISION.

TWO men, with sadly downcast faces and hands clasped behind them, pensively paced the beach of Golden Gate Ranch, meeting where the sands stretched desolately just opposite Island Rock. In the shadow of the deserted house of mourning, in the loneliness of the shore cleared at last of the morbid crowd thronging the scene of the tragedy during the nine-days wonder succeeding it, the strangers, upon common impulse, halted and saluted each other. The older of the two was the mission-priest who had baptized Raymond,—the younger was the Signor Lanza.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life.

"It was a grand soul," confided the priest, waving his hand towards the scene of Raymond's death.

But the Signor's De Profundis was for Mina.

"It was a beautiful soul, my father," he mourned; "the soul of genius,—of an artist born. If love—and death—had not blighted it—"

"Love and death blight nothing, my son. Love perfects, death consummates—"

But at the sight of the tears in the emotional signor's eyes the priest's words strangled in his throat.

"The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away: blessèd be the name of the Lord!" he murmured, submissively.

They went their ways, which the width of the world divided. Yet in these two whose tears for the moment mingled, Raymond and Mina, perchance, had their truest mourners.

To the proud spirit of mankind there is no more surprising, bitter, or pathetic realization than that of the insignificant void left in the world by the most eminent individual, once he drops from the human ranks. The victory or defeat of legion comrades may have hung upon his every life-breath; but the impotence of death seems to extend even retrospectively, obliterating the vestiges of a power whose little day is past. "*All is vanity*,"—"*Toute passe*,"—no age or tongue but proclaims in turn the universal lesson! Yet only as intimate circumstance forces it home to each human heart, is man humbled to a sense of his transient importance. Moral egotism, however, is clearly providential, inspiring the individual effort which is the duty of humanity, and sustaining the general activity upon which depends the progression of the world.

In life, Raymond had been a force rotating labor's and capital's gigantic wheels. His death caused a jar, a momentary panic and stunned stagnation; then new forces replaced him, and the shock of interruption was survived. The surprise of this survival was the sting of Raymond's death for inexperienced Joyce. As his boat cleared the fog only to face a waste of waters, he had felt that the end of Raymond's West was come,—the future of California blighted. Hence his lesson of death's episodic hold upon life was a surprise from which he revolted. The unchanged routine of the *Pioneer* seemed to him a heartless disloyalty to the dead; and Pearson's assumption

of Raymond's place, a usurpation rather than a fidelity. That the life-law of succession shrines no creed of negation,—that representation is not oblivion, but resurrection,—that in the continuity of Raymond's work lay the best tribute to his memory,—was too abstract a truth for the heart of youth to recognize. Therefore, now that his *Pioneer*-duties had become a pain to him, Joyce was peculiarly susceptible to counter-claims more congenial to his sentiments of the hour: and seductive temptations to desert his journalistic post were neither lacking nor firmly resisted.

Raymond's affairs, though notably various, were complex rather than complicated; having been kept in such perfect order as is the result of rigorous system,—the specific secret of broad and varied individual achievement. His will, made out in the main at the time of his marriage, limited his wife, in case of children surviving him, to a generous life-interest in his estate; but left her the bulk of his fortune unconditionally, if he died without issue. To his life-associate Pearson, under certain accepted conditions, went the complete plant and property of the *Pioneer*, which had been from its start Raymond's private enterprise. Large legacies to Mina and Stephen, —by which Stephen, as sole survivor, now profited doubly,— and an ample life-income to Mam'selle, still left margin for numerous private charities and public benefactions. To Gladys went only a personal souvenir: for Raymond had been no advocate of the more-to-much theory obtaining in the world. By a final codicil, added only two months before his death, Joyce was made the legatee of certain mine-shares whose par value approximated the sum of ten thousand dollars; designated by the just and generous Raymond as "a fair start in the West," in case of his death before his Eastern *protégé's* career was already a thing accomplished.

Thus the living of all classes profited materially by the rich man's death: and thereby one phase of life's law of compensation attained pathetic fulfilment. The mourners of the poor, though few and humble, mourn uncomforted; while the mourners of the rich weep with secret complacence. The touchstone of gain disproves tears of long flowing; and the desire of the living, by the inexorable law of nature, is dead men's shoes.

It was Stephen who, of all the mourners, was most to be

pitied. Unlike Mrs. Raymond, he had lost not only the friend, but the supreme love of his life. Unlike the happier Mam'selle and Gladys, he lacked the religious conviction which, by grace of its faith in "the communion of saints," keeps the living in spiritual touch with the beloved dead, and immortalizes human affections. After the first incredible shock and agony of realization he had lapsed into a benumbed state of painless apathy; but this merciful truce was of brief duration, and reviving to consciousness of his cruel loss, both his mind and body temporarily succumbed. The shattering of his vigor and nerve was evident to all who looked upon his stricken face; but the effect of bereavement upon the youthful widow was less clearly demonstrated. In shuddering horror of the reef and the waves, Imogen had fled at once from the Ranch to San Francisco; but this flight was the one and only sign she betrayed that the tragedy had unnerved her. She avoided all unnecessary allusion to Raymond, and changed the subject when others discussed him. Nobody knew that her life was tortured, her remorseful soul haunted by the heart-cry which had been her last sound of his voice,—the last word he had uttered to her,—a love-call which now must be unanswered for ever,—"Imogen! *Imogen!*"

In vital contrast to the desolated Raymond Ranch, its neighbor the Surfside, despite the Pearsons' sincere mourning for Raymond, was the happy scene of prospective bridals. Even on the eventful Sunday following the Raymond ball, Breezy and Dolly had decided "unanimously," as they informed the amused Colonel, that an engagement was merely loss of time; and agreed upon such speedy marriage as would transform Dolly's projected bachelor-trip to Europe, whose postponement was voted impossible, into a honeymoon-tour. Since Dolly, who in spite of his society-frills was an enterprising and energetic young American, had committed himself to a permanent settlement in the West, the Colonel realized that paternal opposition to a speedy union would be unjustified, and gave the young lovers their hasty way, upon condition of an absolutely private wedding, in respect to Raymond's memory. Yet even the transient loss of the Junoesque Breezy, whose dashing young beauty, vital with ozone and sunshine, had been the light of his wifeless home, was a trial to the Colonel; and the failure of her honeymoon to claim the vivacious Harry as its satellite,

weighed even more heavily upon his mind. In her natural absorption in bridal chiffons, Breezy, in advance of the departure to be signalized by rice and old shoes, already had surrendered her sister to her own devices; and of Harry's idleness the traditional mischief was born. The Colonel's need of a wife, now that Miss Beatrice was leaving him, was the indiscreet servants' chief topic of gossip; and Harry, overhearing the matrimonial surmises, brooded over them with disastrous results.

"Huh," she mused, blowing into Smudges' somnolent eyes by way of commanding his proper attention; "I don't know whether drowndings or marryings the most ruinatious to the peace of *this* fam'ly! There 's Golden Gate Ranch all shut up by death, and here 's Surfside Ranch upside-down and inside-out and topsy-turvy the whole time long, just because Breezy Pearson's going to marry a husband! And now they say that Pa Pearson's casting *his* old eye round for a wife! Huh! There 's only one wife you and me 'll let him have! Sic all the rest of them, Smudges,—sic 'em,—sic 'em!"

The unsuspecting Colonel,—who had escorted Gladys from town, Breezy having appealed to her charity for criticism of her hurried trousseau,—was utilizing his holiday-hour by complacent comparison of the *Pioneer* with its journalistic rivals, when Harry, with Smudges wedged like a bludgeon under her determined little arm, appeared resentfully before him.

"Pa Pearson," she demanded, "what do *you* want to 'cast your eye round for a wife' for, like they all say? Ain't you got *me?*"

The Colonel's startled face relaxed into a grim smile of appreciation.

"My beloved Harriet," he acknowledged, "were my maligned eye indeed tempted towards the matrimonial focus, you have stated my fullest justification. It is, that I, indeed—have you!"

"Huh!" she meditated, uncertain of his admission or denial. "Well, I think you 're real mean to marry any old wife, Pa Pearson; and I 'll just get married myself, right straight off,—same as you and Breezy Pearson!"

"May I ask," inquired the Colonel gravely, "what fortunate suitor my younger daughter favors with her matrimonial intentions?"

"Huh! Don't you forget that all the boys try to spoon me! But Jimmie Jones—says I 'm his—sweetheart!"

"Ah? Jimmie Jones! And what does the junior Miss Pearson answer James Jones, Esquire?"

"I slap his face!"

The Colonel lost his dignity and laughed uproariously.

"Your endearing response to tender overtures is most praiseworthy, my daughter," he assured her. "Believe me, you cannot improve upon your method, for many years!"

But the Colonel, returning to his paper with a heart lightened by merry laughter, was in blissful ignorance of the intentions of the immature but practical Harry, filially bent upon saving paternal innocence from a matrimonial mistake.

Gladys, whose return to the neighborhood of Golden Gate Ranch had been a sacrificial concession to friendship, was making her dinner-toilette in a mood saddened by the painful associations of the locality,—the sight of the reef, the sound of the waves, reviving memories that were among the most sorrowful of her life,—when a violent thump against her door was followed by the headlong entry of Harry and Smudges. Before she had time to turn from the mirror, Harry had gasped out her errand.

"Say," she panted, "will you please be Pa Pearson's wife? Will you, Gladys Broderick,—will you?"

"Harry!" protested Gladys, flushing hotly, as her maid indulged in a significant smile, while tactfully hastening to shut the door.

"Oh, please do, now, Gladys, 'cause if you don't, he 'll marry some one else; and you 're the only one I 'll let him! I love you next best to Breezy Pearson: and I won't be mean to you, if you marry him ever so much! But of course I 'd lots rather he 'd do with just me and Smudges; and *I* don't see what he wants of any more 'n just his own fam'ly!"

"Perhaps he does not, dear! In any case, *I* am not in question. So you see it is all a mistake."

"Why ain't you in question, if Pa Pearson's got to have a wife, and you ain't married? He 's just as good as you are, Gladys Broderick! He 's a million times nicer than Jimmie Jones!"

"Why of course he is, Harry! One's dear father is always the best of men!"

"Then why won't you marry him?"

Gladys, pressed to the delicate point, took refuge in discreet evasion.

"Really, Harry," she laughed, "do you know I should fear that you and Smudges might be too much for me?"

"Well, so we would," assented Harry, cheerfully; and dashed down stairs in a jubilant frame of mind.

"Say, I went and asked her for you, but she says no, she won't marry you," she exulted, with the effect of a bombshell upon the sensitively honorable and chivalrous Colonel.

"Bless my soul!" he gasped, lowering his paper in startled haste, and looking helplessly about him in search of succor. "Where is your sister? Where is nurse Susan? Bless my soul and body! *What* did I understand you to say?"

"I said I asked her for you,—told her Pa Pearson wanted to marry her, and that I'd let just *her* be your wife, if you really had to have one! But she said no, that she would n't marry you if you were ever so nice! So that 's settled!"

The proud old Colonel's blood surged apoplectically headwards. In the shock of the moment he shrank from further revelations, dreading to hear to whom or what Harry's indiscretion had committed him. And in truth the position of the Colonel was a delicate one, since for many years it had been no secret to those intimately concerned, that if the charming Mam'selle had but proved susceptible, his daughters would have had a gentle guardian, his home a mistress, and he an abiding friend and companion suitable to his years. The Colonel affected neither the ardor of youth, nor the romantic enslavement of a first grand passion; but the fragile, dainty, patrician Mam'selle, perhaps by the law of the attraction of opposites, had appealed at first sight to his strong, brusque nature; and his paternal solicitude conceived no higher type of refined womanhood, as a standard for his motherless daughters.

But Mam'selle, while according the Colonel all the regard of a dear friend, resolutely ignored the possibility of any less simple sentiment between them. Her delicacy, her sensitiveness, even the exquisite calm of her virginal life, seemed affrighted and pained by his first intimation of courtship: and the Colonel, as a suitor, effaced himself promptly; appreciating the pathos of womanhood whose mature years, and sensitiveness of infirmity, doomed its tender side to shrink beneath the lash of the world's sense of humor. Now, in the excitement of the moment, for-

getting that not Mam'selle, but only Gladys' maid, had accompanied them from town, his heart chilled with the fear that the sensitive gentlewoman's reserve had been stormed, her fine delicacy violated, by his irresponsible madcap.

"Whom have you dared to insult,—whom?" he demanded, catching Harry's arm in a grip that released Smudges, who tumbled to the floor with a yelp of surprise.

"You let be my arm! You're hurting me, Pa Pearson! I didn't insult anybody, unless letting 'em know you want to marry 'em's insulting them! Why, it was Gladys Broderick, of course! Who else do you 'spose *I*'d let you have for a wife? But Gladys Broderick has sense, and won't marry you!"

The relieved Colonel relaxed his hold. Yet the expression on his face was somewhat ambiguous. He was sincerely grateful that things were no worse,—that his terrible infant neither had shocked Mam'selle, nor compromised him with any maiden less unmatrimonially inclined; yet masculine complacence and vanity were somewhat at war with his nobler spirit. Instinctively he rose and sauntered towards the mirror, giving his handsome moustache a jaunty twirl, by the way. The image reflected was reassuring,—a tall, broad, erect figure, a florid, dark-eyed face with the healthful vigor of prime still infusing it. He ran his hand approvingly through his iron-gray hair. After all, might not even a young and lovely heiress do worse?"

"Ahem!" he coughed, turning from the mirror. "What—er—what did you say was Miss Gladys'—er—objection to me?"

"I didn't say," retorted the literal Harry. "But I guess her objection's sort of to you altogether! Or maybe it's just 'cause you're so old, 'cause she said something about 'fathers,'—I forget just what! But anyways, she said *I*'d be too much for her!"

"Ah," murmured the mollified Colonel: "then her main objection was—er—to you!" He resumed his chair with youth's afterglow on his face, and slowly met the tips of his fingers as he mused, not uncomplacently. But his thoughts soon returned to the risks and disadvantage of Harry's officiousness, and retribution descended upon her.

"Harry," he said, sternly, "you have done a dreadful thing, for which I shall be forced to apologize to our charming young guest,—a most awkward,—a doubly awkward predicament!

Your incredible folly convinces me that I have no choice but to put you in proper training. You have run wild too long, you poor little waif; and at least until your sister's return and permanent settlement, you must resign yourself to—school!"

"To school? To *boarding*-school?"

"Yes."

"I won't go!"

"You shall go on the day following Breezy's wedding!"

"Where to?" demanded Harry, yielding to curiosity.

"The details I shall beg leave to refer to Mam'selle Delacroix!"

"Huh! She'll send me to Gladys Broderick's old convent for Catholics. *I* ain't any Catholic!"

"May I be informed what you are?"

"I ain't anything yet,—any more 'n you are!"

"Then become a Catholic, my daughter," advised the Colonel, thoughtfully. "Judging from such examples as Miss Broderick and—er—Mam'selle Delacroix,—Catholicism rather than negatism, seems to be the creed evolving the typical gentlewoman."

"Pa Pearson," stamped Harry, tempted by the attractive novelty of her prospects, but surrendering only conditionally,—"I just won't go to any old convent,—nor be made any old Catholic,—without Smudges can come along too!"

"Wow!" barked Smudges. "Wow!"

"I think," comforted the Colonel, suddenly enfolding the devoted pair in his arms, "that, in consideration of certain promises on the part of my motherless little girl, the tender-hearted ladies of the cloister may concede to arrangements not absolutely exclusive of—Smudges!"

Thus out of the passing evil of the Colonel's embarrassment came immortal good to his wild little Harry; for her warm heart speedily responded to the gentle influences of the cloister-angels, and in due time no more zealous little Catholic knelt in the convent-chapel than the youthful but sincere convert, who, relinquishing for the time being her matrimonial plans for the Colonel, bombarded him weekly with letters treating zealously of his chances of eternal salvation.

But despite Breezy's auspicious marriage, and Harry's peaceful departure to "Gladys Broderick's convent," the loss of his

daughters was a real grief to the Colonel, and morose moods born of his unaccustomed loneliness were vented upon the unfortunate staff of the *Pioneer.* The older hands submitted philosophically, knowing the Colonel to be an inveterate old fire-eater; but Joyce, who, as Raymond's favored *protégé*, had been "handled with gloves" in his patron's life-time, was unprepared for the iron hand that fell upon him, when patience with his liberties of absence soon ceased to be Pearson's virtue.

Sauntering jauntily towards his desk one afternoon in mid-winter, Joyce nodded right and left to his smiling colleagues. He liked all the "*Pioneer* boys," on principle: and they, without exception, had put him up at their rival clubs.

At the start, the proud and spirited Westerners had been more than ready to haze Yankee airs out of Raymond's importation; but, by happy chance, Joyce's admiring exclamation as the robust, ruddy, vigorous ranks rose to acknowledge Raymond's informal presentation of their recruit, had disarmed local prejudice and antagonism.

"By Jove," was his ejaculation, upon first sight of them, "what an athletic set you Western chaps are! What's your college?"

Ball teams and crack crews suddenly became absorbing themes to more than the sporting editor; and later, when Joyce settled to his supplement as professionally as a duck takes to water, his popularity already was established.

But after Raymond's death, Joyce's truancies from his desk became a scandal in the office; and it was in justice to the rest of his staff that Pearson felt constrained to take him to task, when with the assurance of a veteran he turned up unapologetically, after a vacation which was by no means his first of the type called "French leave."

"Yes, *sir*," Joyce admitted with rollicking emphasis, as, turning to hang up his coat, he discovered Pearson ostentatiously comparing his watch with the office-clock, "I know I am late; but as I am not 'a Daily,' does it matter? My loss at one end is made up at the other, which evens things beautifully, Colonel!"

Pearson, with a pipe in his mouth, and a manuscript and big pencil clutched belligerently in one hand, dropped into what Joyce called the "company chair," with the manner of a Daniel come to judgment.

"Yes, you're late,—late *again*, after an absence without leave," he protested. "And making up at the other end is not *my* method of running even the Weekly. Now, my boy, you began splendidly, and that you were Jim Raymond's candidate is ninety-nine points in your favor for ever; but of course if your bonanza-expectations are turning you into a gentleman-at-large, I have no choice but to sub. you on the *Pioneer*."

"My expectations? Are you referring to my legacy, Colonel? Upon honor, I have thought of it only—with the saddest regret!"

His blue-eyed gaze was the challenge of a candid soul, and Pearson knew it.

"Then why, since my administration," demanded the Colonel, dashing his pencil wildly down a luckless page, and biting his pipe-stem fiercely,—"why have you deserted your desk, scamped your work, and bluffed the public with Sups. not worth shucks? Even better than the rest of the boys, you know Jim Raymond's ambitions for the *Pioneer*. If only to justify his spirit towards you, why not stand with me in my struggle to realize them?"

Joyce's mobile lips were suddenly the lips of iron-willed old Hiram Josselyn, hard and rigid. If he had not stiffened them, they must have trembled. *He* to fail dear Jim Raymond,—*he?*

"I did not know my recent work had been so unsatisfactory, Colonel," he said, with an effort. "Why did you not call me to an account at once? I have utilized the exchanges more largely since Mr. Raymond's death, yes;—but only because I thought reproduction of the best preferable to original matter 'scamped,' as you say; and calls from my desk have been many, as you know. But I have been serving,—not failing,—Mr. Raymond!"

"Indeed? In my ignorance might I venture to ask—just how?"

"Oh, well, you know,"—Joyce reached for a paper-knife and toyed with it nervously as he stammered his embarrassed reply,—"you know poor Morris is quite a wreck since the fatality,—and the confidential matters in his hands—private business matters of—of Mrs. Raymond's—"

Pearson, who had been tilting his chair against the wall, returned to level ground with a thud.

"Look here," he thundered, "do you stand in with me,

like a man of honor, for Jim Raymond's memory? Or are you tail-wagging on your own account, as a wealthy young widow's prize-puppy?"

His stentorian tones, though his words were inaudible, echoed through the office. The staff exchanged pantomimes descriptive of wrath and woe. Too evidently, "the old man" was again "on the rampage"!

Joyce rose in a temper.

"Colonel Pearson, I neither understand nor like your words—"

"Who the dickens cares a deuce what you like, you stripling? But as to not understanding, you know where you're at, and that's just what I'm after! No swinging your legs on both sides of *my* fence! Shove yourself off, if you can't come clean over!"

Joyce had risen, and was pacing the little room with bent head and quick footsteps. The Colonel's eyes, in spite of the scowling brows above them, followed him indulgently. He liked the flushed young face and the stormy blue eyes, the pocketed hands, and the soft lips set tensely under the callow moustache. If vacillation was in Joyce's present restlessness, there were fearlessness and the presage of strength of purpose in his gallant young figure, whose martial cut the Colonel admired reminiscently.

"Colonel," Joyce confessed in a lowered voice, halting as he decided to show his hand, "you've got me! Frankly, Mrs. Raymond has offered me a berth corresponding to the one Morris held under Mr. Raymond; and while I hesitate to throw up the *Pioneer*, you see the chance, in the way of financial pointers, is a big one for me!"

"A big chance for you, is it?" Pearson repeated. He crumpled his manuscript, and dropped his pipe into its folds, extinguishing a smouldering spark with his pencil. "Now *I* should have said that it was just about as picayune a thing as you could look me in the face and confess to contemplating,—to throw up a manly profession, in which you've made a hit at the start, for the sake of dangling after a whimsical woman who, ten chances to one, will abuse you roundly when you're doing your level best for her, and pitch you out neck and crop when she has to pay the fiddler for the fool-tunes she's nagged you into dancing to! Great Scott! what a career for a young-

ster with grit in him! And anyway, how long do you expect such a nice little arrangement to last? Rich young widows are proverbially unfixed quantities. When the inevitable happens, what of your future?"

"Why, you 'd welcome me back with open arms! You just know you would, now, Colonel!"

The peppery Pearson fumed audibly.

"Welcome you back? *No*, sir! No playing fast and loose with Jim Raymond's *Pioneer*, by any shilly-shallying Doodle Dandy dumped on God's own country! But since the Sup. leaves you time for mischief, I 'll give your swelled head its fling on the Daily. Is n't that a chance to beat financial pointers hollow,—you aspirant for immortal fame?"

Joyce squirmed his doubt. The journalist's eyes fired.

"Why, you cub," he shouted, "is n't the spirit of the thing in you yet? If not, then Jim Raymond make the first mistake of his life; and by the laws, contract or no contract, I 'll set it right, and fire you!"

He stamped back between the rows of suddenly deaf and blind reporters who, reviving as soon as his burly back was turned, exchanged eloquent winks of intelligence. There was not one among them who, if put to the vote, would not have "fired" the autocratic old Colonel in preference to Joyce. But in spite of the prerogative of the nobler sex, this special franchise was not their privilege.

Joyce put in a hard afternoon's work on his supplement. He dashed off copy, corrected proofs, and then slashed exchanges and the latest books, with scissors and criticism of rival sharpness. As the light waned, he flung the waste-basket at the head of the dodging office-boy, and struggling into his overcoat with a vigor suggestive of unexpended irritation, strode moodily towards his rooms. But after dressing and dining his spirits rebounded, and he approached the Pacific Avenue house, at which he was now a daily visitor, depressed little more than usual by the façaded white structure which, now that its exterior was shorn of brilliant-hued flowers, and its inner lights hidden by opaque curtains, was mournfully suggestive, under the circumstances attending Mrs. Raymond's sudden occupancy of it, of an imposing tomb.

In concession to his wife's town-tastes, Raymond, at the time of his death, had been erecting an artistic colonial mansion

in the Western Addition. But this being only partially completed, and shunning the publicity of hotel-life during her early widowhood, Imogen, delayed in California by her legal and financial interests, had availed herself of a bankrupt millionaire's new house in Pacific Avenue suddenly thrown on the market for lease pending sale,—fully decorated, upholstered, and generally equipped for immediate occupancy. Although disparaging in words its somewhat vulgarly splendid appointments, Imogen, in truth, revelled in the glowing environment, contrasting gratefully with the sombre memories she sought in vain to banish.

"Imogen! *Imogen!*"

No one had ever called Imogen impressionable,—no one had classified her as a womanly woman, in the sense of emotion or nervousness. Yet no hysterical girl, no victim of feminine morbidness, ever was pursued more realistically by a fancied Nemesis than Imogen by her husband's voice. "Imogen! *Imogen!*" Day and night, night and day, the piteous heart-cry followed her. Her capacity for suffering and remorse surprised her. She did not realize that of the late seed of wife-love, thrilling to life in her heart in her last hour with her husband, were born her repentance and pain.

She was not in the library into which Joyce was ushered; but Mam'selle and Gladys were in great lounging-chairs by the open fire. Both showed traces, which their black garments accentuated, of the recent passage of sorrow. But Gladys' mourning of courtesy rather than of obligation, was softened by white folds at throat and wrists; and a mass of white pansies with purple hearts nestled against her shoulder. As Joyce entered, she glanced up from a small volume bound in russia-leather, and silently smiled her welcome. Joyce had become almost as intimate a feature of her daily life as Stephen. Since Mrs. Raymond's settlement in San Francisco, he had been as a devoted son of the house.

"May I talk shop?" he asked, seating himself by Gladys with the simple assurance of welcome and sympathy which was one of his charms for women. "I have been at odds with the *Pioneer*, all day. I hate it for going on as if Mr. Raymond's death were not an—an all-round fatality! His paper goes its pace,—his political party pushes on without him,—his road keeps its tracks,—other financiers pull his gold wires,—upon honor, I fail to see that his passing seems to matter at all;—

yet the death of such a man ought to be not only a local loss, but a stunning national calamity! Of what use are public spirit and charitable benefactions, if death makes no more difference than if one never existed? Why, this whole thing seems to put a premium upon purely selfish living!"

"Be not selfish, *mon fils*," Mam'selle looked up from her devotional reading to enjoin him. "It is the fault of the American young men; but you—you be like our poor, good Stephen! What was he not ever all too ready to sacrifice for the lightest pleasure of the little Mina? Ah, *la pauvre petite* Mina—*mignonne* Mina—*bêbée* Mina—"

But Joyce responded to the Rachel-cry of the bereaved Mam'selle only by a glance of tenderest sympathy. He avoided mention of Mina, embarrassed by his consciousness of the love-episode with her, which was his own heart's inviolable secret. Not even to Stephen had he vouchsafed one hint of it. His self-reproachful realization of his own light sentiment had instigated the silence now sustained in reverence. His tender little secret had become dear and sacred to him. It was like a virgin lily shrined in Mina's memory, in the spring-closes of his heart.

"I know just how Mr. Josselyn feels," Gladys was saying, sympathetically. "I think all who love and lose, suffer from what at first seems to be the world's cruel indifference and forgetfulness. But later, we realize that 'what is, is right'! At least that has been my experience!"

"Tell me your experience," Joyce pleaded, with glowing eyes fixed upon her. Unconsciously he breathed a deep sigh of content. Here was well-being both for body and spirit. As yet, he was not cultured above a taste for such crude splendor as characterized what Imogen called her "ready-made home." Its appointments were lavish rather than tasteful,—barbaric rather than artistic. Yet a vital glow seemed to pulsate through it, like a magnetic human heart. The main hall and rooms were spacious and lofty, sumptuously rugged and tapestried, and pillared in variegated marble. Modern art, tropical hues and gold-leaf veneering predominated dazzlingly, endlessly repeated in a shimmering maze of omnipresent mirrors. But the flowers of which the exterior had been denuded were massed in the living-rooms,—the latest books and magazines were scattered carelessly over chairs and ottomans, an open fire blazed be-

tween the great bright andirons flanking the tiled chimney-place, and Mam'selle's gentle presence, Gladys' dainty maidenhood, added the needed humanizing touch.

"After my father's death," responded Gladys, "I resented not only in others just what you are resenting now,—but soon, cruelly soon, my most bitter reproach was for myself. When I realized that the keen edge of grief was dulling, that old interests were reviving and new ones awakening, I despised and hated and struggled against myself, till one day I recognized quite suddenly that my real battle was against a divinely merciful Providence. I saw that grief must be outlived, or life's ends would be sacrificed. We are here for vital action, not for reminiscence and melancholy; and nature reproaches, in resisting the apathy of protracted grief. Surely, in the survival of dear Mr. Raymond's work is the best proof that his life was, indeed, worth living; and to me, it seems a happy fate for you, who loved him, to be able to serve his memory!"

Joyce looked startled.

"It is strange," he stammered, "very strange that you should speak such words to me to-night, Miss Broderick. They seem like a voice from the grave!"

He leaned towards the fire, thinking deeply. His young face was suddenly stern and unsmiling. He was wrestling with temptation,—facing defeat and victory between which his soul still wavered. On one side was Mrs. Raymond's flattering offer, appealing to his financial ambitions, and subtly alluring in a social sense even more sweet and personal. On the other side, —Joyce's youthful illusions as to the supreme power of the journalist already being shattered,—the *Pioneer* held him only the commonplace rewards of congenial duty fulfilled,—a moderate competence, a chance of eventual honor, which seemed cold, barren, and isolated in comparison with the rival prospects which now he had only to reach out his hand to make his own. He loved the challenge to fortune dared by financial speculation,—the fascinating rise and fall of the restless market, —the big land-schemes and stock-deals, the rival companies of mine and road, with which management of Raymond's estate would associate him. His intellectual side, transiently uppermost at the close of his college-days, was overshadowed now by the active ambitions dominating masculine life in the golden West. The *Pioneer* was his stepping-stone,—but why should

he not press beyond it,—why? His decision must be made to-night.

The door opened and Imogen entered, followed by Stephen; —a wan and wrecked Stephen, who, as Joyce vacated his chair, sank listlessly into it, turning towards Gladys with the appealing, devoted eyes of a dependent child. Her smile was very tender as she greeted him. A strong man weakened is an infinitely pathetic spectacle to a woman; and her "pity is akin to love."

"Come and talk business," summoned Imogen, significantly, turning down the long room. Joyce followed her reluctantly. His answer was not yet ready. He resented his difficult position, and writhed in doubt as to the wisdom or folly of his own convictions. Only yesterday, his acceptance of Mrs. Raymond's offer had seemed expedient. To-night, with Pearson's and Gladys' words echoing the subtle murmur of insistent conscience, he knew that expedience and honor were two. Which should go to the wall?

Imogen's dark eyes subjected his face to a covert scrutiny. In his frown and flush she read his struggle, and her pride and wilfulness resented it; but beneath these primarily selfish sentiments a far subtler emotion was at work in Imogen's heart. Feminine psychology never yet presented a more complex problem than the illogical reasoning by which Imogen had convinced herself that in Joyce alone lay her refuge from remorse, and haunting, heartrending memory. In itself, her crowning cruelty to Raymond in resisting the appeal of his last hour would have troubled her as little in her husband's death as in his life, if self-reproach had not been its penalty. But "exemption" being still her heart's desire, she sought to evade her punishment.

Even from the hour when, unconscious less from exhaustion than from the shock of disappointment that his succor had come too late, Joyce was borne to the Ranch by Colonel Pearson and Dolly Pemberton, while Stephen still rowed on the waste of waters, with wild cries of "*Mina! Mina,*" Imogen's guilty conscience had screened itself behind Joyce, as her arbiter with the dead. As Raymond's grateful debtor in life,—as the comrade of his final hour,—as his rescuer at least in the lovingly and gallantly willing spirit,—Joyce's allegiance, affection, and service finely counterbalanced her own disloyalty,

desertion, and untender cruelty unto death; and hence in his atmosphere she felt vicariously justified, and found proxical peace of heart.

"Imogen! *Imogen!*" Anything to silence the haunting appeal, anything to delude herself into forgetting that she had not responded to it! Therefore she sought to strengthen the links associating her and Joyce, ere the wound of her soul should be healed by Time, the merciful all-curer.

Although her beauty was strangely subordinated by her mourning, her magnetic force had never asserted itself more triumphantly than now, as she consciously exerted it upon Joyce. Her face was very pale as she turned it upon him, but her red mouth cleft its pallor like a gash; and her eyes flamed sullenly, like smouldering flames. *He* to resist her,—*he*, Joyce Josselyn? Her white teeth and her nether lip welded.

"'Business,' I said," she amended,—"but rather, I should have said—*Finance!* Glittering Finance, imperial Finance,—the bright Juggernaut crushing the world! Oh, I understand why you men love, even to madness, the chariots of war! There is something omnipotent about crushing our rivals. And the wheels of victory are golden,—always golden! If I were but you,—you, a man in your youth, strong, ambitious, and with fortune awaiting your throw,—how I should exult in mere living!"

He quivered before her, as a sapling thrills to a tropical sun. But the sensitive boughs belie the strong trunk earth-rooted deep down where the sun cannot reach.

"The gods, for once, were kind to me," she went on in a gentler voice,—"to give me, in my loneliness, a friend who, by similar tastes and ambitions, so perfectly understands me! An unsympathetic representative would throw me back on myself; but you,—you will give me my vent! Behind you, or through you, I may take my risks, play my hands, lose and gain like a man, venture and dare like a hero! Do you think me unwomanly? Under my circumstances, no! The love-bereft woman must find a refuge; and mine is—golden ambition!"

She knew what she was doing,—playing in turn upon his ambition, his sympathy, his chivalry! All three sentiments were strong in Joyce; but a fourth characteristic, stronger still, coerced him to resist her. Neither could have given it a name. Was it idealism—or moral honor?

"O Mrs. Raymond!" he cried, like a boy. "Don't! Please don't! You make it so very hard for me!"

Then she knew her defeat, but her proud tact covered it. Joyce was deftly put in the wrong.

"'Hard' for you?" she echoed, masking her humiliation by a sudden smile. "Why, how stupid I must be! I was trying to make it easy for you;—easy to accept—what the world calls —a favor!"

"I know!" he said, taking her sincerely and seriously; "and neither pride nor ingratitude is in question at all. To serve you, in any way, is my greatest happiness; and it breaks my heart to miss this chance, in the main. But the living are not all:—the dead have their claims! There are words of your husband's that force my decision. He appealed to me,—*trusted* me to reach out to the best in life, to the best in literature, to the best in humanity, and call to his West, '*This is your affinity! Identify yourself with it! Assimilate it! Be faithful to it!*' As yet, his trust has been but poorly fulfilled. Only to-day the Colonel accused me of failing it altogether! Mrs. Raymond, I must stand by the *Pioneer*,—but every off-hour will be at your service!"

She startled him by a ripple of laughter. Even as he spoke, her enforced retreat had been planned victoriously.

"To cable my instructions for your mere off-hours would scarcely be worth while," she retorted. "You know we all sail for Europe, next week!"

"Europe?" he repeated, in a bewildered voice. "Then you intended me to represent you—only in your absence? Why, I thought—I understood—"

Again her low laugh daunted him.

"What need of a representative—were I to remain on the spot? You thought, really, that a winter on the coast was among my possibilities? Why, how you are shattering one and all my illusions of you! You fail to understand—even *me!*"

Her taunting eyes tortured his vanity. What a fool he had been! What a complacent fool! But Imogen was not yet through with him.

"I wonder if you remember," her amused voice queried, "my officious words on your last night in Carruthdale. I warned you to sacrifice no financial chance the West might hold for you, through quixotic loyalty to the *Pioneer!*"

"Yes," he assented, eagerly. "Of course I remember every word you ever said to me. And you were lovely to me that night. Only you would *not*—let me kiss—your hand!"

"I said," she laughed, bitterly, "that your place was not in local journalism,—that you were of the ilk of the men who sway the world,—that the genius of leadership was in you!" Her brows met, and under them her eyes glittered like steel. "Why did you not tell me that the man's judgment of you was right, the woman's wrong?" she demanded. "Why did you not confess that my husband probed your depths, spanned your heights, and knew the *Pioneer* to be your life-long level? While I—I—oh, the absurdity of a woman's illusions—outgrown! *I* believed in your youth—in your manhood,—in your force of character—in your individuality—"

She drew her breath quickly, and the sound stabbed Joyce. It suggested a controlled sob.

"*I* believed," she challenged him, "in your royal ambition, your sybaritic taste, your supreme pride, your passion for sovereign power! I believed that the genius of success was in you! Forget a woman's truly womanly—mistake!"

Joyce struggled to collect his scattered wits. Pearson's taunt, that he knew "where he was at," recurred to him. The slang expressed precisely what, at this moment, he did not know! In his soul was the conviction of right. But his mind, or at least his heart, seemed to convict him of graceless wrong, in the face of this feminine arraignment.

"Look here, Mrs. Raymond," he forced himself to expostulate, "you are hard on me in this thing, and I really think you're awfully off the handle! Of course, to think far too well of me may have been your kind mistake, indeed; but upon honor, I never felt half-way so near to deserving your good opinion, as now when I risk it—"

She was sauntering out of hearing, but turned back smilingly. "By the way," she said, "I spoke rashly in reference to our party for Europe. I forgot to except Stephen, whose plans, not unnaturally, are at present uncertain. As you see, we seem privileged to suspect that they may depend—"

She indicated, by the mere suggestion of a gesture, the little tableau by the fireplace.

Mam'selle, with eyes closed in meditation, did not count. In effect, Stephen and Gladys had the room to themselves.

He had leaned back weakly, with weary face and languid eyes; but his hand was on the arm of Gladys' chair, and as she bent towards him in gentle solicitude, his drooping lids lifted, and his smile was suddenly transfigured by a deep and impassioned tenderness.

Why did Mina's smile, scintillant yet suggestive of deeper glory, seem to flash before startled Joyce,—revivified, reincarnated? Ah, the light that never was on land or sea, is the same on all love-lit faces!

"Oh!" gasped Joyce, when he found his voice. "I did not know,—I did not think—"

"No," smiled Imogen, dealing her final blow. "That has been quite evident to—all concerned. Really, my dear Joyce, our young lovers have been very patient with your—innocence. You have excelled even Mam'selle as an indefatigable gooseberry—"

But crestfallen Joyce could endure no more. Abruptly he was taking his departure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON in his Biography tells that one of his early, influential friends impressed upon the negro youth's mind that "Character is Credit." "Village Banks" and "People's Banks"—the two forms of Co-operative Credit—are nothing less than that maxim reduced to completest practice.

Mr. Horace Plunkett has popularized in Ireland the system of Co-operative Banking, which has been found useful for more than a quarter of a century in Italy, and for more than half a century in Germany. There are about forty Agricultural Credit Banks now doing business in Ireland. No one has described Co-operative Credit better than Mr. Plunkett himself. He calls it, "A system by which the very poorest communities can create a credit for themselves, based entirely upon the honesty and industry of their members." Money is at the base of every commercial undertaking. In a Co-operative Banking Corporation, time after time, a few poor men have united to form the nucleus of a society. They have very carefully chosen, to add to their number, certain other steady workers and honest men. They have, next, pledged their joint and unlimited credit to any person, or any bank, ready to lend them a sum of money. They have used that money solely to lend it out among themselves. The loans were always made subject to one condition, namely, that the borrower should satisfy his fellow-members that he was asking for a sum for the purpose of employing it in some specified, and approved, industrial undertaking; and that, in all human probability, he will be able to repay the money at a given date, out of the results of his enterprise.

Among poor and hard-working people, every day of the year, some one will be able to prove that, with a little capital and his own labor, there is something to be done by which he can earn a profit without the smallest risk to the humble banking corporation to which he belongs.

Mr. Wolff, who is the greatest English authority on co-operative banks, said that one-third of the banking business of Italy was carried on through co-operative credit institutions. That may be to overestimate the extent of their operations; but it is enough to show that the system is ranked as a highly important factor in the business-life of the nation. Students of German sociological subjects well know how important Raiffeisen's Loan Banks and Schültze-Delitsch's Credit Associations have been for fifty years past.

But, to the uninitiated, certain objections to the co-operative credit system appear plausible. Sometimes a very acute mind will put forward the flimsiest objections. For instance, five years ago, one of the stalwarts of the movement in Ireland to-day demurred to these banks, on the ground that Irish peasants are too much wedded to secrecy regarding their poor possessions to be capable of co-operating in money matters. "They hide everything," he said, "be it a threepenny bit or an old wedding-ring." But he was not slow to admit that unknown assets are no drawback, but quite the reverse, in a borrower! A very common objection is, that "If you help a man to incur a debt, you help him to ruin himself." But it is an axiom that "circumstances alter cases." If, for example, you help a man to borrow, merely to fritter away his loan; or to buy any commodity that is incapable of yielding a return; or to build himself a costly dwelling, you may be helping him towards bankruptcy. But it is of the essence of the co-operative banking business to make loans only on condition that they are used in profitable undertakings. Supposing that you put cheap money within a man's reach, in order that he may reclaim waste land; or improve hungry land; or stock his farm, for which he has not enough cattle; or put new machinery in his mill; or lay in materials for his trade, if he be an artisan; or buy salable goods, if a shopkeeper,—you may be doing him the greatest possible service. The village bank of which he is a member will fix the time for repayment in such a manner as to permit of his reaping the reward of the special capital and labor expended on the special undertaking. If he be a comparatively big man, dealing with a People's Bank, the return of capital spent in land-reclamation will be spread over a long time; but Raiffeisen's banks lent to peasants to drain small patches of sour land, and to blast out the rocks which were

the ruin of their tiny fields; and these small operations paid for themselves very quickly. A village shopkeeper ought to have a much more rapid "turn-over" even than a small farmer. Sundry other borrowers would need *less* time than the "improving" farmers, and *more* time than the shopkeeper, to refund their bank. The *length* of the loans, as has been said already, would be determined by the co-operators in council, when the grant of money to one of their members was made.

When it is a question of Rural Banking, it is often objected that "peasants distrust each other, and cannot therefore combine for any purpose." In a part of Greece, where Agricultural Banks seem exactly adapted to the necessities of the population, this "distrust" objection has gone far to prevent some of the banks there projected being organized. But no one advances this argument who has seen how splendidly the system works among French peasants,—than whom *none* can be less genial and trusting! Then, there are the contemptuous questions of others, new to the subject: "Who would lend to a handful of 'Have-Nots'?" And, "Is the 'security' of a dozen, who lack everything *bankable*, better than the guarantee of one needy man?" Answering the last, Mr. Wolff says, emphatically, that it is! The latent security of a group "will at once, by the mere action of combination, become to some extent effective,—recognizable by capital." For the liability of the members of a co-operative bank is unlimited. "They won't all want to be sold up,"—to use the homely phrase of one of the advocates of the system! These bankers, besides, have powers of enforcing payment under their own rules,—powers that an outsider has not. Joint liability gives a lender a lien upon the whole dozen, let us say, who borrow; and it gives a hold to each of the other eleven upon the member for whose special use a part of the money has been assigned. Sentiment, too, is as powerful as that which goes more commonly by the name of Force; and how could a man ever again hold up his head if he had (in slang phrase) "let in" his fellow-members—his near neighbors—for his debt? "Public opinion" is perhaps most potent in small communities, and among poor folk. It is a law of "Brotherly Banking" that each bank should work within a small circle. The Portuguese prototypes of these banks are known as Family Societies, the members who mutually pledge their credit for all it is worth being either blood relations,

or "relations-in-law." For large towns a co-operative bank only serves a strictly limited district. A city might have a score, or more, of these small financial corporations, each doing the banking business of a group of the chosen artisans and traders in its own quarter.

Others prophesy failure for these banks because "No one would furnish the necessary capital." But these *à priori* objections vanish in the light of experience. When Herr Raiffeisen began his "Loan Banks"—upon which all the best systems of co-operative credit have been modelled more or less closely—it was only by appealing to personal friends that he succeeded in raising the £300 sterling (or six thousand marks) necessary for his purpose. But now co-operative banks are welcome to capital at easier terms than any other customers can command.

Apparent difficulties disappear as soon as the system is studied, even in books. A fear that haunts many of those unfamiliar with this humble form of finance is, that poor people are driven to dishonesty by their very poverty; and that, consequently, credit banks must speedily become bankrupt. But, among forty such banks lately established in miserably poor districts in Ireland, "in no single case has the borrower failed punctually and faithfully to repay the loan, interest and principal, to the association; and in no single case had the societies failed to repay the money to the outside persons, or banks, that lent it to them." Thus did Mr. Horace Plunkett testify, a short time ago; and, if poverty insures dishonesty, the tale he had to tell should have been in exactly the contrary sense.

It must not be forgotten that co-operative banking has been described by the Italian Minister of Finance, Signor Luzzatti, as "the capitalization of honesty," and that only honest men are selected as members by those who first set about forming a bank. They would be fools, indeed, who would ask rogues to share advantages bought by their united unlimited liability! And when credit becomes, as it does in this fashion, a testimonial to a member's good character, he is proud of being a borrower. He even parades his indebtedness! Luzzatti, too, was fond of saying, "Character is Credit," as did B. T. Washington's old General, and trusty friend.

To most minds the gravest objection to the system is the fact that liability is unlimited; but financial safety is ever a

prime consideration in making a loan to a member, and the village bank has the power of recalling money, in any case where it is being misapplied. A bank-member is "his brother's keeper," in a very wholesome sense. Working expenses are merely nominal; therefore, a small co-operative bank is not egged on to seek after "business at any price." There is no haste to secure a big dividend for greedy bondholders, where bondholders form no part of the bank's corporation. The bank borrows a lump sum at about one per cent. less than it lends it, in parcels, among the members. This beneficial one per cent. covers the bank's small expenses of stationery, etc., and leaves something over—which "something" constitutes a reserve fund. The oldest loan bank was lately broken up. It had served the needs of a very poor, toiling community, and had done business on the smallest scale; yet its reserve had grown, by dribblets, to £2,000—or forty thousand marks. Each year a bank decrees what shall be the gross amount of its loans in the coming twelve months, and what also shall be the maximum loan to any individual co-operator. For a village bank, £12, or fifty dollars ($50), would be a fair average maximum for a single loan.

To show how innocuously unlimited liability works out, let us take an imaginary case: A member borrows his £12. He is very unfortunate, and the enterprise which his fellow-villagers, the committeemen of the bank, thought quite safe has turned out badly, as also all his other undertakings; and he becomes bankrupt. All this is highly unlikely! His bank, at starting, required the borrower to furnish one surety. We must suppose that this surety also becomes insolvent; and—always in order to make the case as bad as possible—we will say that the bank has but twenty members, and that, being quite newly established, there is as yet no reserve fund. What would then happen? The members would have to pay about three dollars, or 12*s.* 6*d.* each. But gradually the bank would build up a reserve, with the small profits on business done; this would, in time, amount to fifty dollars; and then all the members would be reimbursed!

Unlimited liability, so understood, need have no terrors for would-be financial co-operators. The authorities on the subject declare, on the contrary, that this joint responsibility is the best feature in the system, for "it endows banks with

their borrowing powers, and co-operative bankers with their caution."

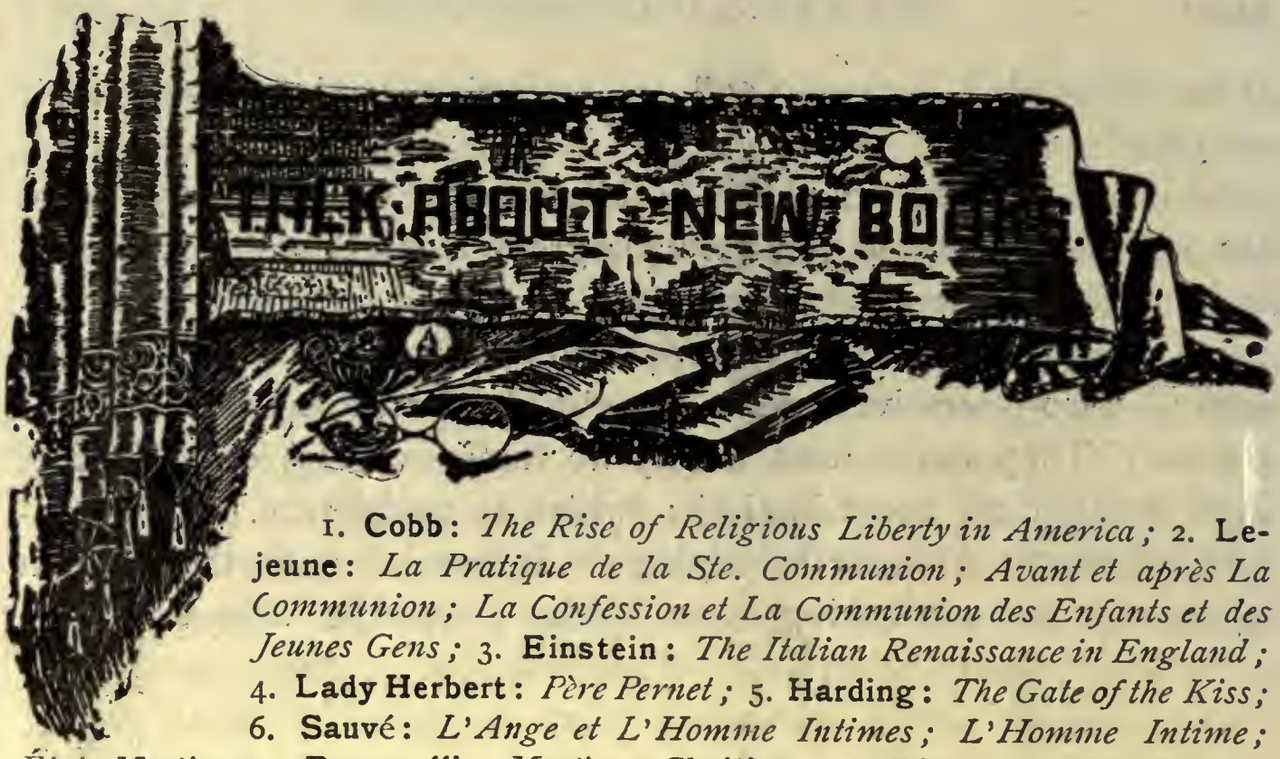
Village banks, on the Raiffeisen plan, would vastly assist the communities of agricultural negroes that Booker T. Washington longs to see at work upon the land in the "Impoverished South." A distinguished American, new to the subject, says: "Co-operative credit ought to make appeal to our people. They don't take kindly to mere saving, or hoarding. And neither do these banks"; which is quite true. Co-operative money is always fructifying in industrial undertakings. It is never "in a stocking" or hidden "up the chimney."

THE CLOSED CHURCH DOOR.

BY FRANCIS WAITE.

STROLLING amid hurrying throngs along the crowded street,
Resounding to the eager pace of swift, impatient feet,
Intent on missions holy and mayhap unmete,
'Mid noisy traffic's roar;
How sad to note the temples all along the way
With fast-closed portals, all dust-covered and gray;—
While lags so far away the longed millenial day,
Locked is the temple's door!
Concerned about thy neighbor, how is it with thyself?
Are you unmindful only of pleasure and of pelf?
Have you, too, put your religion away upon a shelf?
Then mourn the more!

New York, July 10, 1902.



1. **Cobb**: *The Rise of Religious Liberty in America;* 2. **Lejeune**: *La Pratique de la Ste. Communion; Avant et après La Communion; La Confession et La Communion des Enfants et des Jeunes Gens;* 3. **Einstein**: *The Italian Renaissance in England;* 4. **Lady Herbert**: *Père Pernet;* 5. **Harding**: *The Gate of the Kiss;* 6. **Sauvé**: *L'Ange et L'Homme Intimes; L'Homme Intime; États Mystiques;* **Bonomelli**: *Mystères Chrétiens;* 7. **Bigg**: *The Imitation of Christ;* 8. **Kidd**: *Principles of Western Civilization;* 9. **Carmichael**: *The Lady Poverty;* 10. **Van der Hagen**: *Where is the Church of Christ?* **Poland**: *Find the Church;* 11. **Lizeranne**: *Les Sœurs Aveugles;* 12. **Turmann**: *Au Sortir de l'École: Les Patronages;* 13. **Belloc**: *The Path to Rome;* 14. **Cagnac**: *Fénelon, Directeur de Conscience;* 15. **Rosen**: *The Catholic Church and Secret Societies;* 16. **Major**: *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall;* 17. **Whitehouse**: *The God of Things:* 18. **Houtin**: *La Question Biblique chez les Catholiques de France au XIXe Siècle;* 19. **Esenwein**: *How to Attract and Hold an Audience;* 20. **Latimer**: *The Prince Incognito;* 21. **Josaphare**: *Turquoise and Iron;* 22. —— *Gems from George Henry Miles;* 23. **De Forest**: *Poems;* 24. **Bagshawe**: *The Treasure of the Church;* 25. **Leslie**: *A Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey;* 26. **Smith**: *Commonwealth or Empire;* 27. **Raycroft**: *Sermons on the Stations of the Cross, the Our Father, Hail Mary, etc.*

1.—Mr. Cobb's history of the religious toleration of the American colonies is a very admirable book.* It deals exhaustively with pretty nearly all the data known which bear on this extraordinarily interesting subject. And always, as far as we can discover, the author is cautious and sane in his adjudication of evidence, and in his interpretation of events. In the second chapter, however, wherein he sums up the religious history of European Christianity, there are statements fairly open to some adverse criticism, not because they are erroneous but because they are misleading by reason of incompleteness. For example, "Pope Innocent annulled Magna Charta." As a statement of fact that is true; but nevertheless it is a gravely defective proposition. It leads one to think of Innocent III. as a foe of the popular liberties secured by that great declaration, which,

* *The Rise of Religious Liberty in America.* By Sanford H. Cobb. New York: The Macmillan Company.

it must not be forgotten, was forced from tyrannical Lackland by a prelate of the church. Innocent was indignant not at the charter as such, but at what he considered the irregular and dangerous manner in which it had been obtained. Again, all through the book Mr. Cobb speaks of Romanism and Romanists. We acquit him of any intentional discourtesy, for the tenor of his work proclaims him a candid and honorable man, but as a scholar he should know that those terms are both philosophically inexact and, by reason of their connotation, are seriously distressing to members of the Catholic, or, if he will insist upon it, of the Roman Catholic Church.

Throughout the book Catholic readers will find cause for pride and joy. They will see in every page unmistakable proof that the spirit of toleration which prevails now in our country is not an inheritance from intolerant Virginia or bigoted Massachusetts Bay, but from Catholic Maryland. Mr. Cobb uses strong language in characterizing the narrow-mindedness of the other colonial legislators; but in speaking of Maryland he is generously enthusiastic. Lord Baltimore he accounts, with Bancroft, a man who "deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages." And very justly he holds up to the world's scorn those Virginia Puritans who fled for asylum to the Catholic colony, but afterwards, when they acquired the power, revoked its ancient tolerance and hounded the religion whose adherents had given them a peaceful habitation. It is on the whole a story that we cannot know too well, and Mr. Cobb deserves gratitude for the manner in which he tells it.

2.—Three books that deserve attention are those of the Abbé Lejeune upon Holy Communion.* The author has made large use of the French translation of Father Dalgairns' book, a work favorably known to our readers, we trust, as one of the most admirable spiritual treatises obtainable. Beginning with a historical sketch of the variations in the practice of frequent Communion, Father Lejeune's first book goes on to expose the mind of the Church with regard to this matter, and to warn against the two-fold danger of laxity and rigorism. His second volume gives hints and instructions as to the employment of the moments immediately preceding and following reception of the

* *La Pratique de la Ste. Communion; Avant et après La Communion;* and *La Confession et La Communion des Enfants et des Jeunes Gens.* Par M. l'Abbé Lejeune. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

Blessed Sacrament. Both books contain precious pages for the devout reader, and will help to form intelligent beliefs, to beget profitable practice, and to excite deep fervor with regard to our Blessed Saviour in the Holy Eucharist. The third volume, in the same spirit of combined wisdom and fervor, imparts sound teaching as to the practice of frequenting the Sacraments on the part of children. All three books are well worthy of perusal.

3.—The object of Mr. Einstein's volume † is to show the influence of the humanistic revival in Italy on English literature from the beginning of the fifteenth century till the death of Queen Elizabeth. He has given us an interesting and valuable contribution, and is particularly original in his detailed manner of treatment, showing us the growth and development of this influence in the university, at court, through travellers, in popular opinion, and in writers of note. The study begins with noting the initial work of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester in persuading some of the Oxonians to devote part of their attention to the classics. To the Benedictine monastery at Canterbury, England is indebted for the first facilities of studying Greek. With such scholars as William Grocyn, Thomas Linacre (the famous physician), and Thomas Latimer modern English learning began. The first two of these lectured to such pupils as Erasmus, Colet, and Blessed Thomas More. At the end of the fifteenth century the new learning was well established. Mr. Einstein devotes much space to Blessed Thomas More, who formed the link between court and university, and by his share of royal favor became the strong defender of the new studies. Through the efforts of Bishop Fisher the same learning spread to Cambridge. After that, says the author, Englishmen were well able to take care of themselves. The general knowledge of Italian throughout England, the effect of the new movement on the education of women, and the "Italian Danger" are all discussed. The decay of the Italian influence was due, writes the author, to its great success. People in time became disgusted and exasperated with it. The growing feeling of nationality was another cause, and most potent of all was the religious, or rather irreligious, break with Rome. Chapters on the Italian influence in Politics and in English Poetry are added, but space forbids us to enumerate the conclusions. The work is done in a scholarly

† *The Italian Renaissance in England.* Studies. By Lewis Einstein. New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Company.

and careful manner. With some of Mr. Einstein's statements we would disagree, *e.g.*, "Chaucer's writings were free from theological purpose." What of the Parson's Tale? Mr. Einstein has given us material for a much more extensive history than he has written, and consequently has suggested much. The secret of the origin and spread of this Italian influence is, of course, the unity of faith that made all Europe one with the head at Rome. And we must not forget the bearing of that fact on the educational history of the civilized world. Mr. Einstein has this to say on the question: "The patronage of learning which has always been one of the proudest boasts of the Catholic Church existed especially in the Renaissance."

4—Through the pages of this life of Père Pernet,* offered to English readers by Lady Herbert, we trust that the merits and the work of that noble priest will become widely known in this country. One of the founders of the Augustinians of the Assumption, concerning whom recent political agitations in France have caused so much discussion, Père Pernet devoted himself exclusively to the poor and their interests. The works and workers of charity organized by him will keep him in undying remembrance. In 1872 he organized the Little Sisters of the Assumption, "whose mission is to nurse and serve the sick poor in their own homes without recompense of any kind." In 1876 he organized the Lady Servants of the Poor, "an association of ladies living in the world and working in concert with the Little Sisters." In 1881 he instituted the Brothers of Our Lady of the Assumption, a body of laymen devoted to the same work. Thus, as the author says, "he succeeded in grouping as it were in one all the strongest forces of Christian society."

The reading of this biography will convince one that Père Pernet was a great soul, raised up by God to do a great work. His programme was: "God first; then our neighbor, and then ourselves, if there be anything left." The utter unselfishness, his generous love and purity of soul, expressed themselves in his words, his tears, his smile, in all his works. "Everything about him," writes a lawyer, "invited one to love and serve God."

A large part of this volume is occupied with the life of Mère Marie de Jésus, foundress of the Little Sisters, no less remarkable a person than Père Pernet himself.

* *Père Pernet;* with a Preface by Mgr. De Cabrières. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert. London: Art and Book Company.

Much praise and heartfelt thanks are due to Lady Herbert for her excellent work.

5.—Mr. Harding has given us in his volume entitled *The Gate of the Kiss* * a tale of the times of Hezekiah—or, as our Vulgate reads, Ezechias—the King of Juda. It tells of the court life, the common customs of the Jews and the Assyrians, their luxuries and their excesses. The story, in the telling of which Mr. Harding draws freely upon his imagination, is full of life, battle, and intrigue, and most tragic in its ending. The reader will never find his interest lagging. The hero, deceived cruelly by the woman he loves, kills her at last after a long, weary search. The woman who loves him accompanies him in that search, like a slave, yet never succeeds in gaining his love, except perhaps in the last (and the first) kiss, where there is something of sympathy if not of affection. That kiss is the death of both, for she held a globule of poison between her lips, which she crushed as the hero's lips met hers. Both heads, lips to lips, are placed upon the north-west gate of Niniveh, the "Gate of the Kiss!"

6.—Some volumes † come to us with the imprimatur of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris. They are of particular value at the present time because of a widespread tendency to divorce moral from dogma, or to minimize or ridicule the value of the latter. Yet we know that morality has its basis, and its only possible basis, in dogmatic truth; that the practical life of the Christian has its inspiration and its support in the revealed teachings of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, the mere knowledge or study of doctrine, intellectualism, isolated from prayer and devotion, is cold and dead. It is in the combination of the two that mind and will, the entire man, are perfected. In an interesting preface Father Suavé points out this truth and proceeds in a practical way to illustrate. Taking the different dogmas of the faith, he develops them, shows their value in the moral life, the elevating and inspiring truths which they teach, and how those truths should be the mainsprings of action. In his expositions there is a great fund of references,

* *The Gate of the Kiss.* By John W. Harding. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

† *L'Ange et L'Homme Intimes.* Tom. V. *L'Homme Intime.* Tom. VI. VII. VIII. *États Mystiques.* By Charles Sauvé, S.S. Paris: Librairie Vic et Amat.——*Mystères Chrétiens.* Par Mgr. Bonomelli. Traduction de M. l'Abbé Ch.-Armand Begin. Tom. I. Paris: Librairie Vic et Amat.

and a wealth of quotations from the noted theologians and ascetical writers of the church. In the volume on the Angels, doctrines and practical lessons on their creation, their trial, their reward, and their office, are presented. Following are chapters on the value of grace, the hidden life between God and man, and the glories of the supernatural.

The succeeding volumes embrace considerations on man as the temple of God because of the indwelling Trinity; as the child of God because of the Sonship of Christ; as the friend of God because of His grace; as the spouse of God because of His charity.

As an appendix to these last volumes is added *États Mystiques*. It opens with a discussion of the different states of souls upon this earth; of the malice and effects of sin. The greater part of the book, however, is concerned with the progress of the soul on its road to perfection.

We recommend these volumes very highly, particularly to those whose duty it is to preach the word of God either to the religious or to the laity. They are immensely profitable and will give many a valuable suggestion to the careful reader.

We gladly add a notice here of a somewhat similar volume, *Mystères Chrétiens* of Mgr. Bonomelli, translated by M. l'Abbé Ch.-Armand Begin. The introduction is by Father Ch. Sauvé, S.S. Mgr. Bonomelli is one of the foremost leaders of the Italian hierarchy. The present prime minister is his close friend. Independent, outspoken, and zealous, he is at the same time most loyal to the Holy See. Lately he has issued important instructions to his clergy on the labor question.

The present translation is a thoughtful work containing practical expositions of the doctrine of the Incarnation, and of the mystery of the Circumcision. The author considers, under the title of the Epiphany, three ages of the church's history—of persecution, of oppression, of scorn. He then discourses on many questions pertaining to the present state of our religion and the world's attitude towards it. While Father Sauvé's volumes would rather separate the soul from the world, that it may unite itself completely with God, Mgr. Bonomelli's work sees it surrounded by the snares and the temptations of men and would enable it to fortify itself against them, that it may win the victory of faith.

7.—No one is ignorant of the absolutely amazing popularity attained by the *Imitation of Christ;* yet most people do not begin to realize the amount of literary interest and activity aroused by this little book. Before the fifteenth century closed the Bible had been printed twenty times; but the *Imitation*, be it remarked, had gone through eighty editions. A half century ago an energetic student undertook to count the editions that had appeared, the world over, since the year 1470 A.D. He discovered traces of some six thousand editions. Almost every known language has its version. Sixty different translations have been made in French, and numberless ones in English both by Catholic and Protestant writers. It seems to be a rather daring venture, therefore, to undertake a new version.

This, however, is what has been attempted recently, with distinguished success, by Professor Bigg, of Oxford, his translation, accompanied by a good-sized introduction, appearing among the very admirably selected volumes of Messrs. Methuen & Co.'s "Library of Devotion."* The new book is a welcome addition to the army that has preceded it, for it possesses some excellent points in the way of arrangement, and has been finely Englished. One detail that pleases and interests the reader is the preservation of the unique system of punctuation used by the author of *The Imitation.*

The introduction to the volume will acquaint the reader with certain helpful facts regarding the original book and the present editor's method of work. Dr. Bigg seems to have been very wise in his settlement of the various questions that confront those engaging in a task like his,—questions of fidelity, order, phrasing, punctuation, etc. He departs from the "bad custom," traditional in England, of omitting passages and altering expressions for controversial reasons. He is right in touching only very lightly on the endless authorship-debate, but he is rash and not to be taken too seriously when he professes to settle the question in a way that is "quite conclusive." When he brings up the matter of the contemplative vocation he makes a sincere effort to defend it, but his attempt is rather disappointing. He shows that the monastic houses were really homes of shining virtue and centres of most useful activity. But he fails to touch upon just that point which is the real knot of the

* *The Imitation of Christ: called also the Ecclesiastical Music.* By C. Bigg, D.D London: Methuen & Co.

dispute and on which Thomas à Kempis is so emphatically Catholic in his opinion, namely, the validity of a state in which individuals devote themselves to a life of exclusive communion with God and contribute absolutely nothing to the visible improvement of society. Such a vocation, as is evident, can be defended only upon grounds of faith, and on the condition that the church's ideas of the mystical life are true. One other point: Is it not at least misleading for the editor to write: "He (À Kempis) speaks without a shadow of misgiving of the adoration of saints"? Etymologically the use of the word "adoration" may be justified, but it is not correct if interpreted in the light of common usage, whether Catholic or Protestant.

8.—Mr. Kidd's last book* is one of the most fascinating, and at the same time one of the most profound essays that have ever been written on the philosophy of history. In the light of one vast principle the author reads the history of all ages past, estimates the place of the present, and ventures a prophecy of the future. This principle he takes from an interpretation given to the evolutionary theory of Natural Selection, by August Weismann. As Darwin left that theory it declared that the conditions regulating the life of the individual in the great vital conflict, all were in the present, all stood confronting the individual himself; for Nature has set no standard and laid down no requirements beyond what each day and hour called for from each particular organism. In Weismann's grander and more religious view, the individual's life and activity depend on influences far transcending these confined and local circumstances. Far in the future has been fixed an ideal of perfection, and nature deals with the individual life, either to aid or to destroy it, according as it is or is not fitted to that ideal. She acts in view of a distant goal which is the good of the species, not for a present end which is the advantage of the individual. That is to say, Nature—to call it Providence would be no straining of words—has projected into the future a race-test, a species-standard, to which the individual must conform or be incapacitated, and sooner or later destroyed. This is the mighty principle of "projected efficiency," which Mr. Kidd applies to human society, and in the light of which he judges the history of mankind. A conse-

* *Principles of Western Civilization.* By Benjamin Kidd. New York: The Macmillan Company.

quence of this theory is that the present must never set itself up as the adequate objective of human faculties, since the basic condition of progress is that this adequate objective is an ideal for ever in front of the race, for ever projected into the future. One unfortunate application of the principle Mr. Kidd makes in relation to the Catholic Church. She claims to be the objective fulness of all the revelation that God will ever vouchsafe to man. Therefore, declares Mr. Kidd, the Catholic Church confines to the present the content of human consciousness. She does not represent the race as growing always toward an inexhaustible ideal of revealed truth, but she offers to men now at hand the perfection and completion of revealed truth. Consequently, in his view, the church lacks the vital element in human progress—namely, a standard of efficiency, a race-ideal, projected into the future, and therefore she is a relic fixed and fastened in a past stadium of human progress. Mr. Kidd's charge could not be answered if, indeed, Catholicism's claims were what he conceives them to be. And, indeed, there is a great deal to be learned from what he has said. He indicates the grave danger that lies in the attempts which are made by Catholics, so distressingly often, to cast contempt upon the scientific progress of the modern world, and to apotheosize intellectual stagnation by a fanatical devotion, a mental serfdom to the middle ages.

But in two respects Mr. Kidd seems to us seriously at fault. In the first place, he frankly denies the existence of any present objective truth. We must conceive truth, he says, "as being capable of being correctly presented in the human process in history, only as we see it presented in all forms of developing life; namely, as the net resultant of forces which are in themselves apparently opposed and conflicting" (p. 317). And, in the second place, he fails to see the truth involved in the Catholic idea of development; the truth, that is to say, that, given a fixed deposit of revelation in any age, it is possible for later ages to grow into a wider and profounder understanding of the range, applicability, and practical efficiency of the contents of that deposit. Just as the human body, while always of the same person, grows from infancy to manhood, so, says St. Vincent of Lerins, "*Christianæ religionis dogma sequatur has decet profectuum leges, ut annis scilicet consolidetur, dilatetur tempore, sublimetur ætate, incorruptum tamen, illiba-*

tumque permaneat." Instead, therefore, of Mr. Kidd's principle of projected efficiency destroying the church, the church herself is the very mother of this principle, and in permitting free exercise to human reason under the guidance of her infallible direction, she applies it in the one, sole, practical and philosophical manner. The principle is radically just and thorough, but Mr. Kidd has struggled with the understanding of it largely in vain, because of his philosophical error in denying objective truth. In projecting truth into the future, he has injected error into the present. How much more sound it would be to leave truth with the present, and to project into the future the full comprehension of it as the ideal toward which we move. This would give us a providential guidance both of the race and of the individual, and not of the race alone; and if we are to admit any kind of Providence, it should be thus adequate and all-embracing.

9—Messrs. Tennant & Ward in publishing Montgomery Carmichael's translation of *The Lady Poverty* * have laid under a deep debt of gratitude every one that loves what is holy in literature, and every one that can appreciate what is beautiful in book-making. *The Lady Poverty* is an allegory written soon after the death of St. Francis of Assisi by one of his devoted disciples, whose name we shall never know. In it the holy Founder is represented as holding converse with Poverty, his favorite among all the virtues. The theme is a charming one, and the dear old monk who handled it has made the treatment of it a masterpiece. Simple, reverent, and scriptural in form and spirit, the little classic recalls nothing so readily as the *Imitation.* We urge our readers to give themselves the joy and do themselves the good of reading it. It is a breath of the middle-age; a benediction from an ancient cloister; a reminiscence of a great follower of Christ. And as to appearance, the book is a great credit to its publishers.

10.—We recommend Father Van der Hagen's book † as excellent to put in the hands of non-Catholics who are at all interested in looking for the true church. It is written in a kindly manner

* *The Lady Poverty:* A Thirteenth Century Allegory. Translated and edited by Montgomery Carmichael. New York: Tennant & Ward.

† *Where is the Church of Christ?* By M. Van der Hagen, S.J. Translated from the Dutch by Rev. Alphonsus Canon Van de Rydt, St. Austin's Society. Bruges, Belgium: Desclée, De Brouwer et Soc.

and is quite remarkable for its simplicity. It is at the same time complete, treating of the marks of the church and the principal points of difference between Catholics and Protestants.

"Find the Church"* is likewise a convincing little pamphlet. The first part gives the historical argument showing the recent origin of all non-Catholic sects, and the second demonstrates the insufficiency of Scripture alone and the necessity of authority for determining Christ's true doctrine.

11—Psychologist, philanthropist, and religious soul, all should be interested in these four hundred pages of Maurice de la Lizeranne.† The book begins with a psychological study, an attempt to describe something of the inner life of persons afflicted with blindness, their impressions of external nature, of fellow-creatures, of family relationship, of love. The second part of the volume is devoted to a history and description of the Community of Blind Sisters founded in Paris by Mère Bergunion a half century ago. The constitutions, the rules, the daily employments, the rooms, are described with most charming minuteness—one gets a good picture of this community where, for every two nuns possessed of sight, a blind girl is admitted to begin her novitiate.

12—It is to be hoped that those of our readers who are interested in the cause of education will find an opportunity to become familiar with M. Turmann's recent volumes, one of which‡ has been crowned by the Academy, and has gone into a third enlarged edition. As the name indicates, this book deals with the education that follows school training, and suggests manifold means whereby Catholics may emulate and surpass the earnestness of secular educators. A sketch of the history of the "After School" movement, which, taking the school as a centre, aimed at grouping around it, out of the past and present pupils, a body of citizens animated with a strong sense of solidarity. The last few years have seen this movement take on a well-developed organization; those who seek to be made acquainted with its details and significance should read M. Turmann's pages.

* *Find the Church.* By William Poland, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.
† *Les Sœurs Aveugles.* Par Maurice de la Lizeranne. Paris: Lecoffre.
‡ *Au Sortir de l'École: Les Patronages.* Par Max Turmann. Paris: Lecoffre.

13.—In calling his latest book *The Path to Rome** Mr. Hilaire Belloc plays a little trick upon the reading public which prepares one in a slight measure for the surprises which the book holds for its readers. This young author, whose *Robespierre* has become a very much discussed book among recent publications, belongs to a class of recent converts from the Church of England who are keeping things agitated or "lively" across the ocean in church circles. Therefore, in coming across a book entitled *The Path to Rome*, one expects the usual story of an English convert's journeying over the thorny pathway that leads from the Established Church back to Rome and to the arms of Mother Church. The book, however, is a very amusing account of a pilgrimage which the author made to Rome from the town in Lorraine where he was once in garrison in the good old-fashioned way: undertaken partly in the spirit of adventure and partly as an act of Catholic devotion and in a spirit of reparation and thanksgiving.

The style in which the book is written is provokingly interesting; for while one feels that the author has incurred literary censure for adopting a form of expression and construction in his sentences which is fantastic and wholly unconventional, still the wit and humor which flash through many of his sayings, and the shades of philosophic thought which every now and then recall the reader's mind to deep reflection, excuse in his style much which would otherwise be put down against him as mere affectation and to a trivial desire to pose as a philosopher travelling about incognito.

Many of the scenes he describes in his Itinerary from his starting point at "Toul, . . . by the road that goes up alongside the Moselle, because the valley of the Moselle runs straight to Rome," have a picturesque novelty that one rarely finds in books of travel nowadays, when all the world does its own travelling and prefers to get its own impressions as it goes. Like all good pilgrims, this traveller tries to have morning Mass open every day's journey, and in relating how he managed or missed this part of his programme he both amuses and instructs. The following reflections are a fair example of the manner in which he has played pilgrim and philosopher at the same time: "Of all the things that I have read about St. Louis

* *The Path to Rome.* By Hilaire Belloc. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

which make me wish I had known him to speak to, nothing seems to me more delightful than his manner of getting Mass daily whenever he marched down south, but why this should be so delightful I cannot tell. Of course there is a grace and influence belonging to such a custom, but it is not of that I am speaking; but of the pleasing sensation of order and accomplishment which attaches to a day one has opened by Mass; a purely temporal, and for all I know what the monks back at the iron-works would have called a carnal feeling; but a source of continual comfort to me." This is a very pleasing reflection to those who practise this pious custom, and yet feel that they are not altogether warranted in claiming a motive of pure religious sentiment for it, and the analysis of this "comfort" he feels in hearing morning Mass he very logically sets forth in four different reasons; at too great length, however, for quotation.

The unconventionality of not only his literary style but of his mode of thinking and reasoning is perhaps best illustrated from the book by a sentence with which he closes a lengthy reflection on "the Faith": in which reflection is detected that note of regret one sometimes hears from the English convert at having to retrace so much of his way in order to arrive at the portals of the church: "That attitude of difficulty and combat which for us others" (meaning those not born Catholics) "is always associated with the Faith" chafes and saddens his spirit at moments; he speculates and ponders upon its meaning. "What is it, do you think, that causes the conflict?" he asks, and then tries to reason it out on rational grounds, but gives it up after a weak argument or two, saying: "I will not attempt to explain it, for I have not the power; only I know that we who return suffer hard things, for there grows a gulf between us and many companions. We are perpetually thrust into minorities, and the world almost begins to talk a strange language; we are troubled by the human machinery of a perfect and superhuman revelation; we are overanxious for its safety, alarmed and in danger of violent decisions; and this is hard: that the Faith begins to make one abandon the old way of judging . . . is hard, when a man has loved common views and is happy only with his fellows. . . . The Catholic Church will have no philosophies," he continues while this mood of discontent is upon him; "she will

permit no comforts; the cry of the martyrs is in her far voice; her eyes, that see beyond the world, present us heaven and hell to the confusion of our human reconciliations, our happy blending of good and evil things." Then he suddenly becomes enamored of this mighty mother, and her sway over mortal man, and he exclaims: "By the Lord! I begin to think this intimate religion as tragic as a great love. . . . Yes, certainly," he argues out, "religion is as tragic as a great love, and drags us out into the void away from our dear homes." Then he abruptly ends this erratic train of thought with the incongruous reflection: "It is a good thing to have loved one woman from a child, and it is a good thing not to have to return to the Faith."

14.—A very readable book* upon Fénelon's method of directing souls has been prepared as a doctorate thesis by the Abbé Cagnac. After an introductory chapter devoted to the idea of direction, comes an historical sketch of direction as understood and practised in the seventeenth century. The detailed study of Fénelon's dealings with souls of various types follows, and then comes a comparison of Bossuet and Fénelon. The author shows that he has conscientiously searched through the literature of his subject, and that he has taken especial pains to familiarize himself with every line Fénelon has left on the matter in hand. The book is nicely divided and finely written; hence the reader is helped and entertained while perusing it. The author speaks with a touch of bluntness in a number of places,—sometimes a little hastily perhaps, but on the whole not unprofitably. He is not afraid to give his real opinion as to Bossuet's capacity to sit in judgment upon Fénelon *in re mystica;* neither does he hesitate to praise the vanquished and criticise the mighty in other theological disputes. His sincerity is commendable; occasionally, however, his positions might profit by a little fuller *documentation.*

15.—*The Catholic Church and Secret Societies*† is a book which may be welcomed by the clergy of the United States. The first part is devoted to a narration of the obnoxious features of the various secret societies condemned by the

* *Fénelon, Directeur de Conscience.* Par l'Abbé Moïse Cagnac. Paris: Ch. Poussielgue.

† *The Catholic Church and Secret Societies.* By Rev. Peter Rosen (Hollandale, Wisconsin). Houtkamp & Cannon.

church, and the second to a statement of the Catholic position and legislation in their regard. Father Rosen states the reason for the church's hostility, in a nutshell, as follows (p. 8): "The disappearance of the spirit of Christianity from the great currents of our national life may be traced to secret societies. Their underlying principle is to transfer religion from a supernatural to a natural basis, from a theological to a human creed, to extinguish the Divine Providence in the government of the human race, and to govern man by the principles of humanitarianism, materialism, and naturalism."

16.—The various lights of Mr. Major's black magic and the fumes of his mystic cauldron rather distracted and bewildered him while writing *Dorothy Vernon.** The story is exaggerated and highly improbable. Placed in the times of Queen Elizabeth, it is unlikely that even in those days any such girl as Dorothy ever lived. If she did she was repulsive and not lovable, at least to the normal man. As Mr. Major pictures her she is little short of a brazen "hussy," jealous and intensely selfish. She is not to be blamed for her faults; no, she has not free will. Hot-tempered and disobedient, she even bids her father to cut her open, which of course he refuses to do. At length, after various thrilling situations, the lover bears her away, and the reader is glad, but sorry also for the man who has to live with such a woman.

A gentle, womanly character, Madge, comes now and again like a ray of fair sunlight to clear the cloud-ladened atmosphere. The names of many historical personages appear in the book, but there is very little history. Mr. Major would value but slightly the opinion of one who took his historical estimates as serious. The book was too evidently written with a view to dramatization. Some of its scenes would be quite sensational on the stage.

An attractive thing about the volume are the illustrations by Howard Christy.

17.—The scenes of this novel† are placed in Egypt, about Cairo and Shepherd's Hotel, so familiar to many American tourists. The author gives us a problem novel on the matter of

* *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.* By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The God of Things.* By Florence B. Whitehouse. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

divorce. Her hero is somewhat of an indefinite and unsatisfactory character. He is an extreme fatalist and remains unconverted to the end. The heroine is a Catholic girl of staunch character, tender and devoted. There is an evident incongruity in two such creatures uniting in the harmony of love. However, the spirit of the hero does not rule the book. It is an argument for the Catholic teaching on the sacrament of matrimony. The girl falls in love with the hero. But she finds that he is already married, though he has not moral courage enough to tell her that. She learns the truth, and refuses to marry him. The wife, in order to free him, commits suicide. Knowing the reason of her death he marries the heroine; but could his life be happy with the consciousness of the price of his freedom? The purpose of the novel is very praiseworthy, but the solution of the difficulty is not a pleasant one. The author is to be congratulated on her defence of the Catholic doctrine. She has given us a readable and attractive book.

18.—But few books published in the last years will have so great an educative effect on priests and cultured laymen as this noteworthy volume, *La Question Biblique.** The Holy Scripture, as is well known, has become the rock against which every non-Catholic denomination is suffering shipwreck. While Catholics ever have an unfailing guide when the circumstances demand it, they may also investigate and study and advance in Biblical science. Many who have not sufficient knowledge to realize the importance of debated questions will sneer at all higher criticism and raise the ignorant cry of danger at the first publication of any advanced views. Better for them and for the church if they would keep silent. Higher criticism has its proper place, and many of its conclusions are almost irrefutably established, and upheld by our ablest Catholic scholars, such as Loisy, Lagrange, Clarke, Gigot, and Baron von Aügel. Their views are naturally questioned by the conservative spirits in the church. Hence the Bible-question as we have it among ourselves and as it is stated by M. Houtin. His narrative is mainly that of an impartial reporter, but it is clear that he supports the more advanced views. His style is entertaining, and his treatment is often enhanced with an almost dramatic arrangement of details. We ought to know the state of the question, and have something more than

* *La Question Biblique chez les Catholiques de France au XIXe Siècle.* Par Albert Houtin. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

a supply of shouting with which to confute the views with which we do not agree. The reader of this book will be put directly in touch with the minds of those biblical scholars and with the grave problems they discuss. Let us realize the importance of the question and respect those scholars who are trying to prove that the Catholic Church not only has been but actually is the champion of learning among men. We hope that our English Catholic literature will soon be enriched by a translation of M. Houtin's volume.

19.—The psychology of public speaking, the philosophy of that art, and its practice are very concisely explained in the recently published book* of Mr. J. Berg Esenwein. This volume is the fruit of fifteen years' experience, in an academy of rank. It well merits study by all desirous of becoming acceptable public speakers. The author's chapters on "Originality," on the "Method of Acquiring an Oratorical Vocabulary," and "How to Face an Audience," because of their many practical and timely suggestions, are well calculated to supplement and to perfect what nature and what other studies have given to the oratorical novice. The public speaker of our day, to be effective, must have the gifts of originality and naturalness. The study of the present volume will aid in the growth and preservation of both.

20.—The story of *The Prince Incognito*† opens in France during the days of persecution after the recall of the Edict of Nantes. The author very fairly states that the persecution was purely political, but is not quite so fair in some of the constructions which her heroine puts upon Catholic doctrines. The hero is a Duke of Modena, an adventurer and an infidel. He marries the girl, who is far below him in station. Both escape to the Isle of Martinique, where the duke abandons her. Afterwards in Spain she saves him from imprisonment, but never lives with him again, and dies shortly after during a sea voyage to England. The volume is interesting, but it does not teem with enthusiasm and life. It is of peculiar attraction just now because it tells of the scenery and the people of unhappy Martinique.

* *How to Attract and Hold an Audience.* By J. Berg Esenwein. New York: Hinds & Noble.

† *The Prince Incognito.* By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

21.—Mr. Josaphare is a young writer. His volume* gives much promise. His themes are not commonplace; his verse is dignified, and his imagination fruitful. But in his ambition he at times o'erleaps himself, growing vague and meaningless. Simplicity alone has the charm of power, such as is evidenced in the author's line: "Art is the countenance of a lovely mind."

22.—Our sincere hope is that this volume of gems from the writings of George Henry Miles† will make George Miles and his work known as they should be known to the American people. His poems are of exceptional power and beauty. Their merits were described at length in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of October, 1901.

23.—The book in hand‡ is a volume of reminiscences, reveries, tales, ballads, and sacred poems. They will add much to the author's established reputation. The author writes his war-verses from experience, and their lines are marked again and again with martial ring and stirring power. His sacred poems, quite imaginative, are elevated and reverent in spirit. The omission of the light, humorous sketches would not have lessened the value of the volume.

24.—The late Canon Bagshawe was indefatigable in his apostolate of the spoken and written word. He was the author of many books explaining Christian doctrine, and the last of them, entitled *The Treasure of the Church*,§ was written just before his death. The Treasure of the Church is the Holy Eucharist. The author considers that Sacrament as the one great central mystery of the Catholic Church, bringing Christ unto us in his real presence, and giving us the Sacrifice of the Mass and the nourishment of our souls. Chapters on Penance, the necessary accompaniment in many cases of the Holy Eucharist, follow at the end. The volume is a useful one for priests; admirably suited for the Catholic laity, and, because of its instructive, devotional, and apologetic character, well adapted to those without who are honestly searching for the truth.

* *Turquoise and Iron.* By Lionel Josaphare. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

† *Gems from George Henry Miles.* Annotated and edited by the Author of the *Pillar and Ground of the Truth.* Chicago: J. S. Hyland & Co.

‡ *Poems: Medley and Palestina.* By J. W. De Forest. New Haven: The Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor Company.

§ *The Treasure of the Church; or, The Sacraments of Daily Life.* By the Very Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

25.—Father Leslie wrote this guide to Westminster Abbey * at the request of his fellow-religious Father John Morris, who died suddenly, preaching from his pulpit. It is written expressly for those who would know the Catholic history and the Catholic tombs of Westminster, and particularly suited for Catholic visitors to that historic Abbey. The little book contains much of legend and of history, and contains many interesting pictures and faithful drawings.

26.—Professor Smith's latest study in politics † is a by-stander's view of the question of Commonwealth or Empire, which, as he says, confronts the American people. America, he continues, is at the parting of the ways. The influences drawing her from her traditional course are plutocracy, militarism, and imperialism. With Professor Smith the traditional course is the only safe one for America. These three great evils are blinding her with the lust for power, seducing her with the empty dream of world conquest, and, while apparently extending her commercial strength and interest abroad, weakening her vital powers of continued life at home. The discussion is historical, and the endeavor is made to draw a lesson from the experience of the British Empire. Prophecies are easily made. We are dealing freely in them nowadays, and perhaps some of Professor Smith's will not be verified; but it is well for us, who are oftentimes headstrong, to listen and ponder over the admonitions of one who has no special cause to plead, for as a people we are surely pursuing a course of which our forefathers never dreamt.

27.—Father Raycroft has done a creditable service to Catholic sermon literature in publishing his volume of discourses.‡ We may assure him, against the questioning verdict of his own humility, that there is much of worth in them. Evidently they are the fruit of serious thought, long experience, and practised insight into the common needs of the people. The sermons are somewhat after the manner of meditations on the Passion. Then follow discourses on the Our Father and Hail Mary, and on

* *A Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey.* By Eric William Leslie, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Commonwealth or Empire.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ *Sermons on the Stations of the Cross, the Our Father, Hail Mary, etc.* By Rev. B. J. Raycroft, A.M. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

most practical every-day questions, such as education, divorce, gambling, etc. All are marked by a clear, simple style, by power, and, above all else, by originality. We wish the volume a wide circulation. But one thing surprised our eyes and distracted our souls in reading it. That was the rather frequent quoting from secular poets not renowned for their spirituality. Holy Writ has ample passages sufficiently striking and beautiful.

A VICIOUS NOVEL.*

The Catholic, without any author's name but presumably by Richard Bagot—whose two other and similar works are exploited on the title-page—is a book wholly useless except as an opportunity for a bright satirist to vent his spleen on current religious thought in England.

It is misnamed, for there is not a normal Catholic in it, but all who stalk through its pages under that name are perverts from the true type of every-day experience.

Lady Eva Fitzgower, of noble birth, "a proud Englishwoman," as the author says, is left an orphan and is attracted to the Catholic Church by its gorgeous ceremonials. She strolls into a fashionable parish church, St. Peter's, London, presided over by Monsignor Vancelour, a priest of noble birth and handsome person, just as the sun is setting and the rich notes of a new organ are filling the perfumed air with melody. She follows the sensuous impressions of that hour until, after several social disappointments overtake her, she becomes a Catholic. Her beauty and zeal make her a marked convert. Her disposition to be a boss, however, leads her into many difficulties. Old friends forsake her, doors usually open wide to her aristocratic person are closed on account of her success in winning weak-minded members of various families over to Rome. To be shunned in high life where she was once popular was hard enough, but more bitter to her was the cold treatment she received from the Catholic families of St. Peter's exclusive set. Her zeal was too strenuous for them to approve, and they held aloof from her and criticised her. She decides to see Monsignor Vancelour once again, upbraid him for the treachery of Catholics to their faith, and then retire to a convent.

* *The Catholic.* —— New York: John Lane.

Meanwhile her zeal at St. Peter's has caused a new set of enemies to accuse her of over-fondness for Monsignor Vancelour as a cause for her conversion. Fashionable society, only too glad to ascribe some other reason for her faith than real religion, circulate the story eagerly and it reaches the ears of Cardinal Grimsby, a thinly veiled caricature in the book of Cardinal Newman. He sends for Monsignor Vancelour and dispatches him on a mission to Rome.

By a strange mischance Lady Eva and Monsignor Vancelour leave England on the same train, though each is ignorant of the other's presence. The discovery of their simultaneous departure was like a bombshell to fashionable London, and made such a widespread commotion that only a public announcement by the cardinal could quiet it. Lady Eva also heard of it, and wrote a letter to the cardinal, which he published, that she was in retirement in Sorrento. The affair gradually dies out. Lady Eva discovers that she has no vocation for a convent life, and as the book closes she marries the organist, Ernest de Keramur, who first excited her Catholic affections that golden afternoon at St. Peter's, London. He was a relative of Monsignor Vancelour and a Frenchman of noble blood. Lady Eva returns to fashionable life, and her husband, after a brief married life, is killed by a fall from a horse. The last seen of Lady Eva is in the East End of London, where in the garb of a Sister of Charity she fights a drunken husband who is trying to beat his wife. She is strenuous to the last.

Whatever the book might be written by one who is in sympathy with Catholic feeling, it is ruined as a serious work by the sour pen of a scold. The most harmful thing about it is the impression it would give a non-Catholic of the priesthood and laity. The priests in the book who are not knaves are fools, and the laity are one and all either cads or milksops. Indeed, such a caustic pen should never try to portray things dear to struggling human hearts. The business of the author is that of the clown in the circus—to do foolish things so well as to win praise for it. When he attempts serious work his folly is so grotesque by contrast that it is revolting. Every Catholic should abhor the vulgarity with which his faith is treated in this book, and make haste to assure any one who reads it that it is as foolish as it is vile.

The Tablet (7 June): Publishes a report of the judge's summing up in the libel action of Fr. Bernard Vaughan against *The Rock*, which resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff.

(14 June): Fr. Gerard, S.J., corrects the "extraordinary misconception," to which *The Spectator* has given publicity, regarding the attitude of the Holy See toward Protestantism in Rome. Mentions that there are now twenty-two women students at the Catholic University of Fribourg.

(21 June): Considers the new interpretation of the miracle of the Pool of Bethesda put forward by Fr. Van Bebber in the *Theologische Quartalschrift*.

(28 June): Publishes some notes on the career of the late Lord Acton, with special relation to the controversy in which he figured thirty years ago, and his subsequent attitude.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 June): P. Dimnet presents a critical estimate of Father Tyrrell's writings, giving very high praise while at the same time noticing certain defects, and involuntarily conveying the impression that the critic himself is not cognizant of all the disadvantages under which the author had to labor. P. Boudinhon publishes a translation of Fr. Thurston's articles on the history of the Angelus. P. Blanc contends that the question of Transformism must be considered not only from a scientific but also from a metaphysical standpoint. P. Despreux draws attention to certain frequent incongruities in ceremonies and in sermons.

(1 June): P. Lepitre (author of *Saint Antoine* in the Lecoffre series) gives a sketch of Saint Anthony with legendary details omitted. P. Dimnet continues his articles upon Fr. Tyrrell. P. Musy writes on the origin and meaning of the clerical tonsure. P. Delfour recalls Sainte-Beuve's curious and rather questionable romance,

Volupté, to which, at the author's request, Lacordaire contributed a chapter describing life in a Sulpician seminary.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature religieuses (May-June): P. Loisy writes of P. Hogan's *Clerical Studies* that it is essentially progressive, and on that account very different from the self-styled orthodox magazines and the self-styled theological books with which most of the French clergy are fed nowadays.

Revue des Deux Mondes (15 May): A. Fouillée finds that Nietzche's egoistic concept of life is built upon ignorance of facts.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (May): Roger Charbonnel discusses the apologetic character of La Bruyère's *Les Caractères*. P. Leroy objects to M. de Kirwan's statement that Evolutionism rests upon ignorance; and, after showing the real principles of the system, answers certain objections against it. P. Ermoni tells how Catholic views of the religious development of Israel have been affected by the higher criticism. P. Martin speaks of work on the history of theology by Petavius, Thomassinus (whose defects are exposed), and Nicole. Reviewing M. Houtin's book with great praise, P. Mano remarks that a common fault of the French clergy is their overplacid trust in weapons bequeathed them by their ancestors.

La Quinzaine (1 June): M. Henzey contrasts the two brilliant sceptics, M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Anatole France. The possession of humility distinguishes Lemaitre's scepticism from that of the other. M. des Granges writes of Alfred de Musset; M. Fidao of Saint-Simonianism. M. Turmann takes occasion of a hygienic work just written by the director of the Pasteur Institute to discuss the health and the diseases of the social body.

(16 June): M. Kannengieser details at length the anti-Ultramontane views of the late Dr. F. X. Kraus, writer of the sensational articles that appeared pseudonymously in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* from 1895 to 1897, fiercely attacking the temporal power and several other truths dear to "the orthodox." Priest and professor, Kraus died

as he had lived, and passed away dictating an article in glorification of Cavour. M. Vercesi says that the movement for the spread of Christian Democracy in Italy has not been annihilated by recent Papal utterances, but is stronger at the present moment than ever before.

Le Correspondant (10 June): Mgr. Le Roy, Superior General of the Missionaries of the Holy Ghost, discusses the causes and proposes the remedies of the disorganization of native African families. M. Paul Delay writes in high praise of the efforts of the Empress Féodorowna of Russia to alleviate the condition of the poor in that country.

(15 June): Vicomte de Richemont, from the unedited papers of Cardinal Consalvi, discloses much that is new regarding the relations of France and the Holy See in 1815.

M. Piolet declares that the domination of England in South Africa will make for liberty, justice, and religion, but that nevertheless the future of the Cape is not with the English nor yet with the Dutch, but with the blacks, who now number 4,000,000, and will count 64,000,000 within three-quarters of a century.

Bulletin Trimestriel des anciens élèves de Saint-Sulpice (15 May): Notes the late Father Hogan's ideas as to the necessity of every priest having a spiritual director. An appeal to Catholic students at the universities to patronize the Catholic faculties by preference. A suggestion to bequeath libraries to institutions where great good can be done rather than to scatter fine collections among heirs.

Canoniste Contemporain (May): A very careful criticism of M. Houtin's recent book on Scripture. M. Philippe writes of the formation of the present ecclesiastical law upon marriage, and mentions differences of opinion as to the absolute indissolubility.

L'Enseignement Chrétien (1 June): Paul Lahargon suggests the advisability of attempting gradual rather than sudden and complete reform of the system of state education.

Le Sillon (25 May): M. Lefort recalls Lacordaire's example to show that one can be a Catholic without denying a single legitimate aspiration of the age, or shrinking from contact with it.

L'Univers Israélite (1 June): Contends that Egypt bestowed upon Christianity the custom of praying for the dead.

L'Univers (26 May): M. Rastoul comments upon the expense put upon the poor in those cities where the law forbids a priest to accompany funerals unless in a closed carriage.

La Croix (29 May): Cyr suggests the need of an endeavor to imitate the organization of the Belgian Catholics which secured so happy a victory at the elections.

Le Figaro (15 May): Marcel Prévost draws attention to the wisdom and accuracy of the church's notion of marriage.

Études (5 June): Apropos of the anti-clerical commemoration of Auguste Comte, P. Moisant recalls Comte's numerous and severe criticisms upon anti-clericalism. P. Dudon discusses the recent elections with hope in the future.

(20 June): P. Hamon says that no adequate biography of the Blessed Margaret Mary has yet been written. P. Brucker replies to P. Mandonnet in the controversy concerning Probabilism.

Revue de Lille (May): P. Boulay writes to further the growing tendency to ally science and philosophy. M. Merlent eulogizes Pierre Loti's book on the last days of Pekin. M. Béhague essays an apologetic thesis to show by study of contemporary facts, together with psychological and social analysis, that the alternative to Christianity is helplessness, suffering, and death.

Revue Générale (June): P. Chauchie describes the universities of Paris and Boulogne in their earliest days. M. Antheunis gives a brief sketch of the history of English "pastoral" literature.

Echo Religieux de Belgique (16 May): P. Fontaine writes a long letter on the present state of apologetics, and in his own inimitable way reveals the awful incapacity of those writers who keep in touch with the times, mark out lines of advance, and influence the intellectual world, still so persistently indifferent to P. Fontaine's warnings. P. Caruel, S.J., publishes two conferences on the present crisis of religious faith.

(16 June): Fr. Verhelst presents a lengthy *résumé* of the discussion concerning the Turin Winding-Sheet. V. De

Brabandère begins a series of papers to show the identity of liberalism and anti-clericalism.

Science Catholique (June): P. Gombault enumerates the writings that have appeared on the new method of apologetic, his comments being in harmony with the general policy of *La Science Catholique*. P. Biguet *résumés* the career of Père Gratry. P. Terrasse describes the anti-duelling congress and its work.

Studi Religiosi (May–June): P. Bley gives an interesting account of the religious beliefs and customs of certain savage tribes in Oceanica. P. Minocchi treats scientifically of the history of the Hebrew language. The book reviews, as well as the theological and scriptural notes, contain a good many interesting entries, some of which are very open and very significant in tone.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 June): G. Grabinski continues his sketch of the career of the Duchess de Berry. Reproduction of A. Galassini's discourse on Dante's patriotic ideals. J. Trochia writes on recent progress in electric railways. An interesting description of the local Catholic Congress held last April at Apulia.

(16 June): S. Rumor sketches the career of Mons. Giuseppe Fogazzaro. Prof. Zampini reproduces his discourse upon the benefits of studying the Gospel.

Rivista Internazionale (June): Prof. Corsi insists upon the necessity of consistent international law with regard to the civil divorces of foreigners. S. Piovani considers the attempts of French Catholics to obtain the liberty of teaching.

Civiltà Cattolica (21 June): Discusses the "new religion" which so-called liberals would wish to impose upon Italy. Considers the comparative bravery of Christians and non-Christians. Writes against duelling in view of a recent affair at Rome, loudly discussed in the public press.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (May): P. Knabenbauer writes on the recently discovered fragment of Ecclesiasticus. P. Gruber comments upon the French Associations Law. Description of the development of journalism in Japan.

Razón y Fe (June): P. Amado writes on the history and the ceremonial of royal coronations. P. Martinez continues

his criticism of a recent attempt to explain Transubstantiation in a new fashion. P. Murillo continues his defence of the Latin nations in the present day.

(July): P. Fita writes upon the labors in Spain of St. James the Apostle. P. Astrain continues to tell the share of Spanish theologians in the Council of Trent. P. Aicardo describes the great *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu* edited by the Jesuit Fathers of the Spanish Province. P. Amado points to the weaknesses of the modern science of æsthetics.

Revista Ibero-Americana de Ciencias Eclesiásticas (1 May): Bishop Maura of Orihuela writes on liberty. R. Valbuena tells of the recently discovered fragment of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus. P. Getino contributes some notes toward a history of theology.

(1 June): P. Casanova writes on Christian Sociology. P. Conde remarks that P. Besse underrates the Spanish school of Thomists.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE publish elsewhere Secretary Root's official statement that the public schools in the Philippines are not being used as a means of proselytizing. The information that the Catholic press gave credence to was awry in most of its particulars, and inasmuch as it misstated facts, the misstatements are withdrawn. Of course it is natural for one to feel somewhat provoked when he has been led astray in spite of every effort to verify his facts; still, on the whole, the agitation has not been without its good effects. We have the utmost confidence in the rectitude of purpose of the Administration itself, and do not sympathize even a little bit with any of the Catholic papers that take occasion to find fault and misconstrue any and every effort that is made to solve the many difficulties that exist in the Philippines. A more trustful and generous policy will attain better results. The storm of protest that the charge against the public-school methods awakened will sharpen the consciences of those who have to do with enforcing the law in the Philippines, and the heretofore unrestrained missionary zeal of some of the teachers will receive a salutary check.

One of the resolutions passed at the Convention of the National Educational Association in Minneapolis is as follows:

"We regard true education as inseparable from morality, and believe the public school the recognized agency to make this relation binding. We urge public-school authorities of the country, teachers and parents, to give strict attention to moral instruction in our schools as the true foundation of character and citizenship. Every consideration of good public policy and healthful social conditions point to the necessity of such instruction."

The next resolution deplores the disuse of the English Bible as a "masterpiece of literature," and adds: "We hope and ask for such a change of public sentiment in this regard as will permit and encourage the English Bible, now honored by name in many school laws and State constitutions, to be read and studied as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it has inspired and in large part informed." One of the Committee on Resolutions is Hon. Charles R. Skinner, State Superintendent, Albany, N. Y.

Before he went to Minneapolis to sign these resolutions the

same Mr. Skinner excluded from a public school at Lima, N. Y., a few nuns, because they dressed in a "religious garb." They would teach morality in the school, but it was not Mr. Skinner's kind of morality, hence they were thrown out. While he casts out the Catholic nuns on the pretext of wearing a religious garb, he would introduce "the English Bible." If this were done in the Philippines there would be some reason for a violent protest, but it is done here in the Empire State of New York, and Charles R. Skinner goes suavely on his way with his work of Protestantizing the Public Schools.

When we look at matters dispassionately, it seems to be certain that the Friars of four of the religious orders cannot go back to their holdings. As Cardinal Rampolla says, "their presence would provoke trouble." Their usefulness as preachers of the Gospel or as ministers of the sacraments is at an end in their former parishes. The reason is, and the only reason is, because they allowed Spain to use them as her political agents, and the hatred against Spain was directed particularly against the friar representatives of Spain. It is a great pity that the circumstances are such, and we can only deplore the fact that the great religious orders, who evangelized and civilized the islands of the East, should have allowed themselves to be placed in such an unenviable position. Here is the problem as the United States Government faces it. It is an extremely delicate one to handle. The Friars, however, in view of their noble work of three centuries, are deserving of the greatest consideration, and any attempt "to deport them," "rudely to expel them," would make for them a thousand friends and would recoil on the heads of the principals in the act of expulsion. Rome is very wise in doing it all gradually. Let the waves of feeling that now surge about this question subside, and in time the Friars will go themselves, and their places will be taken by priests of nationalities other than Spanish, or by native Filipinos trained under American auspices

The outcome of the negotiations of the Taft Commission is really more successful than Secretary Root would have it. If it had resulted as he desired, there would have been no end of complications, recriminations, and bitter feelings. As it is, the Friars, seeing that their usefulness is at an end and their places are being filled by others more suitable, will voluntarily go back to their homes in Spain.

LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF WAR CONCERNING PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

"I BEG to advise you that on the 5th day of July Vice-Governor Wright, the acting governor of the Philippines, was requested to report by cable the facts bearing upon the charge, which has recently been extensively circulated, that official positions in the public-school service in the Philippines have been used for proselyting purposes, especial reference being made to an article which had just appeared in the *Catholic Times*.

"The following dispatch has now been received from Governor Wright:

"'Manila, July 9.—Secretary of War, Washington: Referring to the telegram from your office of 6th inst., charges made by *Catholic Times* unfounded in every essential particular. Untrue that nearly all American teachers are Protestant preachers and proselyters. The fact is, one division superintendent was preaching in the United States a short time, then became teacher. Possibly two or three similar instances among teachers. Bryan, head of normal school, was never clergyman and never occupied a pulpit here or anywhere.

"'There are now two American Catholic teachers in school of instruction (normal school) and five in Manila city schools. Native teachers in city numbering 140, all Catholics. Untrue that teachers of normal schools are proselyting and that school graduates only Protestants. Exceptional that any graduate is other than Catholic. Untrue Filipino is taught that Protestantism brings enlightenment and Catholicism ignorance and tyranny. No reason to suppose that Stone, superintendent, and Oliver, principal of Manila schools, bigoted or anti-Catholic. Both deny it, as also the statement that graduates of Catholic University have been refused place in Manila and sent into the wilderness. Private secretary of Commissioner Moses Catholic, also private secretary of Atkinson, general superintendent of public instruction; also, three division superintendents. Have shown your cable to Rev. William D. McKinnon, Catholic priest, a member of the advisory board general instruction, who confirms the statement of facts made by me above. Law to inaugurate public-school system forbids religious instruction in schools or school buildings by teachers, but allows same three days per week in school buildings by priests or preachers, out of school hours, upon request of parents. (See section 16, Act 74.) This intended as concession to Catholic sentiment. There are about 3,400 native teachers employed in the islands, all of whom are Catholics. Teachers selected without reference to religion and not allowed to preach or teach religion in schools No discrimination against Catholic teachers.

'WRIGHT.'

"You will observe that the statements of this dispatch were confirmed by Father McKinnon, a priest officially connected with the public-school system, and having the most thorough familiarity with the existing conditions in the

Philippines, and who was formerly secretary to Archbishop Chappelle, the direct representative of the Holy See in the Philippines. The statements of the dispatch appear to be further confirmed by remarks which are published in the newspapers this morning, as made by Archbishop Ireland in a speech delivered at a convention of the National Educational Association at Minneapolis."

The secretary then quotes from the address of Archbishop Ireland, and continues:

"None of the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church, whose duty it is to safeguard the interests of their church, and who are familiar with the facts, have made any such charges as are referred to in the inquiry addressed to Governor Wright and in his answer above quoted. I am confident that they know better what the true facts are than the unknown and irresponsible sources of these adverse statements.

"It is the purpose of the Philippine government to maintain in the archipelago the same kind of free, non-sectarian instruction which exists in the United States, and which has proved to be for the interest of religion and all religions. The government means, so far as it possibly can, to give education to the people of the islands, and it will do this without any discrimination for or against any church or sect. It does not mean that any officer or teacher of the public-school system shall use his position to build up or pull down any church whatever, whether Catholic or Protestant. The laws already enacted in the Philippine islands contain the following provision:

"'No teacher or other person shall teach or criticise the doctrines of any church, religious sect or denomination, or shall attempt to influence the pupils for or against any church or religious sect in any public school established under this act. If any teacher shall intentionally violate this section, he or she shall, after due hearing, be dismissed from the public service.'

"Conformity to this provision, in the spirit as well as in the letter, will be strictly required. I think the government of the Philippines is entitled to ask that citizens of the United States shall not assume, or believe upon mere rumor and unproved statements, that the government is not in good faith enforcing this law which it has made."

AN APPEAL FROM CHAPLAIN DOHERTY.

MANILA, June 12, 1902.

DEAR FATHER DOYLE: I arrived Monday in good condition after a record trip of twenty-three days. The conditions here have much improved within the past four years, and the city is very beautiful and cleanly and, with the exception of the present scourge of cholera, is much more habitable and healthy than of yore. Affairs ecclesiastical are in *statu quo* with every one waiting for something to happen. In the meantime there is a crying need for prayer-books and Catholic literature. The little black-covered *Mass Book* is most needed, but the climate needs a stronger cover. The Spanish-English books have a value, and are interesting to the students; but Spanish is not used as a vernacular, and the English books are most important. I have just received my orders to join the regiment, which is stationed in Northern Luzon and somewhat widely scattered. I shall make it my earliest effort to acquire the local language and be understood by the people. In this work Spanish is helpful, for all the books are written in Spanish—Illocano, Tagalo, Visayan. I feel glad to be here and am hopeful of doing some good for the cause. Nothing systematic is possible until the ecclesiastical situation is settled, and then, under episcopal sanction, organization can be effected and work can be carried on with definite purpose.

Some day, when the Winchester idea of a missionary seminary is a *fait accompli*, I hope to see among the students some of the better class of Filipinos, who will add to their knowledge of this country an appreciation of American spirit and do good work where it is necessary.

But all that is to be met with later. Now literature is needed. *Mass Book* (vest pocket edition), *Plain Facts*, etc., etc.

Living is very expensive here just now, and I know of no one who can afford to subscribe in any measure. But if you do, just let them know that others than the Catholics are distributing lots of literature in Spanish-English, and in the native tongues, and that as yet we have not done even as much as non-Catholics wish to see done. Only to-day an officer, whom I visited in the hospital, said that he was glad that his regiment had a Catholic chaplain, and that the solution of many difficulties were possible to us in dealing with a people entirely Catholic. Do send me all literature, books, medals, etc., that you can get.

Yours fraternally,

F. B. DOHERTY, C.S.P.

Address Chaplain Doherty, 11th Cavalry, Vigan, Island of Luzon, Philippine Islands.

We are now filling some large boxes with prayer-books and other things that would prove useful in the Philippines. It will cost $100. Any one who would like to "chip in" and help us can send their contributions to Rev. A. P. Doyle, 120 West 60th Street, New York.

JUDGE TAFT'S FINAL LETTER.

THE negotiations of the past month on the Friar question have reached an issue which will ultimately prove beneficial to all concerned. It is outlined in Taft's final letter to Mr. Root:

Secretary of War, Washington:

Following answer to your dispatch just received:

I am happy to be able to assure you that the Holy See has learned with the most lively satisfaction the high consideration by which Mr. Root, in the name of the Government of the United States, recognizes the fitness of the measures which the Holy See, independently of the solution of any economic questions, designs taking to ameliorate the religious situation of the archipelago and to co-operate in the pacification of the people under the American sovereignty, measures indicated in my memoir of the 21st of June and in my letter the 9th of July.

These declarations of the Secretary of War do honor to the deep political wisdom of the Government of the United States, which knows how to appreciate the happy influence of the Holy See for the religious and civil elevation of peoples, especially of Catholic peoples.

With equal satisfaction the Holy Father has taken into the account the assurance given by Mr. Root that the American authorities in the Philippine Islands and the Government of the United States will put forth all possible efforts to maintain the good understanding so happily established with the authorities of the Catholic Church. On his part the Sovereign Pontiff will not fail to give to the Apostolic Delegate who will soon be sent to the Philippine Islands the most precise instructions conformable to my memoir of the 21st of June and my letter of the 9th of July.

The main lines for future negotiations indicated in the views of these two documents having been accepted by the Secretary of War, the representative of the Holy See in the archipelago will enter into relations with the American authorities in the Philippines on the four points indicated by the Secretary of War at the close of his cablegram.

The Holy See does not doubt that the mutual confidence and the combined action of the representatives of the Holy See and the American Government will easily produce a happy solution of the pending questions and inaugurate for that noble country a new era of peace and true progress.

Farewell audience fixed for Monday noon. TAFT.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

A KEEN critic has suggested that we are now in a period of "compulsory novel-reading." Owing to the energy and skill displayed in advertising we have to take such precautions to avoid worthless books that many are actually forced to read them. To-day, however, books are not advertised mainly by their loving friends. Our latter-day publishers are swiftly forming themselves upon the elegant models offered by our venders of cosmetics and patent medicines. The skill, energy, and capital which have made the virtues of Blank's Soap and Dash's Compound familiar to the very babes in the remotest hamlets of California, are now trumpeting the merits of *The Mississippi Bubble*. The managers of theatres and the manufacturers of cigarettes and crackers no longer hold undisputed possession of the public bill-boards. For weeks in every elevated station in New York posters of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* dazzled the eyes of millions of passengers. Last winter cards in the street-cars declared that Gen. Lew Wallace regards *Tarry Thou Till I Come* as one of the best novels in English. Sandwich signs, carried by battered tramps on Broadway, proclaimed the thrilling interest of *The Helmet of Navarre*. Then, too, the literary agents of our department stores, whose alluring accounts of fine corded dimities, folding-beds, and open-stock patterns in dinner sets have long ranked among the first attractions of our daily press, have joined the publishers in drawing attention to the new books by every means short of personal assault.

In 1902 the unknown author is as extinct as the dodo. The name of rising genius is heralded from one end of the country to the other, and his picture is furnished to every paper that can be persuaded to print it. A little while ago Mary MacLane, the "Marie Bashkirtseff of Butte, Montana," wrote some incredibly silly confessions. Several weeks before they came out the publisher mailed to the principal newspapers proof-sheets of striking chapters. Then came a torrent of anecdotes about the girl, half-tone portraits, full face and profile, in street dress and in evening dress, and assorted sizes of interviews. By the time of actual publication the unfortunate young woman was known to most newspaper readers in America; and, instead of two small editions in three years, as with Jane Austen, Mary MacLane can probably pride herself on two large editions sold on advance orders.

But while every publisher is shouting his wares from the housetops, are the consumers of books growing equally in grace and knowledge? The gentle reader, with all his gentleness, used to offer stubborn resistance to a book he did not like. If he had satisfied his craving for Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* by purchasing two editions, he stopped; and neither Mr. Egerton nor Miss Austen dreamed of making him budge. To-day the publisher and the author do not yield so meekly. They have destroyed the old balance of power; they now plan an elaborate campaign to make a book the fashion, and force it upon us, willy, nilly. Our grandfathers took up a much-discussed novel, certain that, however poor, it has recommended itself to many people. We pathetically follow the tradition of reading the books that are talked about, certain of nothing except that for a month the title has stared at us on

every hand. We wade through it because we suppose everybody else is reading it, and we want to hold up our heads in civilized society. Thus the shrewd publisher and author catch us and stuff us like silly Strassburg geese.

What are we going to do about it? Most of us will do nothing. But people of education owe it to themselves not to be stampeded by mere shouting. They should withstand the vociferous attacks of the advertiser, and remain unashamed, even though they have read none of the immortal masterpieces that within a twelve-month have sunk to oblivion. If we are to hold our own, we must stick to Emerson's rule of waiting till a book has lived at least a year before we favor it with our attention. And we must more than ever try to steady our judgment by turning back to the books that have endured for a generation or more. If from time to time we return to the masters, we may hope to be guided by reason instead of by noise.

* * *

The Bodleian Library at Oxford University, which recently celebrated the three-hundreth anniversary of its opening day, is admitted by many scholars to be the most interesting literary treasury in the world. June 25, 1602, marked the throwing open to Oxonians and, under restrictions, to the general public, of the library that has remained a monument to the name and munificence of Thomas Bodley. From an infant of but 2,000 volumes, which Bodley left to the care and kindness of his alma mater, the library has grown, till now it takes rank among the giants of its kind. The number of printed volumes today in the Bodleian is not far short of 600,000, besides some 30,000 manuscripts and innumerable engravings and monumental brasses.

Sir Thomas Bodley—he was knighted by James I. in recognition of his services—had grown weary of diplomatic labors and the bickerings and jealousies of Queen Elizabeth's court. He longed once more for the solitude of Oxford, where he could pursue in peace the studies his heart delighted in. Resigning, therefore, much to his sovereign's regret, the post of ambassador to France, he retired to the university and set about endowing the library he had long thought of founding. Several attempts had been made before his, notably that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in the fifteenth century; but somehow, probably for want of personal attention, the proposed library had always fallen through, and only a miscellaneous assortment of books and manuscripts remained.

Bodley altered all that and placed his collection on a solid foundation. His emissaries scoured Europe and spent £10,000, in those days an enormous sum of money, in picking up every literary treasure that gold could buy. Four years were spent in this work and in that of properly arranging a scheme of endowment and administration, and then, on that June day, the Bodleian library opened its doors to the world, with Dr. James as its first curator. Bodley spent the remaining years of his life in cherishing and increasing the collection and in supervising all the details of its maintenance. When he died his body was interred in the chapel of Merton College, and a marble statue of the knight, surrounded by books and robed in his scholar's gown, was erected to his memory.

The first curator's chief work was the compiling of a catalogue of the few thousand books and manuscripts entrusted to his care. After a year's labor he had completed an elaborately engrossed Latin index, and for 240 years that

remained the only catalogue in existence, though the library had meanwhile grown to include as many tens of thousands of books as it had previously numbered hundreds. Of course additions, changes, and insertions had been made in the old manuscript catalogue of Dr. James, but so great was the force of conservatism that no one had dared to supersede the first curator's labors by an intelligent compilation of the library's contents. Even Thomas Hearne, the librarian from 1701 till 1716, to whose bibliographical instincts the Bodleian owes so much, did not venture on the task of a new index, though he did much to reform the old one. Had he remained at his post, perhaps he might have essayed what was rapidly becoming a herculean task, but unfortunately the spirit of the times was against him, and his leanings toward the Jacobite cause and the House of Stuart forced the university authorities to demand his resignation.

And when the new catalogue was undertaken and completed, in 1843, its character was fully in keeping with the old-fashioned notions that had delayed its beginnings for almost two centuries and a half. It consisted, and consists to-day, of no fewer than 700 manuscript folio volumes, arranged entirely by authors, with spaces for the insertions and additions that are constantly being made. Since its foundation almost the library has been privileged first by the Stationer's Company, and later on by act of Parliament, to receive a copy of every publication that is copyrighted in Great Britain, which means the addition to the collection of thousands upon thousands of volumes yearly. The number of separate works catalogued to-day is almost 1,200,000, but no attempt has been made at an index by subjects, nor is there any way of identifying a work save by the name of its author. Many of the individual collections presented, however, have catalogues of their own, which are more comprehensive, while the manuscripts are separately collated in a Latin index.

The buildings in which these great treasures are housed include the old library, known as "Schools," and the Camera Bodleiana, formerly the Radcliffe library building. "Schools" is an old quadrangle of which the central portion dates back to the fifteenth century. Here are stored all the old books and manuscripts. "Schools" is the library proper, and is open only from 9 o'clock in the morning till 3 or 5 in the afternoon, according to the season of the year. A stringent rule forbids the introduction of artificial light of any kind into the old library, and all work must be begun and ended in daylig
The fittings and contents of the library are practically the same now as
time of Charles I., shortly after the Bodleian was opened; not even
fashioned seats have changed. There is no more realistic relic left
ways three hundred years ago than the old library in "Schools." T
however, or Bodleian chambers, will be found a trifle less stilte
quated. Here, in a beautiful modern building, one may read at le
o'clock till 10, the modern books and current papers and peri
Camera building is essentially the reading room of the Bodleian
expenses of management for the whole library amount to a bare

The various colleges of Oxford have also acquired exten
their own; in fact the college libraries altogether contain p
volumes. So that the student at Oxford cannot be said to be
of reading matter. But let it not be imagined that the Bod
free-for-all institution. Far from it; even the university mem
mitted to its use on the payment of an annual fee, and as for
the nondescript class known as "literary men" may, when we
be permitted to examine and make extracts from the works the
Such are the closely drawn lines that fence off the treasures o
from the vulgar gaze. The reading room, in Camera, is mo
and is open to any who have business there, but "Schools" is
book to all save admitted members and well recommended litera

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Varieties of Religious Experience. A Study in Human Nature. Being the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion. Delivered at Edinburgh in 1901–1902. By William James. II. D and C. Pp. 525. Price $3.20 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Dark Pages of English History. Being a short account of the Penal Laws enacted against Catholics from Henry VIII. to George IV. By J. R. Wellington, M.A. Pp. 162. Price 75 cts. net. *Derriana:* Essays and occasional Verses chiefly relating to the Diocese of Derry. By the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty. Pp. 320. Price $2.

MASSON ET CIE, Paris:

Le Linceul du Christ: Étude Scientifique. Par Paul Vignon. Pp. 200. Avec 9 Planches.

VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:

Au Sortir de l'École: Les Patronages. Par Max Turmann. Pp. 400. Price 3 fr. 50. *Les Sœurs Aveugles.* Par Maurice de la Lizeranne. Pp. 430.

LIBRAIRIE PLON, Paris:

Le Rayon. Scènes Évangéliques. Septième Edition. Par M. R. Monlaur. Pp. 210.

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ALLYN & BACON, Boston:

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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, Eng.:

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

THIS PAGE IS FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT of Reader, Advertiser, and Publisher. 1. To Reader by calling attention to specially meritorious articles advertised. 2. To Advertiser by, **FREE OF CHARGE,** directing the reader's attention. 3. To Publisher by reason of service rendered reader and advertiser.

A NOVEL ICE BOX has been installed by the **McCRAY REFRIGERATOR COMPANY** at St. Mary's of Nazareth Hospital in Chicago. The three ice compartments of this box are hanging scales, and the quantity of ice contained in each is at all times indicated on a dial outside the box, there being a separate dial for each compartment. Every time they are to be replenished the storekeeper reads the dials to ascertain how much ice is in each box, and when they are filled he again reads the dials, after the manner of reading a gas meter, the difference between the lower and the higher figures indicating the quantity of ice then delivered. There is not much chance of the ice-men getting away with any of the institution in the way of short weight. An illustration of this emissaital will appear in the September advertisement of the **McCRAY REFRIGERATOR CO.**

COAL is good for the stomach. It is antiseptic, absorbent, and It prevents fermentation and decay of food. An ideal preparation **'S CHARCOAL TABLETS,**—for twenty-five years the standard.

G ELSE but **PEARLINE** can get it clean with so little rubbing. of the fine lace and silk article as well as of the blanket. Both **NE** and it is safe for both. The finest fabrics need **PEARLINE**

TISH WAR OFFICE has just purchased three **SMITH PRE-VRITERS** for use by the Second Army Corps at Salisbury Plain.

AL EXPERT informs us that the merits of the **PACKARD** tely demand investigation by any one interested in Piano develop- the best work of the day in advanced piano-building, being a o made for first-class trade.

A Mediæval Cathedral School. (*See Page 773.*)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE VEXED QUESTION OF THE FRIARS.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE, C.S.P.

IN matters of Church policy it is a good rule to follow, not to try to be any wiser than the Holy Father. As we look back over the history of the Church in its relations with the governments of the world there have been times when a little more prudence would have dictated a policy other than the one followed. The constraint that came from powerful men who had ambitious designs to serve, or from powerful nations who had their own interests to subserve, has sometimes compelled the Pope to enter into a line of action which in the light of subsequent events may not have been considered the best; still at the time in which the policy was adopted in all probability it was not possible to do otherwise. Still, the Holy Father is in better position to make a judgment concerning the broad policies of church action than any one else. At the Vatican are concentrated the various streams of knowledge of affairs. A wider knowledge conduces to maturer judgments. The Rock of Peter is elevated enough above the rush of the torrents of passions so that it need not be stirred by them. There is a serene atmosphere about it that is not affected by the petty strifes of partisan politics, nor by the stronger sentiments of national or racial feelings. If we add to these facts the consideration that the Pope has particular illuminations that are given to him in his position as head of the Church, it is a prudent statement to make that there is a double obligation to accept his judgment rather than our own in special matters of policy towards particular questions. It is good, therefore, not to be wiser than the Holy Father.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1902.

There is a temper of mind indicated by some of the half-expressed thoughts of our publicists which appeals to a pope better informed, or to a younger man with more vigorous thinking powers, or to one less under the influence of progressive ideas. When this temper of mind is analyzed there may be found in it a species of private judgment which if imported into doctrinal affairs inspires the heretical spirit, and in these matters of church policies it excludes that *ex corde* obedience which every Catholic should render to the head of his Church.

This little homily is but a preface to a commentary on the vexed Friar Question. It is a long time since Catholic editors and writers were at such variance as they are on the question of the elimination of the Friars from the Philippines.

A dispassionate study of the situation will indicate how largely partisan politics as well as a love for the religious orders have entered into the formation of the opinions that have been expressed pro and con. in the matter. Moreover, another fact is evident. Some politicians other than Catholics are trying to force this question into the political arena, and their purpose is to develop a bitter religious feeling against the present administration. If they are in any measure successful it will be only by the aid of short-sighted Catholic publicists who allow their better judgment to be warped by religious rancor. No more lamentable catastrophe could happen to the welfare of the Church in this country than that it be ranged in opposition to legitimate government. The highest hopes of the American people are wrapped up in the success of our government. The Holy Father has said that the future is with America. The Philippines are ours whether for better or for worse. The American flag is there to stay. The great movements of a nation in which money, energy, and the lives of soldiers and of sailors have been spent are not to be reversed. The Americanization of the Philippines will go on in any event. There will go with it some evils, for after all it is our misfortune that we do not stand for all that is good. The adventurer and the outcast are very often the ones to follow closely after the flag, and oftener than not the representative of American nationality is not the high-minded patriotic citizen. We can only deplore this fact. But on this very account is it necessary for the better elements among our people to stand by the government, and to infuse into its action that which is for the

best interests of the people; and instead of antagonizing and thwarting the governmental policy, to so inform it that it may serve the highest interests of the greatest number.

The type of Catholic that has been developed under the shadow of our American institutions is the peer of any in the world. He is intelligent, self-reliant, and practical. He knows his religion thoroughly, and he practises it devoutly. We need not be afraid that he will not hold his own when brought in contact with the Spanish Catholic. Nor need we fear that there will be a letting down of ideals if the American system of non-interference in Church matters is substituted for the old Spanish system of the identification of Church and State. As we look over the world we find that many of the evils the Church has had to deplore, and most of the difficulties she has met with in her efforts to reform mankind, have come from the state interfering with her freedom of action. If we believe in the superiority of the American system of non-interference, we would do well to hasten its introduction, for even among the Latin races in the second generation it creates a good type of Catholic. The generation of Italian children that are now growing up under the influence of the Church in our American cities will be immeasurably better Catholics than their parents were. We have nothing to fear from the introduction of the American system except we refuse to participate in it, and so set ourselves over against it as to thwart its good purposes. It is admitted on all sides that the strictest impartiality rules the present administration, and only a short-sighted antagonism can frustrate its determination to do the fullest justice.

Such an antagonism is in no sense in accord with the policy of the Holy Father, but in direct opposition to it. From the very inception of the negotiations on the Philippine question the attitude of Rome was conciliating. The Holy Father approached the question in a broad-minded spirit. Rome knows very well that the church of a people to do its best work must be in harmony with the best aspirations of the people. If it be a foreign and antagonistic element it never will succeed in doing its work among the people, or of perpetuating its influence in a nation.

There is no manner of doubt as to the attitude of the Holy Father towards the Spanish Friars. It is the policy of voluntary elimination. We have the most profound respect for the heroism and devotion of the Spanish missionary. His record of

bravery and self-sacrifice during the last three centuries is one of the brightest chapters of history. It is his work that has given Spain the world-wide dominion she possesses, and it is his devotion among the conquered people that has perpetuated this power to the present day. But in order to get the proper perspective let us place the matter in another light. Let us suppose that the priesthood in Ireland during the last three centuries, instead of being Irish to the core and devoted to the people's best interests, were emissaries of England. Let us suppose they belonged to religious orders whose superior-generals were all Englishmen and were closely identified with the English crown; that they had free access to the royal palace, and their coming and going was at the behest of the English king; how long would the Irish people tolerate such a priesthood, though its personnel was made up of the best of men, and what probably would be the state of religion in Ireland to-day, after a century of such antagonism? It may be readily understood, then, why a considerable number of the Filipino people, in their revolt against the Spanish government, are antagonistic to the Friars; and it may be as readily understood why in the Americanization of the Islands it would be well to replace these same good men by just as good men who know the English language and who understand and are devoted to the American system of non-interference in Church matters.

The Spanish Friars deserve our highest respect. Men who voluntarily renounce home and country to live among a semi-civilized people, and who do it from the highest motives, command the admiration of the best of men. Men of this calibre will be the first to see what is for the good of the Church, and they will add the further sacrifice of voluntarily going from their present fields of labor if the highest interests of souls may be subserved thereby.

In any case, for us the principle which solves all the difficulties that lie in and about the decision is, What is the desire of the Holy Father? He knows best. His outlook over the affairs of men is broader than ours. His sagacity is the outcome of the experience of nearly a century with the great national movements, and his wisdom is the inspiration of the Vicar of Christ. In the presence of his judgment our personal inclinations subside and our personal opinions are made to coincide.

AN ECONOMIC STUDY OF THE MINER AS HE IS.

BY RICHARD CARTRIGHT.

LOOK back now over twenty-five years of experiences among the miners of the Anthracite Coal region, and I may lay some claim to an accurate knowledge of their lives; and in view of the many incorrect stories of the great strike that find credence in these days it may be well to present some facts. These facts may be tinged by my sympathies for the miner, for I confess that as I know him I am compelled to admire him.

"How can I support myself, wife, and six children on my wages, which all the year round does not average more than $30 a month?" This is the stern, practical question that daily confronts the average anthracite coal miner, who, buried in the inky depths of the mine, far away from sunshine and the sympathetic encouragement of his fellow-man, is left either to solve this apparently impossible problem or starve. The fact that he or his generally do not starve is ample proof of the fact that he does solve what apparently is an insoluble problem. After most economically computing the prices of the necessaries of life, which usually include provisions, clothing, shoes, house-rent, fuel, taxes, medicines, and the other lesser incidental exigencies of life, and then realizing that the miner, with his wife and six children, must therefore live on $1 a day, even the most parsimonious economist must grow sceptical, and be led to inquire into the miner's wonderful achievement. How does the miner do this?

Possibly there is no class of men so grossly misrepresented as the coal miner. He is sometimes pictured as a sort of minotaur—as Julian Hawthorne once described him—or a drunken ruffian, fit only for strikes, villany, and murder, as certain Philadelphia and New York papers nowadays portray him. These calumnies generally are promulgated by a class of reporters who in times of strikes are sent to the coal regions to report in the most sanguinary manner scenes of riot and bloodshed that never occur. Only the other day one of New York's most "conservative" dailies published two columns of the most malicious lies ever printed—describing the miners in the act of destroying

property, burning coal-breakers, and discharging Winchester rifles in the streets of Wilkesbarre, all of which the Wilkesbarre papers flatly contradicted and branded as lies, pure and simple. It is practically safe to say that there are not a dozen miners in the coal regions who ever had a Winchester rifle in their hands. The miner has been accused of every crime in the category of criminology, but we never have yet met or even heard, save from the newspapers above mentioned, of a cowardly miner. Wilkesbarre, Scranton, and the other mining towns in the coal regions are as peaceful, even now in time of strike, as the quiet city of Philadelphia, and much more law-abiding than Chicago or New York. These calumnies, besides being coined by irresponsible journalism, are also fabricated in the offices of some unscrupulous coal magnates, promulgated by their official organs, and are well calculated to turn the tide of sympathy against the miner, struggling against such frightful odds; for nothing is more repulsive to the true American heart than lawlessness. However, now that the 200,000 miners of the coal regions are arrayed to a man under the intelligent leadership of the able and incorruptible jurist John Mitchell, the people of the larger outside cities will soon begin to take those stories of lawlessness with the proverbial grain of salt.

It became necessary for the miners officially to repudiate these travesties on their character and their deeds. They did so in the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, Some of the Philadelphia and New York City newspapers, of the yellow stripe, with their lying statements are endeavoring to classify the anthracite mine workingmen as little better than anarchists; and

"*Whereas*, The miners themselves are peace-loving and law-abiding and do not countenance the burning of fences, etc., which is the work of irresponsible boys whose fathers, as a rule, are not mine-workers; be it therefore

"*Resolved*, That we, the delegates accredited to the Wilkesbarre sub-district headquarters, denounce those statements as false and misleading, and ask the American people not to condemn us until we commit an overt act of violence.

"WILLIAM CARNE, *President.*
"E. L. BARRETT, *Secretary.*

"Branch headquarters U. M. W. of A., Koons Hall, Wilkesbarre."

The *Record* of Wilkesbarre, commenting on these resolutions, said editorially:

"Readers of some of the New York and Philadelphia papers, of the variety known as 'yellow,' must think that there is a veritable reign of terror in and about Wilkesbarre, as the reports telegraphed by their representatives from here are of the most sanguinary and lurid character.

"They send off to their papers reports of riots and bloodshed almost daily, and on the off days they send vivid descriptions of burning breakers and armored trains, of wire fences charged with electricity warranted to electrocute thousands, and of cases by the score filled with Winchester rifles.

"People who live in this section know these reports to be lies pure and simple, made up out of the whole cloth; but the outside public may believe in their truthfulness, and so look upon the coal regions as being beyond the pale of law and civilization.

"What the psalmist once said in haste about all men being liars might be said of the class of newspapers referred to.

"As has been the custom during former strikes in the coal regions, so in the present one: the special correspondents of certain metropolitan papers are more sensational than truthful in their comments and statements concerning the situation."

Let us add the statement published in the Wilkesbarre *News* of June 16, over his own name, by Father Curran, that magnificent model leader and champion of his people:

"*Editor News:* The signs of a settlement of the anthracite coal strike are less obvious at the beginning of its sixth week than at its very inception. Power of endurance seems the only expedient now in sight. Perhaps the overtaxed patience of a suffering public will go to pieces one of these days and force a settlement. As long as the coal operators stand on the inflated bubble of 'nothing to arbitrate' just so long will unbiased public sentiment hold them responsible for financial and other losses sustained on every hand.

"One by one the slanderous statements spread broadcast by the operators and their narrow-minded friends against the poor miners are piercing their own hides, like so many boomerangs, and bringing discredit upon any public utterance which they may make in the future.

"By them the strikers were put down as law-breakers, drunkards, and all-around hideous creatures. Strange that the world at large was never enlightened as to these gruesome shades of the miners' life until the strike came on. However, the trend of events has revealed the truth in their behalf, and a little light thrown on the question will not dishonor them by contrast. It may appear at first sight an extraordinary and wild assertion when I say that the anthracite coal miners of Pennsylvania are proportionately the most law-abiding and sober people in the whole civilized world. While proving this statement I will not refer to the holiday appearance which our regions present during the present struggle. I will not take into consideration the absence of violence, ungentlemanly conduct, of menacing threats, so conspicuous among the strikers to-day. Nor will I cite the unprecedented example of the miners keeping voluntary vigil over the companies' property. Turn whichsoever side you may, search the records of any and all previous struggles between capital and labor, and I defy you to point to a parallel case.

"In marked contrast to this edifying and law-abiding conduct of the poor struggling miners stands the dark record of the non-American and ungentlemanly attitude which the operators have assumed in this crisis.

"Let the truth be known though the heavens fall. Our esteemed champions of law and order have dredged the gutters of our metropolitan cities, and have let down their grappling irons into the sinks of Bowery saloons in search of men to uphold the dignity of the law and take the places of decent American citizens.

"All of the social 'scabs' may not be of this stripe, but there are a sufficient number of them to prove how un-American and how devoid of true patriotism these operators are in comparison with the vilified miners.

"These unfortunates are togged out in brand-new clothes so as to appear like real gentlemen. A bull-dog revolver or repeating rifle, with several rounds of ammunition, is put into the hands of these professional 'soaks,' and sealed orders are given them as to when and how they must shoot. Thus far one innocent little boy lies a victim to their deadly aim, with a bullet in his body. Our jails are being gradually filled with these imported peace preservers, while the dirty work still goes on by the

irresponsible army still on guard. How is that for a sample of incipient anarchy? What a howl would go up if our peaceful miners should make half the trouble that the handful of striking trolley hands caused last week in the city of Pawtucket, R. I. During a street-car strike at Scranton recently, which lasted six months, scarcely a single overt act of violence could be rung up against the strikers. And yet the trolley boys were all graduates of the coal mines and belong still to miners' families. As to sobriety among our miner boys and men, listen to this extraordinary narration of facts. Of the 147,000 men and boys now on strike, fully 25,000 are organized total abstainers. In Luzerne and Lackawanna counties we have over 15,000; in Carbon, Schuylkill, and other neighboring counties 10,000, which represent not a spasmodic growth, but a normal condition. Adding to this number those who have sworn allegiance to the cause of temperance since the strike set in we could count the enormous sum of 100,000 total abstinence men and boys in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania to-day.

"When the great seal is broken and the Book of Life thrown wide open to the world, perhaps our poor oppressed and much maligned miners will get justice.

"J. J. CURRAN."

As a matter of fact the average coal miner is a real Christian gentleman, in the best sense of that much-abused noun. True, he is not learned in the lore of books—ay, he is quite fortunate if he can read the newspapers—but one glance at his sparkling eyes and seriously thoughtful countenance, that "title page which heralds the contents of the human volume," reveals intelligence; not the intelligence developed in the class-room, but an intelligence inspired and inculcated by the Almighty God, who has placed the miner in the most thorough of all universities—the University of Hardship.

True, like the gnarled oak, the miner quite frequently presents a rough appearance, but let us not be too ready to judge the tree by its bark. This would be a great mistake in the miner's case; for underneath his grimy, ragged working armor and the grizzled exterior indicative of the strength of a giant, is concealed a *heart;* not the heart of a fierce beast, but the heart of a brave man—one large enough to contain all the emotions of the most heroic of men, and the gentleness of the most gentle of women. How often, of an evening after supper,

when visiting some miner friend, have we paused at the threshold of his door wishing that we were a painter that we might draw the gentlest picture of domestic life there presented. If, as the poet says:

> "The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
> For that were stupid and irrational;
> But he whose noble soul its fears subdues,
> And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from,"—

how magnanimously brave must be the valiant miner, who in the Stygian gloom of the mine struggles, not like the soldier in the open field under the clear sky, fighting elbow to elbow with his fellow-man against an enemy not unlike himself—for that were easy—but there in his silent, yawning dungeon, self-reliant and alone, without a moment's warning he may be obliged to withstand an explosion of gas, seemingly bursting from the very walls of hell; or its countercharge of "black damp"; or the caving of the mine; the stopping of the air-fan; the bursting in of some river or old flooded workings; or any of the thousand and one other unforeseen contingencies that daily cast the gloom of death over our various mining communities. Indeed few families have escaped!

The soldier dies on the field of battle, rescuing a flag or a fellow-countryman, and we ungrudgingly immortalize his heroism on painted canvas or in marble shaft. In ministering to our comfort or in rescuing a fellow-laborer, under infinitely more difficult, and equally heroic, conditions than the soldier had to contend with, and with no human eye on him, the miner lays down his life. No brazen monument commemorates his deed; it lives only for a day in the hearts of his fellow-man, for such deeds happen hourly in the coal regions.

Honest? The coal miner could not be otherwise if he wished. Debts can be stopped from his pay before he receives it, and most companies, after the lead of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, will not retain an employee who refuses to pay an honest debt. True, many miners run behind in their stores (for obvious reasons this never occurs in company stores), and the best they can do toward an old debt is to pay one dollar or two every month until the debt vanishes. It is, perhaps, also true that there is not a single grocer in the coal regions, who has been in business for any length of time, who has not had

bad debts to deplore, but the "average," "typical" miner would rather starve than eat another man's food. We should be careful not to confound the rule with the exception and to separate the chaff from the wheat.

The miner is of necessity compelled to be sober. A drunken miner would have infinitely less chance to live and work in the mines than a raving maniac would who would persist in brandishing a flaming torch in a powder magazine. The slightest inclination of the head—on which, fastened to his cap, rests the miner's naked light—toward a "feeder" or lurking body of gas, and an explosion may be caused with most disastrous results. No, mining and drunkenness are incompatible. · Besides, every morning before entering his chamber the miner has to present himself to the "fire boss" to learn the condition of his chamber. The well-trained eye of this official prevents the miner from appearing under the slightest suspicion of intoxication. We do not pretend to say that the average miner is always a total abstainer. No, he is not averse to his pint of beer after returning from work—as he himself puts it, "to wash down the dust." And not unfrequently freely imbibes the same beverage on "pay day"; but he is mindful of his wife and children at home, and consequently is ever willing to forego "the cup that cheers" whenever said "cup" interferes with the comfort of his loved ones. To corroborate this we need only cite recent occurrences in Wilkesbarre and Hazleton, Pa., in the parishes of Fathers Curran and Hussie. After pointing out the evil influences of even moderate drinking, Father Curran had the happiness of administering the total abstinence pledge to his whole congregation. Some time ago, when the present strike was declared, 1,000 miners presented themselves to Father Hussie, of Hazleton, Pa., to receive the white badge of temperance—showing to the world that they are exponents of law, order, and decency. Of course, it goes without saying that the average miners' wives and daughters are total abstainers.

That one of his deep religious principles is the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God is daily evidenced in the fact that, Christ-like, the miner is ever ready to lay down his life for his fellow-man. Since "greater love than this no man hath," and since "charity is the fulfilment of the law," we need say nothing further about the miner's "piety"; but as any sketch of the miner's character would be inadequate with-

out a reference to his morality, we beg leave in passing briefly to refer to it. Without the slightest hesitation we assert that the miner is the most moral of all laboring men! Virtue is regarded by him as a most precious jewel, and the marriage vows he reveres as the most sacred of all religious institutions. Consequently, and as a reward for this piety, the Almighty God has given to the miner a physique that well might be the admiration and envy of the world's most famous athletes or sculptors' models. Nor has that same bountiful Hand stopped at the miner; for having no sins of the parents to visit on the children, He has lavishly bestowed the same blessing on the miner's rugged, handsome sons and healthy, beautiful daughters.

But here the puzzled, impatient economist interrupts. "Granting all you say to be true, after carefully computing the living expenses of ordinary workingmen, I cannot see how a family of 8, even of the most honest, sober and pious, can live on $30 a month." We must confess that at one time, after a most careful computation of the living expenses of ordinary laborers, we could not solve the problem either; but that was because we figured on the expenses of "ordinary laborers." We consider, however, that the life of the typical miner is more than ordinary. His physical constitution makes it possible for him to live on fare and in environments that would be simply impossible for an "ordinary" workingman. Before proceeding further we wish to state that our "average" miner is not chosen from the more comfortably living Irish, Welsh, Scotch, or English men who were the pioneers in the coal-fields, and who are to-day working, as they facetiously put it, "to keep our blood a-movin' and our pockets in spendin' money." No, the average "typical" miner is chosen from the less fortunate Irishmen, Welshmen, Scotchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Polanders, Hungarians, Slavonians, Lithuanians, who form the overwhelming majority. It is strange that the Italian is practically an unknown quantity in the mines; we suppose because he either lacks the nerve or endurance of these powerful men.

Owing to the diversity of races and of tastes, differing so largely in conventionalities, it is difficult to lay down an unvarying living standard; in fact it cannot be done absolutely, unless we consider each nationality separately; or, as we shall endeavor for brevity's sake to do, divide the various nationalities into two general classes. The Irish, Welsh, Scotch, English,

and Germans having many points in common, we shall place in one class, and the Poles, Huns, Slavs, etc., being almost identical in habits, we shall place in another class. The former class, though scarcely any better off from a monetary viewpoint, live much better than the latter. Being rather expert at farming, the Irish, German, and frequently the Welshman, supply their tables with vegetables, which, after working hours and on idle days, they cultivate in their little patch of garden—thus procuring edibles their slender wages could never procure. There being plenty of common pasturage, many of the Irish and German miners manage to purchase a young calf, which, after a couple of years, supplies them with milk and butter. The Welsh, and not unfrequently the Irish miners, who cannot afford to keep a cow, are partial to goats, which supply them with milk for their tea, and sometimes with winter's meat, which, we are told, is quite dainty and not unlike venison. In the suburbs and outlying districts, where the town and city ordinances do not obtain, this class of miners also manage to raise pigs, which furnish them with meat for the winter, lard, sausages, bologna, etc. Wherever it is possible chickens, ducks, and geese are also raised to supply the miner with eggs, a "Sunday fowl dinner," and the only luxury this class of miner enjoys—a feather bed! Practically no miner partakes of more than one "square" meal a day, that being supper. It would be straining facts awfully to attribute to his breakfast or dinner the euphonious term "lunch." The miner's "breakfast" is simply a couple of pieces of bread with a cup of tea for Welsh and Irish, or coffee for German, or water for Pole, Slav, Hun, etc. The "dinner" consists of several pieces of home-made bread, packed into a dinner pail, with an occasional slice of cheese for the Welshman; or piece of ham for the Irishman; or piece of bologna or bacon for the Pole, Slav, Hun, etc The "average" miner's supper, his only warm meal during the day, also varies slightly according to nationality, but perhaps more *per accidens*, or in the method of preparation, than in the essential ingredients, which in every case involves either cheap boiling meat, which is metamorphosed by the thrifty housewife's ingenuity into a hash, ragout, or "pot roast," for the English and Welshmen, tea, bread, etc., being added; or a hot mess of pork, cabbage, and potatoes, which gratifies the Irish miner's appetite; sometimes soup, but more frequently tea, by

way of *entrée.* The Poles', Slavs', Huns' typical supper beggars description! The nearest we can come to it by way of delineation is a sort of "ragout," in which several pounds of dough, cut into very small particles, have been boiled. Bacon with vegetables is also a favorite dish; beverage, water. On Fridays all miners are partial to salt fish (generally cod), cheese, and eggs. On Sundays the miners of the first class, those from the British Isles, etc., indulge in a beef-steak dinner or fresh-meat roast; but this is the only day in the week they can afford this luxury. From the foregoing you may begin to wonder how the average miner retains his magnificent physique! Not being a biologist, we do not pretend to answer; but we do know that among the miners indigestion and dyspepsia are practically unknown. Here also we wish to remark that salt is the miner's only condiment; apparently he needs no other.

The miners of the second class (that of the eastern European), although equally as good, or perhaps better farmers, for that was their business in their native land, do not take to this avocation so energetically. Perhaps because they had too much farming with only small returns in their own country. At any rate they do not need to; for, not being obliged exactly to measure up to the conventional standard of livelihood of the communities in which they reside, they do not require one-fourth of the articles that the "impatient economist" (and others) would compute in a "list of necessary expenses." Their children never wear shoes (the same also is practically true of the other class of miners' children) except for the months that snow is on the ground; even then *many* poor children must remain from church and school because they cannot afford the luxury of shoes! We dare also to say that one pair of shoes will last these miners' economical wives a whole year and longer, for they themselves only wear shoes when going to church or town, and the latter occasion seldom occurs, for groceries, meat, etc., are brought to their doors by delivery wagons. On idle days (on an average two or three in the week!) these miners, with their wives and children, supply their homes with summer and winter fuel, which they are allowed to pick—their labor being the only price demanded—from the immense "culm-banks," as they are called. This also is true, except that generally their wives do not take part, in the case of the other (the first) class of miners.

The average miner has little or no property; he seldom or never insures himself; therefore the insurance item, never absent from the "economist's" list, is practically money saved. We say seldom, because the Welsh, Scotch, and English miners sometimes do insure themselves and children—whether wisely or foolishly we leave you to settle. True, the small amount accruing from their policies, after their sudden demise, has often kept the wolf from their families' door; but the monthly payments on said policies during their lives have just as frequently kept food from their stomachs.

Another item of expense—one next and almost equal to his store bill—that causes the average miner no small anxiety is the house-rent. This on an average amounts to $102 a year; for miners' house-rents vary from $6 to $10 a month, or say an average of $8.50. Again, notwithstanding the fact that the miner sensibly considers his church fees as an investment offering no small return, still the mathematical "economist" will not lose sight of the fact that these fees, augmented by the building of new churches throughout the coal regions, and aggregating an average of $12 a year at the least for each family, will swallow up not a little of the dollar a day earnings.

The miners of the second class manage to eke out existence by keeping several boarders, whom they crowd into a house scarcely large enough for the miner's immediate family. When we assure the "economist" that said miners accomplish this feat by nailing a wide board or two to the side of an ordinary "double" bed, thereby accommodating *four* "boarders," who sleep crosswise thereon after the manner of "fresh fish on a gridiron," he will begin to realize how ingenious and resourceful these miners can be in making both ends meet!

In an article entitled "What Wage is a Living Wage?" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE of last April, the Rev. John A. Ryan, S.T.L., lays down "a revised list of the minimum annual expenditures of a workingman's family for one year"; a list whose sum-total is $584.61, and an amount which he says for decent support will seem incapable of further reduction. It will be seen at once that this amount is $224.61 more than the average miner receives for annual wages! Hence it is evident that the wages he receives are not sufficient to provide him with a decent living.

We have attempted briefly to describe how the average

miner endeavors to supply himself with many of the commodities his wretched pay could not afford; but verily if the average miner lived up to the Rev. John A. Ryan's princely allowance, he and his family would pass their nights dreaming of pianos, automobiles, etc.

We have not attempted to portray the appalling wretchedness, misery—ay, starvation, that have come under our notice during our twenty-five years' experience in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. No; like the proud miner who carries his *empty* dinner-pail to the mines rather than reveal his condition or ask for charity as long as he can handle a pick and shovel, we too would fain conceal much. Suffice it to say that for the kind of work he does, and the dangers and hardships encountered, we believe the miner is the worse paid workingman in these United States, and, comparatively speaking, in the civilized world!

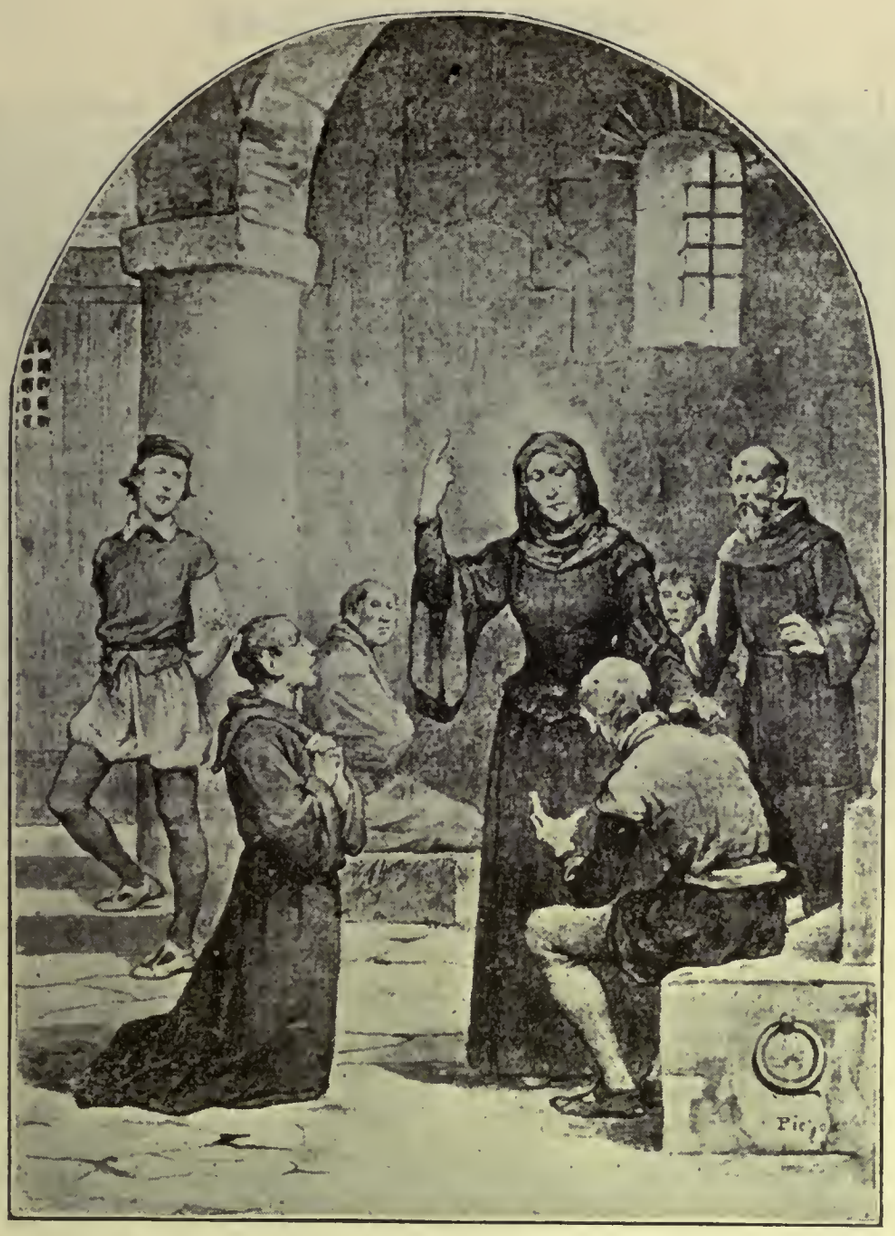
TRUST.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

I'D trust my Love in Hades, and know her undefiled;
I'd trust my Love in Heaven, and know her unbeguiled;
I'd trust my Love with honor, life, and everything I own;
Because I know my Love's love is all my love alone.

If she should hand me poison, I'd take it unafraid,
Sure through her hand to medicine the poison would be made;
If Death should lurk in any quest ventured at her behest,
I'd trust my Love to life's end, and dying trust her best.
I'd trust my Love though lying tongues should wag till Time will rust;
Because I love my Love best—and Love's other name is Trust.

Oh! God, if so with human love our trust may married be,
How can our little, shrunken hearts do otherwise with Thee?



LUISA DE CARVAJAL.

A SPANISH APOSTLE IN LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY REV. MICHAEL P. HEFFERNAN.

AT the beginning of the seventeenth century in England, Protestantism reigned supreme. To profess Catholicism meant death; in fact, loyalty to Rome was by law a capital crime.

The Reformers boasted that they introduced "freedom of conscience" into the British Isle, and their admirers of to-day might well read the historical relations of three hundred years of incessant persecution which are to be found in the dusty national archives, to ascertain what degree of toleration was meted out in those Neronic times to the hapless Catholics of the English kingdom.

The English rulers managed to contrive within an exceedingly short space of time a network of oppressive laws, with meshes pitilessly interwoven, through which the down-trodden Catholic could not breathe even in secret. The Catholic name was incompatible with the English name, and fidelity to the ancient church was an act of treason to king and country. It were nigh impossible to give the details of the proscriptive legislation enacted against Popery. It affected person, property, rank, and inheritance. Yet even amidst this hell-born terrorism, that surpassed the worst days of a Tiberius, a Caligula, or a Diocletian, the providence of God was most merciful and vigilant. The proscribed Catholics of England were not forgotten. Catholic priests in disguise penetrated to every portion of the island. They did their noble work at the risk of their lives; but they were men built in the mould of the primitive Christians, men who were ready at any moment to mount the scaffold and bear unfaltering witness to the faith of their divine Master. Many, indeed, were the artifices which were adopted to convey the intelligence to the Catholics of towns and villages that some unknown and disguised priest would pay them an apostolic visit. One could scarcely begin to detail the different ways and methods of this sacred telegraphy. Sometimes in the outskirts of a town or village a certain quantity of linen would be spread on the mead; at other times it would be hung along the hedges to dry; these were recognized signs to the few Catholic inhabitants of the place that on the morrow God's minister would be with them to dispense the holy mysteries. In some of the old English manors there may be seen to-day the hiding-places in the walls to which the priest might retreat during the frequent domiciliary visits made by the brutal commissaries of the government. Had these agents of Satan any suspicion that the walls contained a living being, the posse would be turned into a crowbar brigade whose satanic work made saints for paradise. The fugitive priest, whose parish was all England, said Mass at daybreak for his little flock, administered the Sacraments, and at eventide preached the word of God. When his priestly labor was finished, he departed to some other centre of Catholicism to renew his efforts in behalf of souls. Thus, providentially, some glimmering of the faith was left amidst the general national apostasy.

The deplorable condition of the English Catholics was not

HENRY THE EIGHTH. *(Original by Holbein.)*

unknown abroad. "*Salvete Flores Martyrum!*" said St. Philip Neri respectfully to the young English clerics whom he met in the streets of Rome. In 1580 Pope Gregory XIII. approved and blessed a society established by an English Catholic, George Gilbert, the object of which was to assist the English missionaries. This society found in the seminaries of Rheims, Rome, and Valladolid priests who were ready and willing to labor on the trying English mission, and it also succeeded in collecting

moderate financial resources in different Catholic countries. The French and Spanish governments were kept informed by their respective ambassadors of the state of affairs in England, and many a diplomatic despatch contained the account of some martyr's execution at which the representatives of the Catholic sovereigns assisted with respectful but powerless piety. Great commiseration was felt especially in Spain for their unfortunate co-religionists, but Spain was unable to afford other than indirect, moral assistance. The days of the Armada had passed.

In our times two talented writers, Lady Georgiana Fullerton * and the Countess de Courson,† have revived the memory of a Spanish heroine who sacrificed rank, country, fortune, and friends to become the consoler and adviser of the English Catholics who were unjustly condemned to die for their allegiance to the faith in which they were nurtured. Before the Christ-like, heroic character that stands out from the pages of these two excellent books we might bend the knee in lowly reverence.

I. Luisa de Carvajal was born of an ancient noble family that held large possessions in the Spanish province of Estremadura. The year of her birth is 1568. At this period in the world's history, so fatal to the religious welfare of other countries, the chivalrous blood of Spain was as brave and fiery as in early days; but it had become restless and impatient on account of the inaction that followed a glorious epoch of unceasing contest and victory. The descendants of the ancient Spanish chivalry panted to continue the ancestral activity, but there was nothing for them to do. For eight centuries their fathers had fought against the Moors, and by their valiant combat on mountain and plain had at last succeeded in expelling the foreign invader from the Peninsula. Throughout the vicissitudes of these long and fateful ages the brave Spanish knight had been habituated to the life of the camp. A day came eventually when the contest ceased for want of combatants, and victory made the Spaniard dull and sluggish. But he yet retained his incoercible energy, or at least the spirit of it; he longed devoutly for some cause that could satisfy his soul other than by dreaming; he carried with him, if it can be called such, the fatality of chivalrous activity. Cervantes made sport

* *The Life of Luisa de Carvajal.* London: Burns & Oates. 1889.

† *Quatre Portraits de Femmes.* Paris: Didot. 1895.

of his countrymen's ambition; and like all satirists, endeavored to cause a laugh at the expense of what was noble and great. But there arose in these eventful times two men who were the saviors and directors of Spanish originality: Ferdinand Cortez

ANNE BOLEYN.

and Ignatius of Loyola. The former traced across the ocean for his countrymen a path that was not obliterated, and over that path all who had the spirit of adventure made haste to sail. The latter, arming himself with new zeal for the Church of Rome, taught her children unknown methods of proselytism, and all who had the apostolic spirit were fascinated by them. In the knight of the Middle Ages the taste for adventure was united to the apostolic spirit in thorough harmony. Ferdinand

Cortez and St. Ignatius of Loyola, in the sixteenth century, divided between them the descendants of the ancient knights, and Spain, thanks to these two men, was given the vantage-ground on which they could find employment. It is in such a frame we must set the picture of Luisa de Carvajal, if we would understand rightly her character and apostolic work; we must place her separately in the group of elect souls over which rises the lofty, commanding figure of St. Ignatius of Loyola.

Luisa's childhood was sad and dreary enough; she was an orphan at four years of age. She was then placed in the hands of a severe and exacting governess whose harshness astonishes us in our more liberal days. She lost an aunt who loved her tenderly, and had to live with an uncle whose affection, though quite sincere, was nevertheless undemonstrative and tinged with all the stiffness of official formality. The child's soul, thus bereft of satisfying love, perceived soon enough the emptiness of all that was not God. When her uncle was appointed Viceroy of Navarre, she went to live with him at Pampeluna. A half-century before St. Ignatius had received under the walls of Pampeluna the wound that made him a saint, and in this city Luisa de Carvajal vowed herself definitely to God's holy cause. She was at this time in her eleventh year. The viceroy, like many noble Spaniards of this period, possessed a taste for the magnificent and a love for the severe. He was a man who allowed no encroachment on his viceregal authority, but who was in secret most humble and self-denying. As viceroy he displayed a certain amount of grandeur; as a Christian he abased himself to nothingness. He wished to make an ascetic of Luisa. "The less," he said to her, "you converse with creatures the more intimate you will be with God's angels and saints." The Marquis of Almagan entertained the hope that this growing intimacy of Luisa with Christ her Lord would be ratified and crowned by religious vows. But Luisa did not feel that God called her to monastic life. She had no desire either for marriage or the convent. The august tradition of the early ages, according to which the lay-virgin could in her own way serve the church, had never been lost either in God's designs or the life of the church, and Luisa, like the virgins of former days with whom St. Jerome had conversed and corresponded, remained in the world exposed to its dangers, with the credit of facing them and the glory of overcoming them, with the happi-

CARDINAL REGINALD POLE, WHO WAS THE STOUT OPPONENT OF HENRY VIII. IN HIS ADULTEROUS MARRIAGES.

ness of belonging entirely to God and the hope of doing good. These were her feelings when, at the age of twenty-six years, she lost her uncle After his death she went to Madrid, and, renting a humble dwelling, gathered about her some few women of a lower rank in life. A community was thus formed, of which she, the foundress, was quite often the servant. The world was astonished, and many who did not appreciate Luisa's devotedness to religious and charitable aims took their revenge in meaning smiles. Why should a young lady of her high station give such an outrageous example? Her heroism was distasteful to worldly people, who regarded it as an act of singularity, and the raillery that lashes reputations and the look that surveys its victim with counterfeit pity hoped one day to bring

her to reason. But when God is at the root of heroism the hostile glance is not noticed, nor the harsh word heeded. Luisa persevered in her good work, and before long sympathy went out to her. The queen and many of the court-ladies came to visit the outcasted virgin and seek counsel from the voluntary pauper of God. For a pauper Luisa lived, and a pauper for Christ's sake she wished to live. Her large fortune she reserved for a worthy and noble work.

2. While Luisa was yet young she read, in 1581, a letter written by the Spanish ambassador at London, in which he described the death-scene of an English martyr. The memory of those words was ineffaceable. She conjured up the whole state in which the poor persecuted children of the faith were placed in England, and the thought of their woes and sufferings beset her mind continually. In the chapel of Pampeluna, in her seclusion at Madrid, those distant strangers, confessors and martyrs, kept her company. She longed to see them, and she envied them their hard lot. When she inflicted the discipline on herself, she cried: "It is not these light chains I want! It is the heavy irons of the English martyrs." She had an irresistible attraction for England. The ambassador's letter added fuel to the flame burning in her heart. Oh, if she could but follow in the footsteps and meet the holy end of Father Edmund Campion! Her enthusiasm was further heightened by the perusal of a little book which described the life and death of Father Henry Walpole, of the Society of Jesus. It is even probable that she had seen and conversed with that indefatigable missionary and martyr at Valladolid. She rarely conversed with anybody without referring to the English martyrs, their glorious and blessed death. Though she seldom received visits, she was delighted to see and talk with any English Jesuit or secular priest from the English seminary who was introduced to her by her confessor. England was written in her heart of hearts. Her spiritual directors, who were at first reluctant to listen to her project of doing apostolic work in England, began to recognize that such was her true vocation. The famous Jesuit, Father Luis de la Puente, while he did not urge her to go to London, did not at least dissuade her from going.

In 1604 Luisa de Carvajal formed the resolution of giving her fortune to England; in 1605 she decided to give that island her life. First, her fortune. Poverty that was retrievable

was not to her mind evangelical poverty. Though this Spanish lady lived as frugally as the humblest peasant, she did not seem to herself really poor as long as she retained her patrimony. To become actually poor, as was her Saviour, she purposed erecting at Louvain, in Belgium, a novitiate-house for the English Jesuits, and she appropriated twenty thousand ducats for that project In less than a twelve-month after Luisa, now

CARDINAL WOLSEY. *(After an original picture.)*

divested of this world's goods, quitted her native land, which she was never to see again. Paris and St. Omer were tarrying-places on her memorable journey to England—"the Isle of Saints," as it was persistently called, despite its heresy. At Paris Luisa may be said to have bidden farewell to Spain. There she met the Spanish nuns who had been settled in the Carmelite convent in the Rue d'Enfer by Cardinal de Berulle

and Madame Acarie. At St. Omer she came in contact with Catholic England. The English Jesuits had a college in that city, and in this centre of English exiles Luisa rekindled, during a residence of a month, her piety and self-sacrifice, and increased her courage before debarking at Dover in the early days of May, 1605. A short time elapsed before the Gunpowder Plot burst on an excited and maddened populace. James I. held the Catholics responsible for this daring conspiracy, and, contrary to his definite promises at his accession, let loose the dogs of war against the "recusants," as the Catholics were opprobriously styled even in legal parlance. The magnet of danger and suffering had attracted Luisa powerfully to England. To the opulent security which she might have enjoyed in her native land she preferred more rugged paths that led to salvation, and God was reserving for her all her desired severities and trials.

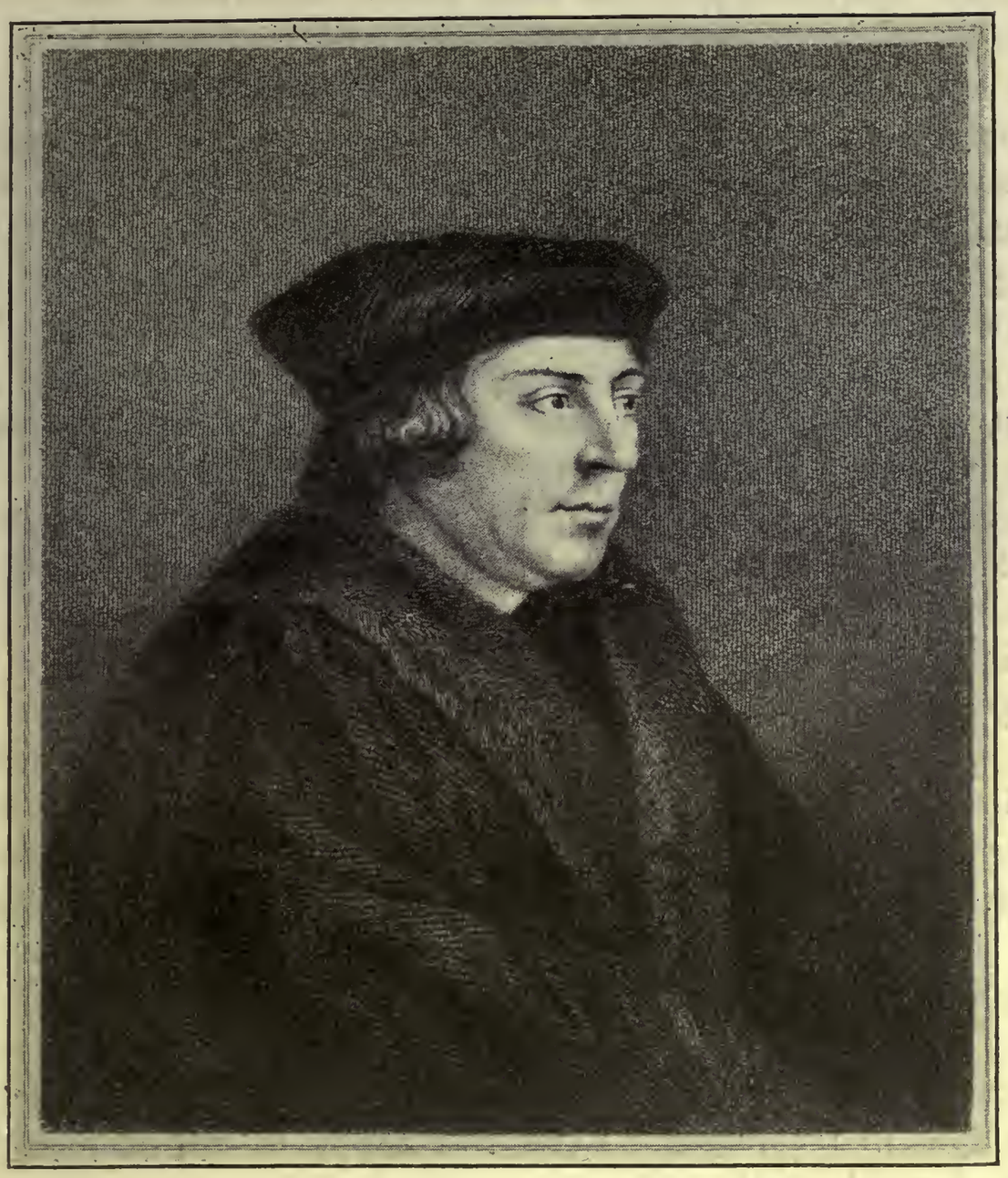
3. Doña Luisa began to experience almost from her arrival in England all the vicissitudes of persecution waged against her co-religionists. For a few weeks she was sheltered in a castle where several Catholic priests found a prudent hospitality. But the threat of domiciliary visits forced her to fly. She repaired to London, in which city a Catholic lady received her into her house; but as stringent measures were now taken against the "Papists" on account of the Gunpowder Plot, her hostess besought Luisa to find another lodging. To secure a home she was constrained to do something from which her humility and love of obscurity had hitherto dissuaded her. She made the acquaintance of the Spanish ambassador, Don Pedro de Zuniga, who placed a few small rooms at her disposal, and two young girls joined her in occupying them. From this time Luisa's Catholic and apostolic activity began in the "Isle of Saints." The first few weeks Luisa passed in her new abode were attended with bitter and trying circumstances. She felt disappointment in the nonfulfilment of her cherished dreams. She believed that sooner or later she would see the Catholic faith at least respected, if not honored, in England; and it cut her heart like a two-edged sword to behold everywhere in the streets of London anti-Catholic caricatures, which she often bought to tear into pieces and trample under foot. In her half-broken English she would exclaim: "What strange people they must be that like to draw such wicked pictures!" Of course the

bystanders, taken by surprise by her impulsive action, would end with reviling and hooting her. She was counselled by her confessor against these public demonstrations of faith on account of the danger attending them and the injury which they would do to her evangelical mission. For Luisa spent her time in instructing, advising, and encouraging souls; she was the means of many a quiet conversion. She obeyed the advice of her confessor with child-like docility. Luisa had also dreamed of martyrdom in default of success in evangelizing Protestant England, and it was with the greatest difficulty she was convinced that, being a foreigner, she might be expelled the country, but not led to the scaffold. But this illusion was not the source of her courage. In a letter to her brother, who had endeavored to persuade her to retire to Spain, she declares that if self-love and her natural desire for peace and repose were alone in question, she would depart instantly for Spain and shake for ever the dust of England from her shoes. "I do not know a heart," she writes, "less fitted for the agitations and miseries of this country than mine; and can you imagine that I stay here to please myself, and out of a devotion which I am obstinately bent on carrying out?" She felt that it was God's good pleasure and will she should remain in poverty in England doing her work of love and enlightenment rather than pass her life amidst the splendor of the Spanish court. "Here am I, a woman," she again writes, "weak in health, as delicate or more so, perhaps, than many others, one subject to acute fears and nervous apprehensions, and by nature most desirous of esteem and affection, in a desert full of raging wolves, in a house poor and obscure, with companions whom I have to support in the midst of the dearness of everything, and by means of what others choose to do for us, and liable to the withdrawal of such assistance at the moment I least expect it; and yet you would hardly imagine what is the peace and tranquillity of my heart. . . . And how can you think that this is not the result of a supernatural strength from God, and that in the same strength I can shrink from meeting the greatest trials and going on doing his will? For what other purpose do I exist?"

It was God's will that Luisa should be the intermediary between the Catholic charity of Spain and the faithful of England, and that she should place at the service of the persecuted faith the apostolic zeal and energy which she inherited from

her chivalrous ancestors. She realized God's will to her utmost ability. As a foreigner, she could have in her possession apologetical and controversial books, and aided by these and her own profound knowledge of the Scriptures she was prepared to give excellent advice both to the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church.

One day a priest who was imprisoned for his faith was inclined to sign the ambiguous form of an oath, for doing which he would obtain his freedom; but this oath contained an implicit disavowal of the pope's authority. Luisa visited the priest and pointed out the hidden meaning of the oath, dissuaded him from taking it, and encouraged him to glorify God by his death. The priest, who at heart preferred martyrdom to taking a heretical oath, submitted joyfully to his sad lot and died bequeathing his aged mother in trust to his noble patroness. By this act of zeal and faith on the part of Luisa de Carvajal England and heaven counted one martyr more. She had also her sorrowful experience of prisons where suspected Catholics were herded together, some resolute in their faith and others timid and wavering. She visited them regularly, instructed them, comforted them, and prepared them for their bloody death. Her natural charm, and the fascination which heroism always exercises, gained the favor of the jailers; in this way she obtained for her co-religionists not an acquittal, it must be confessed, but that contentment which purity of conscience guarantees, and which no brutal British law could prevent. On one occasion, the eve of their martyrdom, she visited the two priests, the saintly Benedictine, Father John Roberts, and Father Somers, who was known as *Parochus Londinensis*, and around her besides gathered a large number of Catholics who were in turn expecting their own condemnation. The jailers were astonished to hear the continued notes of gladness issuing from the large room where the prisoners were assembled, and it seemed to them as if the prisoners were feasting in advance on their happy passage to eternity. On the morrow, after the execution had been completed, Luisa wrapped the bodies of the two martyrs in linen, prepared for them, had them carried to her home, and kept them reverently till they could be transferred to a fitting resting-place. The immunity which Luisa enjoyed was certainly a precious boon for the persecuted English Catholics.



THOMAS CROMWELL. *(Original by Holbein.)*

4. This immunity, however, was not to last for a long time. The magistrates of London learned that a stranger, a Papist woman, had been preaching Catholic and forbidden doctrines in the business portion of the city. Luisa was forthwith arrested. She entertained the hope now that she would suffer for her faith, and thanked God accordingly. The crowd cried out that she was a Roman Catholic priest in disguise, and were ready to tear her to pieces; but the Spanish ambassador revealed her identity, and in compliment to him Luisa was released from prison. Martyrdom, which she so earnestly desired, had eluded her. She continued her apostolic labors, nursing the hope that she might one day bear witness to her Lord with the shedding of her blood. Catholic faith shone brightly wherever she went. She made numberless conversions among the lower classes, a

quarter where the grace of faith seems lamentably lost to-day. She urged young men towards the priestly and religious life; she even dreamed of a teaching congregation for young girls. Mary Ward, who established about this time, or rather a little later, the "Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary," or, as its members are better known on the Continent, the *Dames Anglaises*, realized in her foundation the ardent wish of Luisa de Carvajal. Luisa's house was a hot-bed of "Papistry," and she was often denounced to the authorities. Deeming it prudent at this stage to live as quietly as possible, she changed her residence, and with a few companions withdrew to a less frequented portion of the city. But wherever she went her soul was a hotbed of Catholicism, and George Abbot, the Archbishop of Canterbury, could never forgive her for it. His spies lodged complaint against her that she had set up a nunnery, and she was arrested a second time. She became now the victim of the ill-humor of King James I. This monarch had written a work in defence of the divine right of kings, which had been ably refuted by the Spanish theologian, Suarez. The king never forgave the learned Jesuit for the crushing reply in which he assailed his work. Luisa de Carvajal was pointed out by the archbishop as one who presumed to disobey his royal will, and the king was determined that she should expiate by imprisonment the irreverence manifested by the Spanish theologian. Luisa was happy to be made the object of royal wrath, and she confidently believed that she would be put to death. But she counted without the Spanish ambassador, who spoke firmly to the king, and Luisa was in consequence released. Her disappointment was most keen. The death which she had desired with all her soul had been taken from her, and we might say, with all the force that belongs to the word, that Luisa de Carvajal suffered all the grief that could come from her baffled hope. Sorrow began to undermine her health. Her soul was rent by additional troubles. Philip II., who was desirous of manifesting some political complacence towards the King of England, ordered Luisa, through his ambassador, to leave England and reside in Belgium. She had endeavored to forestall this decision on the part of the Spanish monarch; but the English minister at Madrid, importuned by James I. and his council, had anticipated her letters and obtained from Philip II. the necessary document command-

ing her to depart from England. This was the last blow to her pious heart, and it afflicted her so sorely that she took to her bed. On January 2, 1614, at the age of forty-five years, Luisa de Carvajal rendered her spirit to God on English soil, in a small room that had been allotted her by the Spanish ambassador. All Spain and Catholic England shed plentiful tears of sorrow and admiration at her lowly bier.

Luisa de Carvajal had exercised a constant, almost daily, influence on souls during her residence in London, and her apostolate was untiring and fruitful. She formed souls unto holiness. In the school of this noble Spanish lady Anglo-Saxon Catholicism learned how to strengthen and nerve its children to brave persecution, confess openly their faith, and face death unflinchingly. Talk as we will about the religious and political barrenness of the Latin races and the expansive and progressive character of the Anglo-Saxon race, let us look at the career of this Spanish apostle in its best and noblest phases, and we shall see that it was Spain in the seventeenth century, and history will tell us that it was France in the eighteenth century, which sowed in England the seeds of the Catholic *renaissance*. that blesses that country to-day.

"OUTSIDE THE WAR RECORD."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THEY were painting away for dear life in the last room of the Colonna Gallery. You know which one it is; that room where the gilt, damask-covered chairs, Venetian candelabra, Persian rugs, and Florentine cabinets make a sort of curio museum or sanctuary of sixteenth century art infinitely precious to artists. They were Alec Ross, an American, and Juan Barrias, a Spaniard, two men singularly unlike and yet sympathetic one to the other. They had been working three weeks, just the two of them, in the Colonna Gallery; they had talked a good deal, lent each other colors (given I mean; artists do not lend), and they were friends. When Ross found the studio next Barrias' was to let in the big house in the Margutta he moved down his belongings from the S. Basilio and "came to bunk with him." Barrias was nothing loath. He liked this big, clean-hearted American boy; in the evening they went to the theatre together, or studied Spanish; and even the talk of war did not make difficulties between them. They were talking war that morning as they worked.

"I see you coming," Barrias observed as he painted away at the chandelier. "There 's that nice island of Cuba there lying south of you, a fat morsel. You provoke the war and take Cuba in the name of mercy and human right. *Ay de mi!*"

"Nothing of the sort. Did n't you declare war yourselves? We 're for justice."

"Yes, and the rest of the holy virtues. For fifty years presumably there has been feeling between you and us in Cuba. My dear Alec, things of this kind are brought on by slow degrees. I suppose we should stop speaking to each other now that our countries are in jeopardy."

"I don't think we need to stop; at all events, not till we have had to quarrel. We can't share the same views."

"No, we can't. But we two are for art, are n't we?—art

eternal, serene, immutable; what do we care for politics? If it were not for my brother I should close my ears to the very name of war."

"Your brother?"

"Yes; he's in the army, and I wouldn't exactly care to have him shot for me. That's the only thing that troubles me in the whole concern."

"In the Spanish army?"

"Why, of course; in what army do you suppose?"

"I don't suppose anything. I was just astonished. I don't believe you ever mentioned him before."

"Perhaps not. You have a brother yourself, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have, very much so. A young scoundrel who used to wear my clothes, steal my neckties, and give me a dance generally. If it comes to real fighting that kid will go and enlist immediately. I know him and can tell. And *then* my mother will write me letters."

Barrias had stopped painting. "Ross, if it really comes to that, . . . your brother and my brother, you know . . ."

"Well, we can't help it, can we?"

Barrias shrugged his shoulders and resumed work.

"How was it you never mentioned him?" inquired Ross presently. "I hadn't an idea you had a family."

"Family is a large word for it. He is all I have. He is a good deal younger than I am and I brought him up. He's a full-fledged lieutenant now, so I was able to leave him to himself. I'll show you his picture this evening, if you care to see it."

The picture, when Barrias tossed it across the table to his visitor, was a small, yellowed photograph of a very young man in the Spanish uniform. He had Barrias' dark, thoughtful eyes and presumably his pale complexion.

"Nice-looking boy," pronounced Ross. "So that is the Spanish uniform?"

"Yes, for the infantry."

Ross was looking more at that than at the likeness. At home the President was calling for volunteers, volunteers, volunteers, and Ross had an ache at the bottom of his heart for what the next over-ocean mail might bring.

"I'll show you my youngster," he said, and stumbled into his own room in the dark. "How's that?" he inquired proudly.

It was a beautiful face, typically American in the lines of forehead, brow, cheek, and jaw; a boy of eighteen or nineteen, with a resolute mouth and manly eyes; yet lurking between the eyes and the mouth were the possibility of humor and of a softness of mood not displeasing at his years.

"Fine head!" exclaimed Barrias. "Really fine. Young Octavius with a good deal less of sensitiveness and a big lot more of will. I congratulate you, Alec."

"Oh, thanks! He's nothing out of the way. But I do think myself that some of those modern boys of ours come queerly near the classic. There was a fellow in the Art School in New York—"

But with him we have no concern.

His own words recurred to Ross on the morrow. He was crossing the Piazza di Spagna early in the afternoon and a familiar voice called after him. "Hello, Mr. Ross—hello!" Ross stopped and waited. "Hello, Jimmy!" he echoed pleasantly, and he thought to himself that he knew few faces as good-natured and yet as ugly as that of this American lad. Jimmy's just then was like the sunrise. "Have you heard the news?" he asked breathlessly.

"No; what?"

"Big victory; the Spanish fleet wiped out; a *tre*mendous victory, you know!"

"Who told you?"

"We were up at the Embassy this morning, pop and me—don't you say a word about it, you know, but they had just got the wires and they were all going out for drinks, and—and—they were just grinning fit to split themselves. Oh, Lordy! don't I wish I was in Chicago to-day."

"Rome's no good after all, is it, Jimmy?"

"Oh! Rome's all right; but there are no soda-fountains, and no chewing-gum, and—and—no boys. And when it comes to time of war—I felt I'd just got to tell you about it or bust."

"I'm glad you told me, Jimmy. Where did you say it was?"

"Ma—Ma—; is there a name like Manila anywheres?"

"Manila? In the Philippines?"

"Gosh! I don't know. But they've smashed the Spanish ships. Say, let's go and tell *them!*"

Them was a camerata of students from the North American College.

"I thought you were to keep it quiet?"

"Oh, George! so I am. The papers have n't got it yet, but I 'd give anything to go and tell those boys. Would n't they just holler!"

As Ross sauntered home he wondered how poor Barrias would feel about it, and decided he need not tell him.

On the morrow even the Roman papers reported briefly a naval battle and victory of the Americans at Manila Bay. Barrias pointed out the paragraph. "I know," answered Ross briefly; "I saw it."

"Looks like business."

And Ross answered quietly, with a sort of swing in his voice: "You bet!"

When fuller accounts came in a certain inevitable reserve grew up between the men. Neither wished to offend the other, and this fact with the subject uppermost in their minds made conversation slightly constrained. Each watched for the postman in the morning with a hunger and keenness that were almost painful.

On the 10th of May, as he dressed, Ross heard his name called from the next room. He went in as he was. Barrias lay in bed wan-eyed and heavy.

"Ross," he said, "I believe I 'm ill. I had an awful fit of shivering in the night and the most horrible dreams ever made."

"You 've got indigestion."

"Think not. I have n't been eating for three or four days."

"Then you 've been worrying about this blamed war. You ought to know better, Barry; really you ought. You look like the devil."

"I have been worrying, but it 's not that. I feel ill; ill through and through. When you are dressed I want you to go down and ask a friend of mine, a doctor, to come up and see me. He lives quite near here."

"All right, old man. I 'll be ready in just five minutes."

Ross looked rather grave as he walked down to the physician's house. He looked still graver when he followed the physician out of the patient's room.

"Clear case of typhoid fever. He must have been drinking bad water or something of that kind. Has he any friends?"

"One or two artists at the Academia di España, I believe, and myself."

"He ought to have a trained nurse."

"I don't think he could afford it." After a pause Ross added: "Nor can I. You know the kind of fellows we are, doctor—artists and living from hand to mouth. I'll do what I can for him, willingly."

"Can you sponge him?"

Brought brutally face to face with a practical fact Ross's breath failed him. His hard head and enormous common sense rescued him. "I suppose so," he said; "I will try."

He little knew that he was constituting himself for eleven long weeks nurse, valet, and factotum. When he discovered what this little matter was going to be: a very sick man, an exacting doctor, no leisure, no possibility to work, and a wear and tear he had never been accustomed to, Alec Ross went through one of the black hours of his life. The temptation to "pitch it all overboard" was very strong in the twilight, but in the morrow's first sunshine he was a man again. When your father was tough Scotch and has handed down to you his large build and the pure breath of the brae and the mountain; when your mother has made you a Catholic because she herself is Irish; when you read every day, because you think it beautiful, a book called the New Testament, results will be brought about in your life. Ross came back to Barrias' bedside in the morning.

"Alec!" the man cried, starting from a stupor.

"Yes—well?" The voice was very gentle.

"Why doesn't he write to me? Why doesn't he write to me?"

Then fuller consciousness dawned: "Oh! is that you? Has the mail come in yet?"

"Not yet, Barry. I'll bring it up right away when it does."

"What are they doing—*they*, are they fighting?"

"No, there is no fighting. A new Spanish ministry has come to office under Sagasta. I think that's about all the news."

"Does your brother write?"

"Not he—young pig! I'd give him Hail Columbia if he were anywhere within reach."

The wan, wan semblance of a smile stole into the Spaniard's face. "We both—seem to be in the same plight," he murmured.

"That very day a letter came; but not for Barrias, and Ross did not carry it up, as he had said. It was from his mother to say that Donald had enlisted. Alec knew all along that it would happen; he had himself forewarned his mother; but now the news did come he was half-crazed by it, and would have given anything to be able to unburden himself in Barrias' sympathetic ears. By this time, however, he had learned wisdom. Seventy-first New York Volunteers; how sweet it sounded! Seventy-first New York Volunteers; how proud he was that that brat should be man enough to do this thing all by himself! And then; no! he was angry with him: angry because he had thrown up his position, angry because he had left their mother alone, angry because he envied him. And then the old strain of song resumed: Donald and the Seventy-First—New York—Volunteers! As Alec Ross looks back upon the war to-day it seems to him to be only a large, bare studio-room in the Margutta, with the wash-stand screened off and the bed pulled out into freer air; medicines upon the table; a man with a finely delicate Andalusian countenance, dark-set against the pillows, and then the whole air peopled with Donald and Donald and Donald. Silent thoughts, silent fears, wide-eyed anxiety at night; the wonder and the hoping and the trembling; those mails that never come; the newspaper reports, always so meagre, and that searching and scanning of the printed column in breathless dread. This, this one room and his own solitary anguish, for Alec Ross were the whole war.

Somewhere about the fourth week he was a good deal upset to find that the business the physician called a "chart" presented a new phase. The line he, Ross, was to draw at dawn dipped down into a deep valley; by evening it had crept up as high as the top of the highest mountain.

"That 's all right," said the man of science calmly. "This is about time for the recrudescence. Keep him as quiet as you can."

Ross wished the old doc would stay and try to do it himself. He had been in the habit of lying down upon a couch across the room from Barrias' bed; that night he knew he had better keep awake. He came and sat beside him, and

Barrias roused himself to ask for drink. Ross was obliged to hold the glass. "Miguel—Miguel"—muttered the patient. "Why does n't he come to me? . . . Why does n't he come to me?" he repeated peevishly, addressing himself to Ross.

"Why, I guess something has (hang it all! what 's kept in Spanish?)—oh! yes, *detenido.*"

Barrias looked hard, with eyes that did not know, into the face of his friend; then he turned to the wall and lay still. Ross got block and pencil and began to sketch a renaissance gargoyle. There was no reason for doing it, but he had nothing to read and he did not want to sleep. Presently Barrias began to mutter in Spanish again: "No, no; I tell you I don't care. Bless you, *chico*, it does n't matter to me. I always wanted to go to Rome and study. It will be just a splendid opportunity for me. If she won't mind? Ha! ha! ha!—if she won't mind! . . . Boy, if she had ever cared, I —Miguel, Miguel! no, it is n't true. I 'm not clearing out, believe me. You poor little rat; it is n't your fault. Our own mother loved you better. I 'm just going to Rome to study. Oh! how it wearies me to say the old thing over. Miguelito, can't you understand?"

Ross understood perfectly. The sick man was sitting up in bed, his face ablaze. "Say, Barry, lie down, old fellow, and keep still." Ross spoke Italian, not Spanish this time, and his voice was soft. Then the great stillness fell again and the long, weary hours of night dragged past. In the sick-room the hush was almost palpable. Once Ross's pencil creaked and he stopped short in the middle of a line. Barrias turned in his sleep, and almost immediately his voice rang out in great anguish: "No, I did n't wish it. I never wished it! Oh! my God—how could I, after all these years? Could I have wished it I had never gone away. Brother, I swear to you I never wished it! It was only one of those damnable thoughts the evil one himself puts into our mind sometimes. I never wished it. Miguel, Miguel, go out into the moonlight; do you hear me? . . . Oh! the breath of the orange-blossoms. Your voices reach me like the tremble of water . . . and no! it does n't hurt me at all. See, she is coming. Their bullets will never reach *you*, hermanito! . . . Thank God, thank God! your life is charmed." Then some dream of the starlit

summers of Andalusia must have been granted him, for he closed his eyes in calm.

When it was light Ross lifted the heavy window-curtain and took his patient's temperature. Barrias lay very quiet, and Ross looked up from the thermometer in alarm. "Are you cold, Barry?" The man shook his head. Ross brought him some whisky with a queer, awed face. "Is there anything you want?" Another negative. Ross got his great-coat out of the next room and flung it across the bed. When the physician had been explaining to him about taking the temperature Ross could remember tracing the base-line with his finger and asking:

"What's down here, doctor?"

"Down there? Nothing. Down there you die."

With no great shock, but only infinite pity, Ross wondered whether Barrias was going to die. He had heard of people's dying at dawn.

"Ross," asked the faint voice presently, "is there any news?"

"N-no: nothing much."

General Shafter's army of invasion, sixteen thousand strong, was hurrying southward to Key West for embarkation, but Ross did not think he need tell his patient this.

"Am I very ill? Tell me the truth."

"Well, you have been pretty bad, but the old doc says you are doing first rate, and he's best judge."

"I suppose so"; the breath was faltering. "Alec, will you take a message for me to Ruiz this evening? You'll surely find him at Juliana's about dusk; if you don't mind going."

"Not at all"; but even Ross winced at the prospect. He was willing enough to carry a message, but that going into Juliana's under the strain of actual circumstances was scarcely to his liking. "Anything else I can do for you, Barry?"

"Yes—please. In the top drawer over there is a medal of the Immaculate Conception; yes, that. Give it to me, Alec. I've had it since I was a boy at school, in the dear old Congregation. Don't take it away from me if I die."

And Ross answered earnestly, with bowed head: "No one shall touch it, Barry. I have one myself."

An hour later Barrias was sleeping peacefully, and Ross stole out into the little sunny street for a breath of fresh air

and to forestall the postman's knock. Two letters were handed him. One was addressed in Spanish to the Eccmo-Sr. Don Juan Barrias, and bore Alfonso's face upon the envelope. The other set every pulse in Alec's heart throbbing, for it was from Donald, dated the camp at Tampa. It was the kind of letter that sends calm reason flying and stirs up to fever-heat whatsoever warm blood is in your veins. He was on his way to the front and drunk with enthusiasm. The new life of the soldier, the near prospect of fighting, the pride and glory of a uniform. And beneath it all, stout, loyal heart-beats for flag and country; the generous convictions that make heroes, no matter how in the cabinets other men have enmeshed and wrangled; the simple belief of the boy that he is doing something true and right and noble, the divine faith that embodies in him great ideals.

"Pardon me."

Ross stepped quickly out of the doorway, courteously flattening his back against the wall. He did not know the girl, but she and her sister worked in the studio above his. As he lifted his hat she could not help wondering what news had put that warmth into his face and that glow in his eyes.

"How is your friend?" she paused to ask. "We were so sorry to hear he was ill." The voice was English, pure and sweet, and the presence like a spring morning. "We—we wanted so much," she hurried on, "to ask if there is anything we can do for him—help in any way. We don't live here, but either my sister or I am in the studio all day."

"Thanks: it's awfully good of you. I'm not much of a nurse, but poor Barrias has to put up with me."

"You have been very kind to him"; the girl's eyes were rather eloquent for a moment. "If we can be of any assistance don't forget us. We are just over you, No. 18, you know."

Ross repeated: "Thank you very much," and gave her time to get upstairs ere he followed. "I wonder if it's from that precious brother of his," he soliloquized as he put Barrias' letter face to face with Donald's. "Funny thing these two lying in my pocket together."

Then he re-entered the sick-room.

Barrias turned his head quickly.

"Any letters?"

"Not to-day, old man."

The doctor had threatened to wring Ross's neck or something similar if he let the shadow of a letter into that room.

"But have n't there been *any*, Alec?"

"Not half an ounce of one."

It was hard to meet the eager eyes and feel properly virtuous. Ross made a diversion by pouring out some medicine: "One of those English girls upstairs was inquiring after you just now, Barry; the younger, I think. I met her on the stairs and she wished to offer all sorts of services."

"Very kind, I 'm sure. Thank her for me, please." The voice was so weak and listless it did not surprise Ross that his friend should turn away.

"Look here, doctor," he expostulated, waylaying that gentleman on the landing. "There 's a letter for Barrias, and I feel I ought to give it to him. I expect it 's from his home, and he 's fretting a good deal about a brother he has in the army."

"Not for anything in the world, Signor Rosse. I 've had typhoid patients before."

"But—"

"Open it yourself if you feel dissatisfied."

"I should hardly like to do that."

"Then, sir, it must wait."

At dusk, for love and pity, Ross nerved himself for Juliana's. As he opened the door of the little color-shop, where the Spanish artists meet at Ave Maria, voluble talk and cigarette smoke filled the air. Quite distinctly he caught the words "los Americanos" in a sentence broken off short. It did not help to make him feel comfortable. He knew that many of the Spanish art-students in Rome had volunteered at their country's first call for assistance, and he could sympathize with them; but he felt stiff and proud as he stood before these, their brother-brushes and fellow-countrymen, because, in far-away New York, a certain boy called Donald had done the same. Voices were hushed as he entered. The man lounging on the counter began to examine his cigarette-tip and the man in the up-tilted chair looked to the ceiling. It has been said that the Spaniard is too proud to be ill-bred ever, but hostile he can unmistakably be.

"Signor Ruiz," Ross spoke Italian and his voice was harsh.

"Signor Barrias would be glad to see you at your convenience. He desired me to come and tell you so."

Ruiz stood up: "You are very good, sir, to bring the message. You have my thanks."

Ross was turning away. The silence was so ominous the air seemed full of invisible pikes. Then the soul of the gentleman stirred in Ruiz: "You will shake hands with me, Ross?"

"With pleasure."

"We all," Ruiz glanced around and the faces about him grew less dark,—"we all feel grateful to you for your kindness to poor Barrias."

Ross would have given a good deal to be able to hit on something smooth and appropriate to say. "Hang it all!" he blurted out, "it isn't my fault, you know. I didn't wish for war." Then it seemed to him that he was dodging a responsibility, and from the open door he glanced back: "But I am an American just the same."

Ruiz called that very evening, and Ross thought it better to withdraw that they might talk at their ease. A quiet smoke on the piazzetta at Trinità de' Monti, lounging against the stone balustrade and watching the stars come out one by one in the June sky, was a treat that had grown infinitely precious, it was so very rare. When he got back he devoutly wished he had never budged from the room. Ruiz came out to meet him with a scared expression; the physician was watching Barrias' pulse and Barrias himself lay low in bed with a face like alabaster.

"What's the matter?" gasped Ross.

Ruiz was voluble: "He's had a hemorrhage. My dear Ross, I was simply frightened to death. I thought he was going out then and there. I ran for the doctor. Just because he sat up in bed, you know. I couldn't help it. He was talking to me about getting the Embassy to communicate with the War Office, concerning his brother, you know, and all of a sudden he went dead pale and his pulse stopped—yes, stopped. . . ."

What Ross said was not exactly complimentary to Ruiz, though couched principally in impersonal interjections. What the doctor said to Ross was eminently direct. That night and for many nights following a white-robed sister of St. Dominic

took her place at Barrias' bedside, but in the daytime Ross continued his heavy task. It may seem a simple thing to nurse your friend through a sickness and you may be generous enough to give without repining, but the days as they pass, lead-weighted, are very long. Moreover, the Roman summer was blossoming out into its full splendor of heat, and Ross got to look longingly at every scrap of green that came within his sight. His mother wrote him long letters full of sympathetic compassion for her "poor, good boy," and hope for his friend's recovery. She was so sorry he could not get away into the country, so sorry to hear it was so hot in Rome; but, underlying all and running through all, Alec could detect that her real anxiety was thousands of miles from him. The papers brought him the news long before her letters could. The Spanish earthworks at El Caney and San Juan carried by assault; Cervera's fleet destroyed as it attempted to escape from Santiago; the Spanish prisoners' arrival at Portsmouth; the surrender of Santiago. Ross read it all through with beating temples and with beating heart. From Donald he had heard no more.

The day came when Barrias was allowed to sit up for the first time, then to move a little about his room, and finally to have pencil and paper again. But he was tired directly, and preferred to sit idle watching the full verdure on the hill of gardens opposite and the little figures passing at long range along the Pincio parapet. Through the open window came snatches of music from the military band.

"Alec, can't I have a newspaper?"

"I don't believe you can, old fellow. That doctor of yours doesn't want you to read just yet. Have a cigarette instead."

This boon had been granted. Ross held the light and the sick man looked up wistfully into the face above the flame.

"Alec, I 'm ashamed I ever said a word against the Americans . . . since I know you."

"You certainly have a most beautiful and inspiring specimen from which to judge."

"No. Don't mock me. My own brother could not have done more for me. Ross, you are *thin*."

"I 'm nothing of the kind. I 've been this way all my life. Where are you going when they open your cage for you?"

"Oh! away, somewhere, as far as I can get. Perhaps to Spain. You'll need a change yourself, Alec, my boy."

"I want to get to the mountains. Some place where it is cool, and where I can work and work and work all day."

Ross was obliged to interrupt himself to answer a knock at the door. He came back with his hand at his breast-pocket.

"What's up?" Barrias was morbidly eager.

"Oh! nothing; some bother or other. A bill most likely."

Barrias would not be baffled: "For me?"

And Ross answered eagerly, for he hated lying: "No; for me."

The envelope was a long official one and bore the printed head-line: "Consulado de España." Ross showed it to the physician and the physician said "Not yet." The heart-action, he added, was scarcely what he could wish. And Ross swallowed his annoyance in silence. He had never been a patient man, but he felt that since Barrias' illness he had gone through more petty trials than he could well relate. The morrow brought a letter for him. The day was one of those glorious, full-lived days of latter July, hot with a lusty splendor of blue and sun-blaze from the earliest morning; the kind of day in which everything that is not glare and strength and pulsing life is impossible and unbelieved. Ross read his letter, as he had been in the habit of reading for ten weeks past, with one foot on the stairs and a shoulder to the wall. The English girl tripping up to her studio work on the top floor came upon him as she had done once before. It seemed to him that Donald had just written to him from the camp, Tampa, about this dear old regiment, the finest ever mustered, and the one that had brought together the "slickest officers and the jolliest lot of boys." To the English girl it seemed that the face lifted from its reading was haggard and full of some nameless dread and agony as though he would have asked the weakest, meanest living thing beside him to help him in his pain.

"How is Mr. Barrias?" she asked, but her voice was very low. She was wondering not about Mr. Barrias, but about this six-foot, auburn-haired athlete, trembling—she could see that he was trembling. Conventionalities were flying to the four winds.

"Mr. Ross, you are ill—you have had bad news. Pray let me assist you."

"I have had bad news," he gasped. His head was bowed

as though he would shrink from the very light of day. . . . "Be so good as to tell Barrias I have gone out—immediately—on business. Say you met me—and stay with him, if you will."

"Mr. Ross! you have no hat on."

He turned back, tore up the stairs past her into his room, and was in the street again ere she had done knocking at Barrias' door.

In the evening Ross opened that door himself. Barrias sat in his arm-chair beside the lamp, turning over the London *Graphic*. The room was neat (this Ross could never achieve) and there was a vase of roses upon the table.

"'Evening, Alec, old fellow. I was so sorry to hear you got bad news this morning. Nothing serious, I hope?"

"I have to go home at once. I shall try to catch the Saturday steamer. I was sorry not to give you your breakfast, Barry, but I was a good deal upset, and that English girl—"

"You—going home, Alec! To America?"

"Yes. My mother wants me. She is in great trouble."

Barrias waited; he half expected Ross would give him his confidence; but Ross was silent, and the Spaniard bent his head in respectful courtesy: "I am very sorry. Our mothers' sorrows are our own, I know. How I shall miss you!"

Ross put his chair brusquely to one side and went and stood before the window.

"Alec, boy," the older man said gently; "have a smoke. There's nothing like it in this world."

In less than a minute, if he had ever lost it, Ross had recovered self-control. He came back to the lamplight, but his voice was raw and hoarse: "I'm going to leave my sketches and things; will you look after them for me?"

"Certainly I will. Anything else I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks. If I can make to-morrow evening's express for Naples, I shall go by that. How about you?"

"Oh! as soon as they let me move I shall go back to Spain, just for a few months."

"General break-up of the bachelor establishment!" Ross attempted to smile, but the effort was ghastly. "How did you like your new nurse?"

"Who, the English girl? O Alec! she's beautiful, is n't she? Did you ever see such coloring? And graceful! She

has half-promised to pose for me when I get back. I only wish I could start working again."

Ross was shading his eyes with his hand and did not seem to hear.

"However, she talked so much about you that I was half jealous. She thinks you are—let me see, how was it she expressed it—"

"Barry, do you mind going to bed? I'm dead beat."

The man paused a moment surprised at the interruption. Then he laid his thin hand upon the broad shoulder: "Dear old Alec!" he said. And the words meant a great deal he did not say. "Please don't wait to help me. I am quite able to get to bed alone."

But Alec stayed.

In the morning the physician arrived brisk, alert, very busy. Ross waylaid him on the landing with an ultimatum.

"Doctor, I'm leaving for Naples to-night. Either I give Barrias his letters or you must take charge of them yourself."

"Oh, well! let him have them. They can't hurt him much now."

When the doctor had left Ross came into the room reluctantly: "Letter for you, Barry."

The Spaniard's face flushed quickly, then grew white as ivory. He took the missive, but did not open it. His hands lay idle upon it and his head was bent.

Ross watched him furtively: "I may as well make a clean breast of it. The letter is an old one, possibly six or eight weeks old. The doctor would n't let me give it to you."

"Six or eight weeks, Alec? You might have given it to me before."

"He would n't let me, I tell you. I hated keeping it back."

Then Barrias began to read the envelope and Ross turned to his refuge, the window. From the house opposite pigeons were flitting between the green-bowered dovecot, the eaves and the blue.

"Alec," broke out the unsteady voice. "He speaks of war and of some terrible defeat the 1st of May!"

"Well, you saw it in the paper: don't you remember?—before you were sick."

"He is going to the front; he writes to say good-by. Ross,

for God's sake, what have they been doing since that letter was written?"

"Fighting, that's all It was quickly over. It is over now."

"Over? What do you mean?"

"Spain—has—asked for terms of peace."

"Spain? Beaten!"

There was a pause until the bent brow and tardy lips could master the sublime shame of conquest, and Ross said—"Yes."

"My God!" . . .

The pigeons were wheeling about in the quiet air with much flapping of peaceful wings. "I suppose you never heard anything of my brother, never saw his name in the papers?"

"No. . . . There is a note for you from the Spanish consul; but, but I am afraid to give it to you."

"You know?—"

"I know nothing. I am afraid, that's all."

"Give it to me."

Ross stood looking with eyes of pity at the emaciated, eager countenance.

"Give it me, Alec, I say."

Slowly the man's hand went to his pocket and slowly he laid the long envelope upon the table. Barrias rent the paper with quick fury, scanned the few lines it contained, and leant back laughing. Ross watched him. The laughter grew louder, shriller, more feebly convulsive.

"Don't laugh, Barry. I say, stop! Don't laugh like that; Barry, stop laughing!"

The man tried to restrain himself, but the spasms of sickly merriment still shook him. "He's not dead at all. He never got any further than Cadiz. O Alec! to think of it, and I have been through the agonies of death concerning him." Now Barrias was in tears. Ross, by this time, knew what to do. He gave him whisky and waited.

"Won't he be furious! Poor Miguel! No fighting at all. And his letter is so heroic." Barrias was laughing again. Alec's face was grim and set. Barrias, glancing up for sympathy, felt that his attendant disapproved him. "I'm awfully sorry, Ross; it's idiotic, I know; but I can't help it. I suppose I'm weak." Alec's darkness had gone a good way to sober him.

"I understand. Only I don't want you to make yourself sick again."

"No fear of that! O Alec! I shall never be sick again. What does anything else matter? You've beaten us; some day we'll beat you. And meanwhile I have the boy. When I come back, . . . you'll be back too, won't you, before long?"

"I don't know. It's too soon to say. It must depend upon my mother's plans."

"Of course. And your brother;—by the way, did he enlist, as you expected?"

"Yes, he did."

"Did *he* see any fighting."

"He was at San Juan."

"San Juan? Another victory, I suppose? Well, well. I'm glad it's over. When you see him shake hands with him for me, if he'll take it from a Spaniard, and tell him that for his brother's sake he's the one American soldier . . . Ross, I—"

"God! man, can't you see even a brute's agony? My brother—*my* brother—is dead!"

FRENCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY REV. P. FARRELLY.

AN instructive and interesting series of volumes describing home and social life of the people of various countries by authors especially selected for the task is now being published by one of our enterprising firms. The series is edited by William Harbutt Dawson, who himself writes the volume on Germany. The volume on French Life in Town and Country is written by Hannah Lynch, who is fitted for the task by many years residence in France and by unusual powers of critical observation. Her style is strong and vivacious, and well suited to a work which is neither statistical, political, nor purely controversial. While the author is well equipped for the work of giving her readers an accurate idea of the inner life of the French people, yet she falls short of doing her full duty because she has an evident bias against a Latin race, and she takes no pains to conceal it. She is a strong believer in Anglo-Saxon superiority; a hater of Catholics and Catholicity.

Miss Lynch informs her readers that she entered a French convent at the age of fourteen to complete her education, though she fails to state whether or not she remained to finish. If she did, it must have been against her will, inasmuch as she is so strongly prejudiced against the education given in French convents. She pretends to be familiar with all spheres of French life: the aristocrat in his inviolable domain; the *bourgeois* in his restricted circle; the peasant and the artisan in their distinctive sphere. The book is highly enlivened by some admirable descriptive character sketches portraying what she saw while sojourning among the people. Her description of the grasping Paris landlady is, even if overdrawn, an excellent representation. Her sketches of the peasant in his home, the artisan among his fellows, and many others, are equally well done.

In a series of chapters, on rural and Parisian life, home life, the army and the nation, education, the press and organized philanthropy, she leads the reader on, sustaining the interest throughout to such an extent that the reader is ever anxious to push on in order to learn more about this interesting people.

It is most unfortunate that a writer of such merit should so markedly betray her English prejudices. She does not state in any part of the book that she is a Protestant; in fact, some allusions and innuendoes here and there, aside from her convent education, would lead a person to think that at one time she was, and should now be, a Catholic; but she writes with such Protestant leanings and tendencies that it is difficult to class her religiously. What other conclusion could be drawn from what she says about the Abbé Victor Charbonnel, who was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Paris for his attack on Rome. "There was not," she says, "a word uttered in that remarkable lecture on a remarkable subject with which I did not sympathize." Her book will, no doubt, be very pleasing to non-Catholics, most of whom entertain ideas about the French similar to those set forth in this book.

The author shows herself to be thoroughly conversant with the different shades of French character in the several sections of the country, affected as it may be somewhat by climatic conditions. The towns-people are ruled by a need for excitement; their eyes are always directed with envy towards Paris, in expectation of that "something"; but the happenings of Paris are rarely felt in the provinces. These towns-people are gay, good-natured, and good-willed. There is a certain unintelligent stiffness, pretension, and moroseness about the middle class, whose ambition is to pass as the aristocracy, or the *gens de bonne famille*. It was this led Bodley to state that only a kingdom or an empire would finally prove satisfactory to the French people. Some of these *hobereaux* are dull and commonplace; while others possess in the full sense the qualities of the French character—alert and bright. Both the men and women of this latter class are strong and pleasing in their conversational powers. The favorite amusement among the ladies is conversation; they are wont to gather in parlors or under a spreading tree to converse about sundry topics, and generally drift to political discussions. It is bad taste to cross your knees, pick fruit, dance a hornpipe, climb a tree, smoke a pipe, or whistle a tune. Here she gives us a mixture of the sins of both sexes against French propriety which proves that, notwithstanding her claims to a knowledge of the French character, she fails to understand the characteristics of the people. In proof of her contention that the French are formal and monotonous, she gives the admission of an officious, pandering Frenchman:

"I have ever wondered at the reputation we give to the English in France for excessive formality, for personally I have always found them to be a great deal more genial and easy than ourselves, and I readily recognize that we are much more formal."

The peasantry of France are clean, tidy, and comfortable, dressed in blouses, strong shoes or sabots, and neatly patched trousers, with an air of natural breeding. In some of the departments the laborers resemble well-to-do farmers; in the mountain districts they are rougher and of a sturdier build, more mistrustful of strangers. The farmer's life presents more interesting points than that of the *hobereau*. Ask him what he thinks of politics, and he will tell you he has nothing to do with tricksters and idiots. He has no respect for the modern woman, nor the idea of her entering the liberal professions. The peasant women are a happy lot, cheerful, pleasant, and tidy, neatly but inexpensively clothed, wearing spotless white caps; not in the least given to fashion. Their pride rather is to dress in the style of their grandmothers. They are indefatigable workers both in the field and in the home. It seems cruel, however, that women well advanced in years should be forced to labor in the fields, as they do very commonly. There is no more pleasing sight than to stop and watch these peasant people when gathered together to participate in their innocent amusements. Their frankness, openness, and great good cheer are refreshing. The thrift and industry of this class is one of the principal resources of the wealth of France; it was thanks to their savings that France was enabled to pay off so speedily the German war indemnity.

Miss Lynch finds fault with their religious practices, makes light of the *Fête-Dieu* processions, which are so devotional, so inspiring. Almost in the same breath, to show her inconsequence, she fondly speaks of the blessing of the fields and the orchards, which usually takes place between dawn and sunrise. The reason for her admiration in this latter instance is that she is wholly unable to divest herself of the feeling enkindled in her breast, when she followed these processions, as a convent girl. She vents her spleen, nevertheless, by comparing them to the great primal superstitions that ran through the religions of old when pagan and Christian of the time met in their uncultured nature.

To attempt to take the sting out of what she had said, she

adds: Catholics are not alone in their superstitions. In the Protestant Cévennes of France a pastor of the Reformed Church has been known to exorcise a field of evil spirits. The peasants dread more than the devil a mysterious god called the "Aversier" (maker of rains). You will find educated French-women in Paris to day, she says, who believe St. Anthony was canonized in the interest of their lost property. What blasphemy! A friend of mine, she continues, a wide reader, a traveller, a clever woman, accompanied me on a walk one day. She dropped her glove; she had not proceeded far when she perceived her loss. "Oh, dear good St. Anthony!" she fervently exclaimed, "make me find my glove and I shall have a candle lighted before your altar." Miss Lynch has not sufficient religion to note the bent of the woman's thankfulness in case she would be so lucky as to recover her property. How much more reasonable and natural it is to put one's trust in God or his saints, how much more efficacious it is to soothe one's feelings with divine invocation, than to fume, rage, and worry, or inordinately bestir one's temper when an accident like this befalls a person! How much more commendable such conduct is than to have recourse, like the non-religious, to clairvoyants, soothsayers, and diviners! How incomparably greater is this woman, religiously inclined, than the woman whom Miss Lynch states rules Paris by the senses, mastering the worst in man by the worst in herself! This woman has all the frailty of the wicked, red-heeled, minuetting eighteenth century, without any of its charm, its wit, or intellect. It is fashionable to treat her as a *dêtraquée* because she subsists mainly on excitement.

Nowhere else is there such an atmosphere of worldly pleasure, gaiety, and beguilement as in Paris. The millionnaires of other countries flock to Paris to enjoy that life which is purely the creation of the French spirit and which cannot be found elsewhere. It is considered to be, as it were, out of the world not to be at the theatre on great theatrical nights; not to frequent the restaurants where everybody who is anybody meets "tout Paris"; where the dresses of the women rival the decorations of the men. The scene approaches the ideal of the mundane paradise, peopled with brilliant personages. Nowhere in the world is there such refinement as in Paris; the taste, the polish, and the incomparable make-up of the exterior appearances of the men and women of fashion stand unrivalled.

But in the midst of this show of elegance there is one thing that strikes a foreigner very forcibly—the wide gap existing between the fashionable set and the majority of the inhabitants in dress and external appearance; but all are well-mannered, and speak with an ease and correctness truly remarkable; even the washer-woman, as Bodley says.

The *Salon* is a purely Parisian creation; it has had much to do with imparting the finish and grace which sit so naturally and are so becoming to cultured Parisians. The *salon* of to-day is little more than a shadow of its former greatness; but it still manages to hold its place in the hearts of Parisians, and any woman of wit and refinement may easily gather around her a number of social votaries. Paris is not as wicked a city as it is commonly credited with being; vice exists there, no doubt, as is the case in all large cities, but it is more hidden than in other cities of equal dimensions. Vice is perhaps, if I may use the expression, more refined in its depravity than in other large centres, because the Frenchman can do nothing by halves; whatever he undertakes he must bring the ideas and training of the *salon* into it. When riding horseback, he is not satisfied unless his horse is prancing and curving his neck.

There is, all told, more solid virtue, more sincere piety and earnest devotion, in Paris than any other large city in the world. Miss Lynch's failure to recognize this in her estimate of Paris is certainly one of the glaring mistakes of her book. For her the ultra-fashionable, noisy, mundane folks comprise all Paris worth noticing; the sober, decent people who form the majority of the population are not worth bothering about. In fact, she forcibly gives expression to her disregard for those women who diligently attend to the affairs of their households, to the training and grounding of their children in the habits of virtue; the very women who help to give that stability to French institutions which prevents them from being overturned every now and then by the frivolous, noisy set. She has the greatest contempt for those very respectable, good women, always numerous in France, who decorate and adorn the chapel where Mass is sometimes said in their houses more generously and lavishly than any other room. Miss Lynch evidently begrudges the becoming decorations bestowed on the chapel where God is adored. This very class of men and women whom Miss Lynch despises have been the strength of France at all times, the mainstay of law and order. They are the indus-

trious, well-intentioned folks who give character, strength, and steadiness to all undertakings.

These are the charitably inclined of Paris, as well as throughout France; people most willing to assist the infirm and the afflicted. There is a vast amount of charity performed by the French. All charitable undertakings appeal to them; and it is precisely this class of people, scorned and scoffed at by the author of Life in Town and Country, who lead in all charitable works; who give themselves to this work from conviction and in fulfilment of a duty. There is no parade about it, no unseemly desire to make their deeds known. They supply what should be attended to, but is not, by the free-thinking French government. Miss Lynch would fain have us believe the present republican form of government is philanthropic, far in advance in this regard to the government of the *ancien régime;* but she makes out a very weak case in favor of her contention, being only able to mention a maternity hospital; Pinaud's hospital, which is a private philanthropic enterprise, and the Jewish hospital of the late Baroness de Hirsch. The only words of praise for Catholics or anything Catholic uttered by our author in her whole work is where she speaks of how much superior the work done by the sisters in the hospital is to that done by the lay nurses. She admits the sisters are more sympathetic with the afflicted, more sunny in their dispositions, than lay nurses, and consequently more successful in caring for the sick. But unwilling to leave any good impression on the minds of her readers towards Catholics, she attempts soon afterwards, when speaking of the Little Sisters of the Poor, to blacken the character of religious generally. "Whenever you penetrate below the surface of conventual charities, they will always be found profitable for the order and never for the individual. The hearts of nuns seem implacably steeled against human suffering, steeled against pity and generosity." These words of the writer present a very fair sample of the animus of her book.

But it is particularly in treating of the army and education in France that the author reveals her real designs; in truth it impresses the reader, while perusing these chapters, as if they were written in vindication of Dreyfus, as also to champion the Bill of the Associations. According to her, the French army is a cesspool of vice and corruption. Ordinarily soldiers are not the most virtuous people; and many of the French

soldiers may, at the present time, be wicked and depraved enough; still it is universally admitted that the moral tone of the French army is better now than it has been for a long time. One effect of universal conscription is that the mingling of all classes makes the *morale* of the army much better than it otherwise would be. The good people prevail in any nation. One of the consequences, then, of the sons of the good families of France leaving their homes year after year for the army, is to raise the moral standard of the army. Such in truth has been the case in France. The army is admittedly better than it has been for generations. I do not mean to say that it is perfection, nor that its influence is not injurious to many a young man. Many a good young man who left his family well schooled in virtue goes back to his parental home, after his two or three years of military service, a moral wreck, unwilling to work, corrupt and depraved. But what I wish to convey is that actually the army is better than it has been for a long time and that it compares more than favorably with any army in Europe at the present time.

Hannah Lynch's chapter on education would appear to be written in furtherance of the plans of these free-thinkers. The English system of education is, according to her, immeasurably superior to the French system. In the latter system "independence is smothered and initiative discouraged; the boys are brought up unboyish, unjoyous, watched and watching; the girls less frank and truthful." The reason of this, she states, is that the religious, who she is unwillingly forced to acknowledge are the best teachers in France, regard the pupils not so much as young men to be taught how to live and conduct themselves as honorable men, but as so many souls to be saved in the other world. Whereas the British instructor teaches them to think and to act for themselves, to learn to be self sufficient, to act the gentleman under all circumstances, and even should nature have denied him intelligence, to prove himself in the depths of his stupidity at least a "gentlemanly ass." She fails to recognize that the system of teaching followed by the religious is based on a solid moral basis, and is therefore much superior to the one she praises. She does not want to admit this; it would be antagonistic to her plan. The church must be blackened and misrepresented. And yet is it not true that the Frenchman enjoys the distinction the world over of being

the polished gentleman? Has not his training something to do with this? Certainly; but it would not do for her to make such an admission, as it would be altogether too unpleasant for the readers she desires to please. She makes, however, an admission which markedly incriminates her. A Greek asked her advice as to whether he should send his boy to France or to England to be educated. "Send him to France," was her answer, "if you want him to receive a good education; but send him to England if you wish him to become a self-reliant, successful man in after life." Here our author commends and places in the front rank the system of education which she had before condemned.

The trouble with her, apart from her aforementioned prejudice, is that she fails to note the differences of the characteristics of the two races. Some things appeal to the tastes and fancies of the one race which are not at all according to the likings of the other. She confirms what is just said of her opinion here, when a little further on she says the French system makes the best scholar, but a mixture of what is best in both systems would be highly desirable. Yes, but then we would have neither the French nor the English system. A mixture of what is best in the Frenchman and the Englishman would make a better type of manhood; but then such an individual would be neither an Englishman nor a Frenchman.

Hannah Lynch has the greatest contempt for the famous French Academy, which she calls the home of literary fossils,—all because they refused to receive the infamous Zola among their number. In her anti-Catholic prejudice she has no use for such strong literary characters as Ferdinand Brunetière, Paul Bourget, François Coppée, or Jules Lemaitre, because they have become Catholics; but she unstintedly praises Lavedan, Hervieu, and other lesser lights, especially if they wrote anything against religion.

On the whole French Life in Town and Country leaves a bad taste on the mouths of its readers, and all the fair-minded ones will leave it out of their hands saying: This is a book written with the express purpose of pandering to preconceived anti-Catholic prejudices; the writer is conversant with French life, picks out whatever suits her design, ignores or lies about the remainder. The writer is a fair observer, but a poor reasoner.

BRIXEN, WHERE THE MILLENNIAL FESTIVAL WAS HELD.

THE ANCIENT TYROLEAN BISHOPRIC, BRIXEN, AND ITS MILLENNIAL FESTIVAL.

BY CHARLOTTE H. COURSEN.

IN Tyrol, on the River Eisach, and near the Brenner Railway, about fifty-six miles south of Innsbrück, lies the interesting old bishop's town of Brixen, surrounded by a grand mountainous landscape. The houses in the older streets are built with quaint arcades in the lower story, extending along the sidewalk; several old churches and the episcopal palace are worthy of note; but the central object is the cathedral with its copper-roofed towers, for here the Prince Bishop sits in state upon his throne of red velvet with golden fringe.

The building as it now stands dates only from the eighteenth century, and is in baroque style, but it replaces older buildings of the Gothic and Romanesque orders, and closely adjoining it are those extremely interesting cloisters dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, familiar to many New-Yorkers, if not from actual sight, at least from Riefstahl's beautiful painting,

still on exhibition in the art collection of Mr. C. W. Schumann. The frescoes belong to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and represent an important school of art which has been ably treated by the Tyrolean art critic, Hans Semper, in various publications.

There was a Brixen before there was a Tyrol, as now understood. When the tenth century opened the present crown land, Tyrol, was included in the Duchy of Bavaria and subject, of course, to the German emperor. This "glorious colony in the province of Rhætia," of which Tacitus speaks, was then a wild country. According to legend, Christianity had been introduced from Italy by St. Cassian in 350, and, at all events, a bishopric existed in the romantic region of Säben from very early times, whether founded by St. Cassian or not. In 901 the meadow land of Prichsua, or Brixen, was united with Säben, and from this time grew in importance—being on the

THE PEOPLE OF BRIXEN IN 901 A. D.

chief route between Italy and Germany—until it finally absorbed the older seat of Säben and became the abode of the bishop.

The Bishop of Brixen was a temporal prince, a lord of lands as well as a spiritual master, and he owed allegiance to no one

SAINT CASSIAN AND THE FIRST TYROLEAN CHRISTIANS.

THE CRUSADERS WITH THE MINNESINGERS.

under the emperor. His task in those days was a complicated one, for in spite of his churchly office he was obliged to raise troops and fight battles. One bishop, Zacharias, lost his life in attempting to drive back the Magyar invaders.

Another great bishopric, farther south, in the district now Tyrol, was Trent, a town of Roman origin.

The rest of the country was owned by various noblemen,

COUNCILLORS OF BRIXEN, WITH THEIR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS (*early 17th Century*).

also owing allegiance to the emperor, but full of rivalry among themselves. Some local power was needed to promote order, and this was supplied by the bishoprics of Trent and Brixen as representing the highest degrees of culture, order, and sanctity then to be found in the land.

By degrees, however, events moved forward on a more purely political basis. Names of certain terrestrial lords loom up largely; now that of Eppan, now Audechs, finally that of the Counts of Tyrol, owners of the old Roman castle, Terriolis, near Meran. By 1248 they were dominant, and their name was impressing itself upon the country at large. This naturally altered the attitude of the bishoprics. They could no longer

retain their former political prestige; in fact, while still claiming independence, they were glad to seek and obtain the protection of the powerful Counts of Tyrol.

A change of importance was the passing of Tyrol to the House of Hapsburg, which brought the bishoprics under Austrian "protection." This occurred in 1363 after the death of that strange personage, Margaretha Maultasch, the last representative

LANZKNECHT TROOPS OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

of the Counts of Tyrol. Her heir was Duke Rudolph IV. of Austria—allied to her house—a most genial and enterprising character, who, during his short life, so richly endowed Vienna with cathedral and university that he is known as Rudolph the Founder.

Another change saw the bishops still pursuing the even tenor of their way. Duke Frederick IV. of Austria (of the Empty Purse) was ruler of Tyrol, 1406–1439. It was he who finally consolidated the County (*Grafschaft*) of Tyrol, by putting an end to the territorial power of the lesser lords. The Prince Bishops of Trent and Brixen retained their local rights undisputed. Of course they had no real political power as

ARQUEBUSIERS AND MUSKETEERS (*early 18th Century*).

affecting the county at large, and probably for this reason they were not disturbed.

Napoleon evidently considered such conditions an anachronism, for by the treaty of Luneville, in 1801, he secularized these bishoprics, as he had already done with others in Germany. The temporal power of the bishops was annulled, and their domains became an integral portion of the Austrian County, Tyrol. This decree was confirmed by the Congress of Vienna, 1814.

Of course the spiritual prestige remains in a country so devotedly Catholic, and for this reason, and also because the past is gratefully remembered, the recent millennial festival at Brixen was celebrated with great fervor and with all due regard to historical accuracy and artistic detail.

It took place on October 26 and 27, 1901.

On the first day were preliminary exercises, including music and a torchlight procession. The second day, Sunday, was ushered in with the blast of trumpets. After an 8 o'clock service in the cathedral came the historical procession, in which tableaux were personated upon floats.

Announced by trumpeters and heralds bearing the arms and colors of Brixen, first were the early inhabitants of Prichsua, or Brixen: farmers, shepherds, hunters, etc.

Then came the introduction of Christianity by St. Cassian—really, of course, preceding the other in point of time. The saint was surrounded by Roman soldiers from Säben (once a Roman station) and by natives, of the ancient Rhætian tribes.

Crusaders followed; among them Count Albert of Tyrol (1218) and Bishop Berchtold of Brixen; also the Minnesingers, Walther von der Vogelweide and Lenthold von Säben.

Next came a gala equipage, bearing Duke Rudolph IV. (1363), first Austrian "protector" of Brixen, and Bishop Matthias, accompanied by banner-bearers, pages, and warriors.

Then a cathedral school of the Middle Ages, especially charming. The boys sang an old Christmas carol.

UNION OF BRIXEN WITH TYROL AND AUSTRIA IN 1814.

The Brixen art of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries was represented by a model of the cathedral in its former Gothic style, and by painting and sculpture, presided over by the artists themselves; and in front of all, Oswald von Wolkenstein, "the last Minnesinger," played and sang as

in bygone days, in costume copied from an old memorial tablet.

The municipal life of Brixen, which developed late in the seventeenth century, was represented by the bürgermeister, guilds, and soldiers of the period, and then came the sharpshooters, followed by a band of music in antique costume.

The last tableau gave the final and complete union of Brixen with Tyrol and Austria in 1814. Represented as three women, Brixen, Austria, and Tyrol were borne along in a richly decked car, surrounded by children in the old Brixen costume, and preceded by Peter Mayr, Haspinger the Monk, the Maiden of Spinges, and other patriots of the vicinity.

The procession ended with a flood of melody from various *Schützen* bands. A thousand years of history had gone by, and amid the same beautiful scenery, in the same life-giving air, the participants in the pageant stepped on into the newer life of the present and future.

CONCERNING A FEW ANGLO-CELTIC POETS.

BY ANNA BLANCHE McGILL.

AMONG legends innumerable the pre-eminently fertile Celtic imagination has created there is a story of those ancient heroes, the Féinn. In a cavern far beyond man's ken they were doomed to a spell-bound sleep till the advent of a deliverer who, by blowing three times on the horn hanging at the cave's mouth, would break the enchantment. One day a hunter appeared; suspecting that a charm was over them, he grasped the horn and blew a blast; whereupon the somnolents opened their eyes. A second time he set his lips to the horn, and they half rose, leaning on their elbows, staring at him in such passionate consternation he was terrified, and, eager to report the marvel, he fled away without blowing the final blast needed to break the spell. And so, far away in that ancient cave of romance were left the warriors with dreams still upon their eyelids, waiting to be aroused into that Life Immortal where move the Homeric heroes and their vigorous confrères of song and story.

It would seem, however, as though a rescuing band of adventurers had lately approached to work the great deliverance. Once again the glamoured haunt of Celtic fable has begun to ring forth echoes of antique legends of faery and chivalry blent with a new music of love and joy and sorrow. To the interest and enrichment of English literature, it befalls that these echoes born of Celtic breath have awoken in our own tongue.

In English and American reviews of the last few years there have been frequent allusions to that contemporary literary activity which has called forth such terms as Celtic Literature, Celtic Renaissance, Celtic Movement, etc. The allusions have elicited inevitable discussion. On the one hand, Anglo-Saxon critics and literary historians fail to find Celtic literature a denotation sufficiently accurate for what is expressed through the medium of the English language.

On the other hand, Celtic representatives of the movement brandish figurative "shillalahs" at those who, by such formulas

as Celtic Renaissance, Gaelic Revival, and sundry other synonymes for a rebirth of things Celtic, would seem to insinuate that the cold chains of silence had ever bound the Tara Harp in mortal muteness.

In the present actual state of things it would seem, perhaps, wiser and more fruitful to let much discussion about it be relegated to domains of partisan consideration, and be superseded for general interest and edification by an investigation of the work some highly endowed poets are doing—work that both in its achievement and promise, whether the Celtic spirit has ever died and been resurrected, whether these poets prefer to sing under a flag all vert or under a green corner of the British pennant, forms one of the most delightful contributions to English literature.

Since the tang of this contribution is distinctly Celtic, in spirit, themes, and music, though cast in the English language, perhaps the term, Anglo-Celtic, most aptly characterizes it.

To those of Anglo-Saxon predilections who remember that Greene says Shakspere's affluent versatility, his felicitous, radiant fancy, are due to his birth in that Welsh borderland of the Forest of Arden, and who remember how that master emeritus of clear modern English, Matthew Arnold, admitted the amplitude of the Celtic element in English literature, it will be no cause for regret that some of the most engaging productions in English to-day, especially poetry and works of the imagination, are by those who pray with their eyes towards Ireland and Iona. While, on the other hand, much as fervent contemporary Celts, with hearts not saddened by hope deferred, may look forward to the modern glorification of the Gaelic and Brythonic tongues in a literature worthy to succeed Ossian and the Tain Bo Chuailgne, Taliesin and the Mabinogion, they need not lament in these days, when, however auspicious the omens, their hour is apparently not yet come; they need not lament since their national genius is asserting itself, if in a tongue not native to Erin or Brittany, yet side by side with the noblest manifestations of the Teutonic element in that marvellous composite we call English literature. Kipling, William Watson, best of all Stephen Phillips, heir of Marlowe, Milton, Tennyson, and the Preraphaelites, voicing echoes heard along the Anglo-Saxon line, are nobly companioned into the twentieth century's beginning by such men as William Butler Yeats and his ilk, whose song reminiscent of emotions and imaginations immemori-

ally Celtic, recurring down the ages, strikes now the strong tones of an almost inebriate gladness, now the tender strain of old departed joys, now the exultation in nature,

> "Where the mystical brotherhood
> Of sun and moon, and hollow and wood,
> And river and stream work out their will";

now the mystery-fraught harmonies of those Eternal Presences ever haunting the heart and mind of the Celt whose ear, so spiritually attuned, always hears, even under conditions that would have annihilated other nations, the ineffable music which is the inspiration of Life,—the Divine Incantation which creates, energizes, and preserves, which in its infinite resonance through the universe the spirit's ear apprehends as the august breath of "God winding His lonely horn."

The persistent reference to a Renaissance in things Celtic, however, is not without some foundation, nor does the fact seem matter for offence to the lands of heather and shamrock. In this work under consideration there is eloquent evidence of a kind of new intoxication such as in happy seasons of the world's literary history occasionally takes possession of a group of writers,—an intoxication with the charms of nature, with human and ideal beauty, with a novel perception of the aspects and purposes of life.

The lyrics of Yeats, Trench, Fiona Macleod, Nora Hopper, Dora Sigerson Shorter have straightway sounded the alarum of a fresh approach to nature and life,—an approach attained by a fancy delicate and supple, an imagination fresh and active, in nowise outworn and morbid, and by a keen discriminating sense of the salient literary elements in human joy and suffering.

Two writers of this Celtic *genre* stand forth shining lights whose work seems to epitomize the immemorial characteristics of their island races. Over the broad seas of imagination, emotion, and spiritual apprehension these two, Miss Macleod and Mr. Yeats, sail, their crafts of song, however, bearing colors significant of slightly differing individual and provincial influences. Over Mr. Yeats's work there is the glamour bred by his Irish fairy-folk; Miss Macleod's is imbued with the grammarye of her Highlands.

The Muse of the Druid-land whose touch is witchery has woven three spells upon Mr. Yeats: the spell of nature,

"Your mother Erie is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight gray";

the spell of beauty, "the Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the world," and the spell of sadness, the burden of beauty this loveliness, intangible, elusive, ineffable, creates:

"The flame of the blue star of twilight hung low on the rim of the sky
Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that never will die."

All good old-fashioned Irish spells to be sure!

It is a tautology common to critics to assert the nearness of the Gaelic heart to nature. It is a tie of veritable kinship. The faery-folk, who are cousins of the wind and wave, green trees and flowers, have lived so familiarly with the Hibernians they all seem to have become most intimately bound together. And in this modern day Mr. W. B. Yeats eminently attests the association. In the "Madness of King Goll" he states his own case:

"And now I wander in the woods
When summer gluts the golden bees,
Or in autumnal solitudes
Arise the leopard-colored trees;
Or when along the wintry strands
The cormorants shiver on their rocks
I wander on and wave my hands,
And sing and shake my heavy locks.
The greywolf knows me; by one ear
I lead along the woodland deer,
The hares run by me growing bold.
They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round me, the beech leaves old."

Also in "The Lake of Innisfree" he voices an irresistible nostalgia for the places lying far from the madding crowd:

"I will arise now and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee loud glade.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray
I hear it in the deep heart's core."

His direct call to the world of "Out-of-Doors" is as magical as any lyric in the language:

"Outworn heart in a time outworn
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh heart again in the gray twilight,
Sigh heart again in the dew of the morn."

In recent poetry there is no line of more exquisite fancy, delicacy, and charm than his telling how

". . . the stars grown old
In dancing silver-sandalled on the sea,
Sing in their high and lonely melody
Eternal beauty wandering on her way."

His sensitiveness to the second spell, of beauty, is what primarily gives Mr. Yeats his accolade among the truest knights of song. His absolute response to her varying and manifold forms lifts his lines into a continuous ecstasy. He knows indeed the inspiration and the poet's dream. The glory and the rapture take possession of him from all sources—from the very meanest flower that blows, from the summit of that transcendent beauty,

". . . proud, austere,
Dim vision of the far Immortal Face,
Divinely fugitive, that haunts the world
And lifts man's spiral thoughts to lovelier dreams."

In his interpretation and apotheosis of love Mr. Yeats is likewise worthy of his race, whose distinction it has been to idealize human emotion, to lift it from earth into a purer ether than base natures can conceive or breathe. Ernest Renan, who so sympathetically revealed to France "la poesie de la race Celtique," says: "No other human tribe has carried so much mystery into love. No other has conceived with more delicacy the ideal of woman. . . . Compare Guinevere and Iseult to those Scandinavian furies, Gudruna and Chriemhild, and you

will acknowledge that woman as chivalry conceived her—that ideal of sweetness and beauty set up as the supreme object of life—is neither classic, Christian, nor Germanic, but in reality Celtic." There is, in truth, no literature of love which as a whole is freer from earthly elements than this of the Celts. To what tender and yet high passion Mr. Yeats rises, the lines his Aedh speaks most aptly illustrate; the note of magic rings in them:

"You need but lift a pearl pale hand
And bind up your long hair and sigh,
And all men's hearts must burn and beat;
And foam on the dim sand,
And stars climbing, the dew-dropping sky,
Live but to light your passing feet."

And again:

"The wrong of unshapely things, the wrong too great to be told,
I hunger to build them anew, and sit on a knoll apart
With the earth and the sky and the water remade like a casket of gold,
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart."

What Keats called the "melancholy fit," a malady most incident to Gaels, asserts itself frequently in the poet's work; not, however, the poignant grief, the Titanism Matthew Arnold found in some of his compatriots' verse, but rather the longing for the ideal beauty—the unattainable not to be encompassed in the Vale of Sorrow. But the shadow of seriousness does not always envelop the poet; he can lilt as good a ballad as the best when he has a mind to. He can sing about how

"Good Father John O'Hart
In penal days rode out
To a shoneen he had fee-lands
And his own snipe and trout.

All loved him, only the shoneen
Whom the devils have by the hair,
From the wives and the cats and the children
To the birds in the white of the air." . . .

It is much to Mr. Yeats's honor that his technique shows the

influence of the age. The repose and smoothness of his lines are a credit to a generation in whose memory Tennyson was a meistersinger. Restraint and poise have never been cardinal virtues of Gaelic literature. There has always been a tendency —I speak not as those who are far above all passionate wind of criticism,—there has always been a tendency to carry mysticism too far into the realm of fanciful vagaries, to run into hyperbole and exaggeration. And here it seems to me will lie the future hope and strength of the Celts who stand for a revival of the old tongues: that they adopt from the ancient national sources and time-honored sources what conceptions of dignity, depth, sincerity, they contain, leaving the trivial and the too fanciful to those primitive archives which may honorably enough retain them, while from the spirit of this time, from the earnestness that made the great poets of the century just past, let them acquire the lesson of strenuousness and persistency in effort, the necessity for a flexible and virile technique without which the great mines of thought and feeling have never relinquished and will never relinquish their golden ore.

Mr. Yeats's technique has such supple grace, such distinction both in its diction and its rhymes, one would rejoice to see it set to greater uses than it has yet attempted. His dramas reveal his ability for sustained effort. With a theme loftier and more vital than those he has so delightfully developed, it might be given him to write the great modern Celtic drama, accomplishing egregiously the task he set himself:

> ". . . I too would accounted be
> True brother of that company
> Who sang, to sweeten Ireland's wrong,
> Ballad and story, rann and song." . . .

Parallel with Mr. Yeats, the prince among those spinning Irish skeins of Celtic imagination and fancy, Miss Macleod is weaving Scotland's thread of poetry into the Celtic woof that crosses and enriches the Anglo-Saxon warp of English literature. She brings sterling prerequisites to the service: a fervent imagination, an intensity of feeling, a spiritual insight that sounds the depths of man's soul, a spiritual outlook that soars to infinities and eternities. Her vein of Scotch blood permeates her work with a certain strength, a moral element which, as the æsthetic one in Mr. Yeats's work, is the incessant *motif* of hers.

As through his poetry runs continually the yearning towards a far-off, eternal beauty, so this Highland woman's recurrent refrain, pitched in the key of a national feeling, expresses a craving for the things of the spirit. Her most distinctly imaginative work is but a fanciful and symbolic rendering for the ideals and spiritual struggles of her race. Her treatment of this moral element in stories resonant with the breath of strong winds haunting Iona, and with the strenuous speech of waves on its shores, is a delight to the serious-minded reader of fiction whose desideratum is for something between a fiction made of unmitigated froth and the morbidly psychological analyses of human emotion which are the pitfalls of the modern serious-minded novelist.

There is a note of strength particularly unfeminine in Miss Macleod's work. Her tales of terror, pathos, and tragedy strike elemental strata of life. All the lesser, superficial details of the human relation are cast aside, while is left revealed the old basic, everlasting conflict of the flesh and spirit, will and perverse inclination, the immemorial "war in the members."

She has also that rare power, the hall-mark of genius, to create palpable atmosphere. The air of the Highlands, gray mists, the sea and its surges make around steep cliffs, dull reaches of monotonous moorlands,—all these fall into place as backgrounds for her plots and the people of her imagination. Mysterious elemental glooms that transport one's fancy into primal nature she conjures with special effectiveness in such weird tales, for instance, as that gruesome one of the "Wild Man of Iona," who took upon himself the sins of the man he hated.

Her narratives are cast in rhythmic form which acts as an incantation to make one thrill, shudder, and yet admire. This rhythmic movement, into which even her prose glides, would almost persuade one to class all her work as poetry. In fact her prose, more lyrical than writing so called, lies in that borderland between prose and poetry, which does exist, *malgré* Mr. Lowell's declaration: "There is nothing between prose and poetry!"

However, much of Miss Macleod's work would pass Mr. Lowell's censorship as being poetry pure and simple. Lyric dramas are to her credit, songs serious and inspired, such as the "Rune of Age," "The Prayer of Women," "The Closing Doors." But quoting another is irresistible,—another which reveals how sweetly the breath of the Celtic Muse sometimes

blows over her fingers in happy moments of lightness and spontaneity. It is too bad, however, she did not flank with another syllable the undefended "the" at the end of the line:

"O sweet St. Bride of the
Yellow, yellow hair;
Paul said and Peter said.
And all the saints alive or dead
Vowed she had the sweetest head, Bonnie, sweet,
Bonnie, sweet Saint Bride of the
Yellow, yellow hair.
White may my milking be,
White as thee:
Thy face is white, thy neck is white,
Thy hands are white, thy feet are white,
For thy sweet soul is shining bright,—
Oh dear to me,
Oh fair to see,
St. Bridget white.

Safe, thy way is safe, O
Safe, St. Bride;
May my kye come home at even,
None be fallin', none be leavin',
Dusky even, breath-sweet even,
Here as there, where, O
St. Bride, thou
Keepest tryst with God in heaven,
Seest the angels bow
And souls be shriven;—
Here as there 'tis breath—sweet even
Far and wide,—
Singeth thy little maid,
Safe in thy shade,
Bridget, Bride!"

Among the others who sing most pleasantly the "ancient ways of old Erie" are Herbert Trench, Mrs. Shorter, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Nora Hopper, George Russell, Mrs. Wingate Rinder, Ernest Rhys, and hosts of others whom to name is to rouse memories of lyrics spontaneous and delightful, smacking of genuine Celtic flavor. Not only in the old tongues do these

new Celts reveal their racial heritage of romance, sentiment, sensitiveness to beauty, but also in excellent, charming English.

Of these, perhaps, Mr. Trench has lately soared the highest; his work approaches nearest to inspiration. His technique, always captivating, is often original. He has the charm of making new and subtle similes, artistic climaxes, delightful surprises to which his felicitous lines lead unexpectedly but easily. For instance, this stanza from "The Night":

> "But she, like sighing forests,
> Stole on me full of rest;
> Her hair was like the sea-waves,
> Whiteness was in her breast
> (So does one come at night upon a wall of roses)."

His "Deidre Wed," one of the year's most notable books of verse, is an engaging remoulding of ancient legends. His descriptions of the venerable manor are full of charm:

> "Fabulous,
> Oh friends, and dark and mighty was the house.
> The beam-work in its dome of forest trunks—
> They that had been chantries of the dawn,
> To blacken songless through a thousand years,
> . . . Since they swayed buds in the glens,
> Or spun the silken floating gleams
> Of shadows." . . .

All this Celtic literature may be considered in two aspects: as an expression of the Celtic people's dreams, aspirations, philosophies; and in its other character as part of English literature. Matthew Arnold gave a text for a consideration of its latter aspect when, in his essay on the study of Celtic literature, he insisted on the "advantage we may derive from knowing the Celt and things Celtic more thoroughly." Now, in contradistinction to Anglo-Saxon poetry, whose keynote, since Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Browning gave the pitch, has been intellectuality, this Celtic poetry stands forth the product of an emotionalism significant of its origin. With such a character of egregious emotionalism it has a power to leaven the spirit of a time which inclines to express itself, for instance, in such a manner as George Meredith's "Reading of Life and Other Poems," wherein one feels, if more impassioned emotion

had been leashed with intellectuality, the course of Mr. Meredith's song had been fleeter and over a more interesting and a farther reaching region of the Muses' domain.

And besides this influence, the Celtic strain with its spontaneity, its lyricality, its free unfettered abandon, makes for a happy, fluent expression; makes the fancy agile, makes the eye clear for new visions,—in fact the Celt's besetting sin is the continual seeking out of new impressions, his eye inveterately in fine frenzy rolling. His extreme sensibility, which so easily is moved to tears or laughter, lies at the foundation of that felicitous sensuousness which produces the charm of the magic note, the supreme charm of the best poetry. It may be said, to the Celt's glory, this sensuousness usually remains free of dross. There is an innate purity in this people that prevents their lapsing into the sensual, from which the grosser Teutonic natures are less immune.

On the other hand, the Celts have much to learn from their neighbors. Primarily, to deepen the currents of their thoughts and feelings. In the range of Celtic literature perhaps the severest lack is of far-fathoming, serious purpose and of sustained, profound passion. Delicacy, fancy, tender sentiment, keen love of nature and a real instinct for things spiritual, immemorially it has had. But that strong virility, that vigorous grasp of life and fine persistency in effort which brought forth Homer for the Greeks, Shakspere and Milton for the English, Dante for Italy, and Goethe for Germany, has no counterpart in Celtic literature. Of course this is largely due to the history of the people; though it would, perhaps, be more accurate to assert that the insufficiency of that final clinching quality of success which has prevented the Celtic spirit, fine as it is, from attaining national predominance, has also precluded it from pre-eminence literary and artistic.

However, the future holds a rich hope for it, if from the spirit of the time and its neighbors it will but learn seriousness and sincerity in thought and work, freedom from triviality, a discriminating sense of what in its archives is worth moulding anew, what in the varied, throbbing life of to-day is the genuinely vital element for art, meantime failing not, as one of the noblest of contemporary Celtic singers counsels, "to watch faithfully and conscientiously that little, infinite, fluttering, eternal flame one calls one's self."

HE LOVED US FIRST.

"Not as though we have loved Him,
Because Himself He loved us first."

BECAUSE He loved us first. Entrancing word!
Darest thou, Man, believe as thou hast heard?
Yea, if all Beauty, and if all Delight,
And perfect Love o'erpowering perfect Might,
Should at thy suit, thy wooing and thy prayer,
And after long pursuit, consent to share
With thee Eternity—
Trembling, thou might well dream thyself Deity.

But nay. He loved us first 'Twas God did kneel,
Plead at thy feet, oh! man, and first reveal
His love, uncertain of thy own;
Sure but of this alone—
Many a love-treason from the creature He made free
To spurn e'en of Omnipotence the suppliant plea.
And yet with infinite desire
Thy life flashed forth from His breath's fire;
And all Eternity was filled with His design,
In any measure of thy wish and will,
With grace at every step forestalling still,
To make thee in the measure of His mighty Love Divine.

A. R.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.—*Continued.*

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID."

AS the clang of the hall-door proclaimed Joyce's exit, Imogen slowly strolled to the hearthstone, and stared absently down at the flames. Then, without lifting her eyes, she addressed her companions in general.

"I have decided to sail at once," she announced. "At this season there will be no trouble about a choice of suites. Stephen will telegraph inquiries to-night. And you?"

For an instant no one answered. The unexpected announcement had taken the trio by not too pleasant surprise.

The first impulse of Imogen's widowhood had been to put the ocean between her and the scene of the tragedy; and Mam'selle and Gladys had taken it for granted that they had no choice but to accompany her. But pending the settlement of certain matters pertaining to the estate, prolonged absence

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West. At the moment of his departure he calls on Mrs. Raymond and a significant interview takes place, in which the influence of a woman of the world enters his life. On the journey to the West Joyce has a long talk with Raymond, in which the latter gives his views on various matters, and states the terms on which he engages Joyce. Arrived in San Francisco, Joyce sends an exuberant telegram to his mother. Joyce enters social life and takes part in a ball at the Golden Gate Ranch. Mina and Joyce are drawn unto each other, while Raymond's wife talks of divorce. Mina and Raymond, landing at Island Rock, are both drowned. Joyce endeavors to save them, and narrowly escapes with his own life. After Raymond's death Mrs. Raymond removes to San Francisco, pending the settlement of her husband's estate. Pearson, having assumed control of the *Pioneer*, has a stormy interview with Joyce. Mrs. Raymond suddenly decides to sail for Europe; Joyce failing to agree to her plans, and deciding to remain with the *Pioneer*. Stephen proposes to Gladys.

from the West was decided inexpedient; and Imogen's lease of the San Francisco house had seemed to decide the European question in the negative. Now the fragile Mam'selle shivered in anticipation of the winter voyage: Gladys was conscious of an incomprehensible heartsickness at the thought of leaving San Francisco just at present; and Stephen recognized that, in his state of nervous weakness, strange faces and the fatigue of travel would jar upon him intolerably. Yet relatives and friend owed an imperative social duty to Imogen's youthful widowhood. She could not, must not be permitted to face the world alone.

As if reading their thoughts, she flashed them a quick glance of mocking amusement.

"Pray consult your own preferences quite exclusively," she said. "My weeds are my passport for unchaperoned travel; and abroad, of course, I join friends."

"I think it not well that we part quite yet," sighed Mam'selle, sacrificially.

"Mam'selle speaks for me, too," assented Gladys; but her face looked perplexed, and her words came slowly.

"And Stephen?" queried Imogen, with frank indifference. She relied upon his apathetic mood to spare her criticism or comment. But Stephen, momentarily stimulated by his unwelcome surprise, startled her by tactless candor.

"Your decision is very sudden," he protested. "Only yesterday you were planning to make this house 'habitable for the winter.' What has influenced you to change your mind?"

"Really, Stephen! Since when, pray, have I been called to account by you?"

But her jibe had no sting for him. His interest had been but spasmodic. Already the subject of discussion was forgotten. He sank back, his face looking haggard and haunted in the firelight. Again he heard only the moaning waves,—saw only the appeal of a dear, dead face. "*Mina!*" his lips murmured. "*Mina!*"

"I noticed how depressed Mr. Josselyn looked as he left," remarked Gladys, somewhat hesitatingly. "I suppose you told him your intention, Mrs. Raymond. He will miss you—"

"Yes," interrupted Imogen. "The youthful Joyce, after all, is not quite an infant. He will regret our closed house,—house of mourning though it is. The Raymond hall-mark has its social value,—in California!"

"I think you do Mr. Josselyn's sincere and grateful devotion to you a real injustice."

"Poor little heiress! Query,—how long will your simple faith in humanity survive your independent control of millions? But it is Stephen, not Joyce, who is now in question. Perhaps his mental processes may be quickened if you tell him of Europe—'as you have seen it'!"

"Yes, tell me of Europe," pleaded Stephen, turning to Gladys with touching eagerness. Even as Joyce was as a Balm of Gilead to Mrs. Raymond's remorse, such was Gladys to Stephen's fraternal memory.

"But there is so much to tell," she protested. "All of history, all of art,—and the life-pulse of both, all religion! Which is your choice, Mr. Morris?"

"Which is yours?" he queried, resisting an emotional impulse to cry out his heart's choice that she should call him not 'Mr. Morris,' but Stephen; that henceforward it should be Stephen and Gladys between them,—Stephen and Gladys, for always!

"Why force me to confess that I have chosen each in turn?" she smiled, seeking to cheer him. "As a child, I was historical,—antiquely historical. At sixteen, I saw nothing beyond the art galleries. At eighteen, I began to find history and art—in the churches."

"That was well, *chérie*," approved Mam'selle; but Imogen stirred impatiently.

"And now?" pressed Stephen.

"Now, it will be still the churches,—with a difference."

"What difference?"

"In the many temples I shall see but the One Church, whose history and art,—the supreme history and art of the world,—will be the mere accessories of its Christian gospels;—the gospels leading the rich of earth to the heaven of the poor!"

"She will sell all that she has, and give to the poor!" confided Imogen to the fire.

"*Is* that it? Is it?" demanded Stephen, the light of new hopes and noble interests conquering the torpor of his face. His responsive thoughts flew to his own doubly increased fortune, which seemed but a mockery, now that he could no longer lavish its luxuries upon his little Mina. To use it for her sake, in her name, for others,—was this the gospel of compensation which Gladys would teach him?

But Gladys disclaimed the vocation.

"The counsel of perfection," she said, "is not my grace. The social gospel seems to be my present lesson; and perhaps the New World, the Young Country, learns such most perfectly kneeling at the feet of the Old."

"*Voyez*, old Catholic France," enthused Mam'selle, patriotically.

"Old France!" scorned Imogen. "There is nothing old under the up-to-date sun, Mam'selle. Modern chronology dates France from the Revolution, England from the Reformation, and Italy from its day of Liberation and Unity. But Gladys, like you, is a born antiquarian. Her 'Old World' means—'Papal Rome!'"

"Christianity's Olympus," amended Stephen; "to whose immortals past, present, and future are as one!"

"But yes, *mon fils*," approved Mam'selle, "we are immortals, that is pretty; but not antiquities, *non!* Such is not at all the name *comme il faut,—pour les dames!*"

"Yet Mrs. Raymond is right," defended Gladys. "Ancient history and religion go hand-in-hand, as the solvers of modern problems."

She held up her little red book, smiling tremulously. There is a smile spiritually joyous, though mirthless even unto sorrow,—a smile of soul which triumphs over tears, and harmonizes with the sorest human heartache.

"You know what this contains," she said,—"my father's death-bed message to me as an American of fortune. My apostolate of Wealth necessitates a novitiate; and Mrs. Raymond's unexpected decision of to-night has suggested to me to serve it—in the Eternal City!"

"Not with *me*," objected Imogen. "Really, my dear, you and Mam'selle must do Rome alone. You would compromise me fatally, in the eyes of the Quirinal! And your Rome of the Vatican,—what a strange school for an American heiress! Now, *I* suggest London—and Paris!"

"*Mais oui*, of course, *Paris*," agreed Mam'selle. "Paris and Rome,—*c'est bien!*"

"But why Rome?" persisted Imogen. "Really, you have aroused my curiosity."

"Because Rome, Mrs. Raymond, is the world's university of true sociology, in which Christian Wealth must take its degree."

"Verdicts differ, my dear Gladys. It seems significant that

the Papal Gospel of Capital has its bitterest opponents in the heroes struggling for Italy's commonwealth. For instance, the question of the temporal sovereignty—"

"Is a question, dear Mrs. Raymond, answered by Christ in reference to Cæsar,—'Render unto the Pope what is the Pope's!' The gift of Constantine to Sylvester is the heritage of Leo XIII. by right of succession; and while spoliation is condoned and tolerated, civilization's boasts of justice and honor are disproved before God and man!"

"My dear little zealot, the history of Italy past and present—"

"Proves the 'divine right' of Popes, rather than of 'kings,' Mrs. Raymond! Did the people fare better under Leo the Great, or under Humbert? Does to-day prove Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel the liberators, or the 'sellers into bondage' of modern Italy,—groaning under taxes that are making of her a second Ireland, and of the Italy-adoring Italians a heartsick, homesick race of exiles? How is United Italy profiting by the wrong of the Quirinal to the Vatican, save by national bankruptcy? The wheels of the gods seem to me not only slow and fine, but very visible in their grinding!"

"*Brava!*" approved Stephen. "Quite in good faith, and in all reverence and courtesy, I call somebody—a little 'Papist!'"

"She is, indeed," smiled Imogen. "To an onlooker at the game, it seems really incredible that American sociology and philanthropy should seek their texts in the musty tomes of—Rome!"

"And yet Rome, as the fountain-head of opposition to 'man's inhumanity to man,'—as the first and steadfast champion of the sacred dignity of womanhood,—and as 'sanctuary' for both class and mass,—is alike the source of human progression, and the force of social evolution! Is not this truth commanding world-wide acknowledgment? To whom are the nations turning, to-day, as the supreme Christian socialist, the universal economist, the political purist, the arbiter of civil and international differences,—save to Leo XIII. of 'Papal Rome'? Quits, dear Mrs. Raymond, quits!"

"We are friendly foes, and our discussion is quite impersonal. But really, Gladys, I should like you to read—"

Gladys' resistless laugh interrupted her.

"The books beside your night-lamp?" she asked, mischievously. "But I have read them all,—and enjoyed them hugely,

I assure you! Papal Rome has its opponents indeed, Mrs. Raymond; feminine opponents armed with the weapon that is mightier than the sword! The irreligion of the new-woman's religious novel is the crowning paradox of our sex. Papal infamy exposed,—the Vatican's iniquitous secrets revealed,—the Orders convicted of heinous vice,—the commonest virtue of the secular priesthood disproved,—the Church's future demolished, thus refuting even the words of Christ,—how our feminine acumen, to-day, shames the simple credulity of all the masculine genius of Christianity!"

"Yes," sympathized Stephen, struggling to smile; "it is pathetic, really,—the modern output of feminine intellect against what, considered even in a purely intellectual sense, represents not only its noblest inspirations and ideals, but also its bar of justice, its court of appeal, its most powerful and chivalrous defence."

"Commend me to a man," resented Imogen, petulantly, "for preaching versus practice; which explains why St. Paul, who knew his sex, declared feminine sermonizing superfluous! Stephen in the pulpit, really gets on my nerves! Mam'selle, if you have thoughts of beauty-sleep, may we have a word in your room concerning Europe?"

As Gladys rose to follow them, her little red book fell to the floor. As she extended her hand for it, Stephen deliberately held it behind him. She waited, surprised but smiling, as he opened the door and bowed his good-nights. Then hastily closing it, he leaned back against it, pale-lipped and quivering.

"Stay, Gladys," he said. "I have something—to say to you."

Love's sweet old story,—how many a man has told it,—how many a woman has listened! Stephen and Gladys were but two out of all humanity. Yet love makes each man and woman the first Adam and Eve,—and their world the primeval Paradise.

Does a man's most abrupt avowal of tender sentiment,—granting his sentiment to be sincere,—ever take a woman by complete surprise? The probabilities are against the simplicity of her orthodox amazement. There are psychic vibrations that communicate the first heart-throbs,—vibrations not the less spiritual in that they are pulsative with human passion,—more eloquent in their muteness than any words, more luminous in their invisibility than any glances,—with the music and flame

of love. Gladys, therefore, was not surprised by Stephen's declaration: but neither was she prepared for it, in the sense of readiness to answer him. Did she love him? Yes,—dearly. Yet, was this love the sole, supreme love of her heart and life, consecrating even anticipatively wife unto husband?

The angel of revelation had not come to Gladys. Her maidenhood did not know.

The love of experience or maturity has outlived doubts; and the average man, even in his blushless youth, is prone to take love quite simply. He strains as impetuously towards his star as the needle points to its magnetic pole; and if doubts of the wisdom of his course assail him, they wait upon satiety. But the girlish heart on the verge of first love is an infinitely more subtle creation. Loving love intuitively, yet coy of its incarnation in the masculine lover, it dreads even as it desires, renounces even as it claims, blushes for what is its tender pride, weeps for its complex happiness, doubts its own sweet convictions, affirms and denies, vacillates between coequal instincts of surrender and revolt, and paradoxically retreats even as it ingenuously presses forward,—in such an adorable medley of maidenly shame and womanly glory, as passes the nature of man to understand! Small wonder, then, that Gladys stood before Stephen blushing and trembling, shrinking and silent. He had anticipated her instinct of flight as the natural impulse of startled maidenhood; but in the face of her abiding distress he reproached his cruelty, and quickly moved from the door.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said; "I am a selfish brute! Go, of course,—if you prefer not—to hear me."

But she did not take advantage of his permission. He approached her with a flash of joyous hope in his face.

"Gladys,"—he cried, "Gladys—"

He paused, as one halts within sight of a bourne from which there is no return. Since she had waited voluntarily, her favor seemed probable: and though thirsting for his victory, Stephen yet grudged the cost of it. His unconsciously cruel silence was his leave-taking of the Gladys who had been, who still was, but who would be never again, once his tale of love was told to her! Her exquisite maidenhood was as a dove with white wings stirring. He desired, yet dreaded to speed its virgin flight.

To a man of strong yet fastidious passion, of fine sentiment, of delicate ideals, the phase of girlish innocence which his love-word and glance and touch, however reverent, inevitably transmute to woman-knowledge, appeals as the eyes of a wounded fawn appeal to the hunter's heart. The child Gladys, the girl Gladys, the simple, self-unconscious, ingenuous Gladys to whom Stephen had been as a friend and brother, must be the holocaust of his love. Her maiden pyre would shrine not death, but resurrection; from the ashes of her child-heart the heart of a woman would pulsate its phœnix-wings;—yet no man but mourns the youth his love matures, the innocence it enlightens, the maid it makes a woman! To love and to slay are primeval instincts,—and civilized man analogizes them.

Stephen's heart, in the past, had been centred in Mina. Until Gladys' charm grew upon him, he had lived as aloof from the tender passion as any celibate in his cell. But the love-instinct of youth, the affinity of sex under the law of complemental attraction,—the supreme match-maker, Propinquity, alike had done their inevitable work; and Stephen had been dallying with love in the bud, when pain forced its laggard flower. As Mina was torn from his devoted heart, its bleeding, quivering fibres, instinctively trembling towards the substitute-love surviving, found in Gladys their specific healer. Her kindred sorrow, her gentle sympathy, the spiritual balm her immortal faith held for death's mortal hurt, the solace of her companionship for his heartache and loneliness, all combined to transform his previously calm and deliberate affection into the masterful and imperious passion of a man for his one hope, his only refuge,—the last stronghold of his peace and happiness of life. It was his resolve, his tense effort to speak gently, delicately,—not to startle her. But the shyness of her eyes that were yet soft and deep with responsive tenderness, the sweet warmth of her blushes, the allurement of her flower-like face drooped and yet not averted, were a challenge to the nature of manhood that conventions chain but never conquer. Fiercely, almost desperately, he folded her in his arms.

"I want you," he gasped. "I need you,—I—I—my God, I claim you—as the one sweet hope left me,—the one dream,—the one desire! Who save you ever existed for me,—in the world that held Mina? Who but you keeps me alive—in the face of her death? If you, too, are to fail me,—by heavens—I

go under! Gladys, Gladys, give my life its love! Give me—my little woman! Give my heart—its wife!"

With unconscious force he was crushing her to him. His heart hurt her breast with its strenuous throbs. His whispers, broken and husky, panted against her cheek. As she glanced up affrighted, his face, strained and gray with emotion, appalled her. She broke from his arms with a gasping cry that quivered like steel to his heart.

"O Stephen," she shuddered, "is love—like that? Then I —I resent it,—I reject it!"

She sank into a chair, veiling her face with her hands. He stood over her for a moment of silent struggle; then took a turn up and down the room, passing his handkerchief across his forehead.

"Yes," he said, later, when, once more himself, he took a seat beside her; "yes, that is love,—in its human expression! The soul-love, the heart-love, are revealed,—not profaned by it! Gladys, the three loves are one love—to the wife!"

"I—I think I will not be a wife, Stephen," she sobbed, nervously. He reached for her hand, and his strong palm covered it, as the bird shields its mate with its wing.

"Yes," he said, "you will be a wife, Gladys; *my* wife, if I am ever to have one! Dear, forgive me,—take me on trust,—believe that my love is man's best love,—tender and reverent! You are only—a startled girl. Take my word for it,—that the girl cannot answer—for the woman. And as for me, your rejection means my life long solitude. Many men say similar words, and laugh as they say them. To me they are solemn,—solemn and sacred as the grave. In all my life I have never given another woman one love-thought. My mother was young and handsome and gay and coquettish; and she was my idol until Mina, my little Mina, grew into her woman-place. I tell you this because—it is your right to know—what I offer you! Gladys, externals are for richer men's love-gifts, but *I* give you—all my life!"

Her free hand, fluttering like a timid dove, trembled towards his, and nestled upon it.

"Yes," she faltered; "my father,—and Mr. Raymond,—and Father Martin,—and you,—are men of a type; so I know you, and—trust you! Your love must be right, and therefore my honor. I did not intend to reproach it, Stephen. It is for you

to forgive me—for not being braver. It is weak and cowardly—and unworthy of a woman—to be afraid—of love!"

He lifted her hand and kissed it lingeringly.

"Darling,—*my* darling," he whispered.

"Before Raymond's death," he went on, after a moment,—"I knew how it was with me, and made a clean breast to him. He favored my hopes, and urged me to press them. This is why I feel privileged now. Your wealth seemed an obstacle, since my own fortune is but moderate; but he, in your father's name, disclaimed this consideration both as unjust to you and unworthy of me. On the night of the ball he asked me 'why I waited?' I answered, 'because you seemed so happy in your girlhood,'—and I thought I spoke the truth. But, Gladys, I deceived myself. To-night has shown me that I waited only—because I did not love you—as I love you now! In the past, I acknowledge it,—Mina shared my heart with you. Her death leaves me you, you alone, you only! Gladys, you are all love, all life to me!"

"I cannot answer you to-night," she said, palely. The room whirled about her. She felt faint from emotion, dizzy from vacillation between tender attraction and affrighted retreat. She loved him,—of course she loved him, this strong, grave Stephen, with his kind-eyed, stern-mouthed, priest-like face, clean-shaven and impressive in its dignity of pure and earnest manhood;—Stephen, her dear friend,—Mina's brother! Yet her decision waited;—a mysterious, incomprehensible doubt and hesitation perplexed her. Her girlish heart sickened with the throe and strain of the travail whereof womanhood is born.

Stephen sighed wearily, and the glad light of hope died out of his face. In his depressed state suspense meant hopelessness. If he had not touched her yet, he would never touch her. And without Mina, without Gladys, life held for his lonely heart,—what?

"At least tell me your doubts," he pleaded. "Two are better than one. Perhaps together—"

"Let me think," she said, and turned away from him. The time he conceded seemed very long to Stephen.

He supposed she was thinking a girl's shy love-thoughts,—wondering, fearing, hesitating between flight and surrender. But Gladys, in truth, was sending up a prayer for a miracle,—that the Spirit of Light might descend upon her!

Like most convent-girls, she had retained a childish simplicity of heart and spirit. Her religion was as natural and real an element of her life as the world she moved in, the heart-beats she lived by. She walked as consciously with angels as she walked with her human fellows. The Divine Presence overshadowed her; the dead communed with her. Miracles were not miracles to Gladys, but mere matter-of-course providences,—Heaven's fulfilled promises,—answers to human prayer.

"'*Come, Holy Ghost,*'" she breathed; but the wings of the white Dove of Pentecost tarried. As her fluttering thoughts returned to earth, she acknowledged that marriage seemed her probable vocation. Spiritually, she loved the religious life, yet it had been borne into her soul that she was not called to it: and she had begun to realize that the woman's mission in the world must be shared by the man, to attain its supreme success. Yes, she would marry:—so why not Stephen? Where was a better, a nobler man in whom to put her trust? The faces of previous wooers one by one flashed before her,—mere social birds of passage,—shadows of men who had come and gone,—from the boys and youths at whom, in her girlhood, her father and she had smiled together, even to her Newport admirers, and the noblemen who had been her latest suitors. But wraith-like, their visions came and went; and she knew that love was not of them! Then why have one doubt in regard to Stephen, whom already she loved so dearly? Surely no other love, no rival, claimed her? Intrusively, irrationally, it seemed to Gladys, the face of Joyce Josselyn as she had last seen it occurred to her,—not glowing, confident, and debonair, as usually, but grave and pale as Stephen's own,—a bewildered, pained, baffled, humiliated young face, with a mystical appeal to her in it! But she resisted the memory as absurdly inopportune: and resolutely concentrated her thoughts upon Stephen. Why did she hesitate to make him happy? Why did the Spirit's light tarry?

Since Heaven seemed to fail her, her orphaned heart yearned for a human counsellor in this hour of doubt, yet of destiny. As she longed for her father, whose loss seemed newly bitter in her filial need of him, another face suddenly rose before her,—a face from which only sundered ways of life, and not impassable death divided her:—the face of one whose daughter she was in the spirit,—the priestly face of Father Martin!

But the vision of Father Martin was not all: for radiating from it was the remembrance of the title she had given him on her last evening at Carruthdale,—"*Alter Christus!*"—of Stephen's strangely swift and significant tribute,—"*A beautiful name. Happy the man who bears it as worthily as Father Martin!*" —and of her own instantaneous premonition of the chosen destiny in store for the reverent speaker.

Thus silently, invisibly, yet oh how vividly, the answer to Gladys' prayer was granted her! Light and inspiration came on wings of memory. She knew, now, what her answer to Stephen's love-prayer must be.

Yet not through her,—not to-night,—must Stephen know it! In God's good time, his own soul would speak: and meanwhile her part was to lead him towards the light,—not rejecting his hand, but keeping it in her own,—until his clasp should loosen voluntarily.

As her face turned towards him, it was "a face illumed"; and her joyous voice reflected it.

"I change my mind," she smiled. "Since you wish it, you shall be answered now and here. I will marry you,—upon one condition."

"Consider it fulfilled," he said hoarsely.

"It is, that for a year and a day,—in other words, until our return from abroad,—you consider yourself quite unfettered by to-night's proposal,—as free to ignore it, and not to renew it,—as if it had never been made!"

"Oh," he protested, "you doubt me! You put me on probation as though I were a boy!"

"You are a boy, Stephen," she smiled, with a fleeting caress on his humbled head. "To-night, just a big, lonely, wilful boy! May I speak to you with perfect candor?"

"Of course! But a year and a day—"

"Listen,—*boy!* Until to-night I have thought but little of love in a personal sense, yet something has told me that you were thinking love-thoughts of me:—therefore your words have not taken me by surprise. Science has admitted mind-waves. May there not be heart-waves, too,—subtle vibrations pulsating their message from lover to beloved?"

"Yes! But you never reciprocated the message, Gladys."

"I did not repulse it, and quiescence is sometimes a woman's response. At least, I have loved you as a noble man,

an ideal brother, a perfect friend; and such love must be the seed of—of the love you wish. Therefore I shall not doubt my own heart at all,—if you claim me, a second time."

"'*If?*'"

"And meantime I propose—"

"That I go abroad with you, of course!"

"Just the contrary! Absence, as well as time, must test your love, else I should fear to respond to it. After all, a year and a day are not long, Stephen!"

"They are eternal! Gladys, you know that I need no test, —that no other girl lives in this world for me!"

"I admit it. But the eternal feminine is not inevitably the goal of your future. There are heights and depths in life for a strong, stern nature and splendid manhood like yours, where no woman-life could follow you. What if premature judgment, —the mere impulse of your present loneliness,—should set me between these and you irrevocably, and you repented your mistake, too late? Stephen, I should die of hurt and humiliation to be your wife, knowing that a higher vision beckoned you! Then, if only for my sake, if you truly love me, do not evade my test!"

"It shall be as you wish," he conceded. "But 'a year and a day'! The 'day,' at least, must be a short one! You will smile when I tell you that my hope was to marry in a rush, like Dolly, and turn this European trip into our honeymoon tour; but next best to winning you, is to serve for you! Now, —you owe my submission its reward!"

She had repossessed herself of her little red book, and busied herself with its pages, ignoring his lover-like suggestion; though an irrepressible smile curled her lips.

"There is one point upon which we have not touched," she added. "But of course it is scarcely necessary to mention that my conditional acceptance takes your practical Catholicity for granted. My marriage must be—a wedding of Cana,—flowing with the wine of the Sacramental Christ. You are too earnest, too honest, too reverential, to assume faith's attitude lightly; and thought and study and prayer are before you. Now, even as I speak, the most beautiful idea has flashed upon me. You know you have been ordered complete rest and change—"

"Yes! *Europe!*"

"No, dear,—*New England; Maintown*,—its restful rectory,

its peaceful church,—its quiet library,—and the friend you love, —Father Martin! O Stephen, do you not see how it just fits in? Nowhere could be more recuperative for you than that bracing, inland, retired place; no one so inspiring to your soul, or sweet to your heart, as our own dear Father Martin! I shall be so happy to think of you with him. And you—you may think of me as waiting, just waiting—for whatever—is to be! But why do you look so surprised, so startled? Stephen, what is it,—what is it?"

But Stephen could not answer her. Even to himself he was unable to explain the awed yet subtly sweet response to her words, suddenly stirring within his heart. Maintown? Father Martin? The Catholic rectory,—the theological library, —the adjoining, open church? Bright and warm as a star, their vision beckoned him. Human love, though against his volition, all at once seemed less desirable to him,—a sweetness subordinated and secondary. The unrecognized inspiration, the unrealized grace, the mysterious yet alluring call that had penetrated his soul on the summer-night when Father Martin had talked to him and Joyce across Carruthdale's table, again attracted him towards what he remembered designating as "big things to think about!" Yet his thoughts had failed the "big things,"—the soul-things of life,—absorbed in his pursuit of the things of the world. Was he being recalled to the heights he had relinquished, by the *Via Crucis* of love and sorrow?

As a thrill of awe answered him in the spirit, Gladys' words seemed no longer a girl's request,—but rather an angel's summons.

"I will try your way, dear," he assented, almost involuntarily. "But remember that to try, is not inevitably to succeed. If I fail, I shall join you in Europe!"

She laughed as she fled from him.

"Europe imports American *successes*," she retorted. "A failure would be mistaken for native, and exported by the first steerage. Success is your Hobson's choice!"

"You, darling," he cried. "Come and give me my 'good-night!'"

But Gladys fluttered it over the baluster.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DRIFTWOOD.

BY JOSEPHINE HOLT THROCKMORTON.

TRY to leave the driftwood of your life
Behind you on the beach of time.
Bend your footsteps forward always,
Cast no word or thought behind.
Let the tide wipe out your errors,
Leave your beach both clean and firm.
Face with hope the new to-morrow,
Leave the driftwood to the tide.

Always onward to the future,
Always hope for better things.
If you have erred, if you have faltered,
So have saints, and so have kings.
Striving always to do better,
Keep your mind and body clean.
From the driftwood of your failures,
Let your future life be free.

Who can face a glad to-morrow
When his mind and soul are chained
With the memory of some failure
Of a battle lost, not gained?
Who is brave in looking forward
When he drags along his beach
All the driftwood of a failure
Long since passed beyond his reach?

OUR SOUTHERN ROSE.

BY MARY MACMAHON.

WHEN Spain became mistress of South America she tried to instil Christianity into her new territories. Here she found a country possessing immense elements of prosperity and richness, a people gentle, amiable, and hospitable, resigned in suffering, tender in their domestic relations, easily moved to gratitude and affection—a fertile soil in which to sow the seeds of faith. But in spite of the efforts of the mother country, and the exertions of a clergy full of zeal, the cruel conquerors crushing the conquered people under the heavy yoke of their tyranny, caused them to confound in common hate the Spaniards and the religion they had brought.

It is true such men as Loaeza, Bishop of Lima, the venerable Fathers Castillo and Vadillo, and the still more renowned Toribio, had, by their multiplied works of charity, won confidence and respect. They had founded hospitals for the sick and aged who, when unfit for service, were abandoned by their masters to die in the streets and fields; they had gathered the poor into the churches to teach them, to console and regenerate them; but the magnitude of their work and the greatness of their zeal were not enough to destroy, on the one hand, the leaning toward idolatry and thirst for vengeance, and, on the other, the spirit of pride and avarice. It was necessary that a supernatural principle should place itself between the conquerors and the conquered, to act upon them with a sweet and moving power coming from on high; and this was given the New World in the person of Rose, the humble maid of Lima. She was the mirror in which those around her could see their moral deformity. To their licentiousness she opposed her mortifications; to their pride, her humility; to their cruelty, her tender charity; and, after a life of penance, hidden and almost ignored, she became the glorious patron of the Americas, uniting in mysterious bonds of love the different races that peopled the ancient empire of the Incas.

Rose de Santa Maria was born in Lima, April 20, 1586, in the little street of San Domingo, facing the hospital of the Espiritu Santo. Her father, Gaspard de Flores, was an officer of noble birth but modest fortune; her mother, Maria d'Olivia, was descended from one of the proudest families of Peru. The little one was christened Isabelle after her grandmother, Isabelle de Herrara, on the feast of Pentecost—in Spanish, "Easter of the Roses."

True child of this poetical land of flowers, there cluster around her life from its beginning legends as sweet as the perfume of the roses from which she was afterwards named. She was, so say the chronicles, "altogether charming, of a singularly gentle, attractive disposition, and of rare beauty and intelligence." The legend of her name runs thus:

One day as she lay in her cradle, when she was about three months old, a beautiful rose was seen to descend from above. It gently touched the face of the sleeping child, caressing it, and then disappeared. The delighted mother caught her babe in her arms, and covering her with kisses, cried out: "In the future I will consider thee as a rose, sent me by Heaven. I will call thee Rose; thou shalt bear no other name." And she kept her promise.

The little Rose learned to walk and talk very young, and from babyhood showed a love for solitude, meditation, and those virtues of patience, endurance, and self-denial that so distinguished her after life. Of this the following instance is only one of the many examples that have come down to us.

When but three years old she one day caught her finger in the heavy door of a wardrobe. Her mother, alarmed, sprang to her assistance, but the little one smilingly concealed her tiny hand in the folds of her dress, and it was not until several days later, when an abscess had formed, rendering the attention of a physician necessary, that the painfulness of the injury was known. The celebrated Dr. Zumeta was called in, and he deemed an operation necessary. Rose held out her baby hand, and, while the doctor removed the nail and opened the finger with his sharp instrument, she smilingly addressed words of encouragement to those around her. Many years after, Zumeta said that he had never, during long years of practice in his profession, met with heroism equal to that displayed by this little girl of three.

At the age of five she commenced her life of prayer and self-denial. With the aid of her nurse, Marianne, she planted bitter herbs in her tiny garden, and these ever after formed the greater part of her daily food. It was in this same garden, near its outer wall in the shadow of a leafy maple, that she built, with the help of her brother, Ferdinand, a tiny oratory with an altar. This humble chapel was her place of retreat, far from the outer tumult.

She grew daily more beautiful with each succeeding year, and her mother, proud of her attractive daughter, wished her to take in society the place she was so well fitted to adorn; but the allurements of the world had no charm for Rose. Won by her beauty and grace, her hand was sought in marriage by many a noble suitor. To the disappointment of her mother, whose ambition was flattered, and to the great annoyance of her friends, she rejected all proposals of marriage. Their remonstrances determined Rose to embrace the Third Order of St. Dominic, a step she had long desired to take.

A pretty legend is connected with her choice of a religious order. St. Catharine of Siena was her patron, and while debating whether she should follow in the footsteps of her holy mistress, one day, as she sat in her little oratory, a swarm of butterflies entered and circled around her. One, the most beautiful of all, a black striped with white, detached itself from the group, and hovered over her head. Rose saw in this mysterious butterfly the symbol of the order of St. Dominic—the white robe with black veil and mantle. She took the habit at twenty years of age in the chapel of the Rosary in the Church of St. Dominic.

About this time the family of De Flores lost their fortune, and were often in need. Rose, skilled in the use of her needle, an accomplishment much esteemed in her day, earned by her embroidery and sewing a modest competence for her family. She also arranged and sent flowers to market. None bloomed, it was said, as luxuriously as hers, and this is a land where love of flowers is almost a passion. But she, like a second Eve at creation's dawn, had reconquered nature, which gave obedience to her will. When at break of day she crossed the garden to gain her little retreat of labor and prayer, she called upon nature to glorify with her the Author of all being. Then, so says tradition, the trees bent before her, shaking free their

pearly dew-drops, and rustling their leaves in harmonious sound; the flowers swayed on their stems, opening their petals to give forth their sweetest perfumes; the birds burst into song as they hovered around her, the insects saluted her with a joyful humming. In a word, all life joined in concert with the praises she addressed the Lord.

The sick, the poor, the infirm called her their "Providence." It was her joy to receive in her home the most abandoned of Lima's poor. Black or white, Indian or Spaniard, it made no difference. She washed their wounds, prepared their food, clothed and cared for them with all a mother's tenderness; and, as a celestial vision, she appeared by the bedside of the dying in the hospitals. No disease was too loathsome, no service too menial, to deter her from her work of love. In her presence discord ceased and pain was forgotten.

Her prayers were esteemed to be of miraculous power, and were said once to have saved her native city from destruction. A fleet of Dutch pirates which had devastated the northern countries, desecrating churches, pillaging villages, and massacring the inhabitants, was advancing toward Lima. The people were in a panic; all armed themselves, even the religious. Rose, in company with a number of devout women, knelt in earnest prayer for the salvation of her city before the altar of the Rosary in the Church of St. Dominic, during the long hours of anxiety. At length word was brought that, at the moment of disembarking, the chief of the brigands had dropped dead, and the fleet, deprived of its head, dispersed.

For many years it was Rose's most earnest desire that a convent be founded in Lima in honor of her patroness, St. Catharine of Siena. But great difficulties opposed it. The consent of Spain was withheld, and money was needed. Still Rose was not discouraged. One day, having gathered a number of roses in her garden, she commenced to throw them in the air as if to offer God their sweet perfume. It is said they remained suspended in the form of a cross of marvellous beauty. "These roses," said Rose, "are the symbols of the virgins who will live in the convent of St. Catharine of Siena, renouncing the world, crucifying the flesh, and reaching heaven by the royal road of the Cross." Her prophecy was realized years after her death, when a noble widow of Lima, Lucia Guerra de la Daga, established the convent of St. Catharine.

The last years of Rose's life were years of intense suffering, until, on the 15th of April, 1617, the day she had foretold would see her united to her Divine Spouse, her pure soul took its flight to the bosom of its Maker. After death her face regained its wonderful beauty of former times. Her look was so radiant and life-like that those around her doubted if she were dead. The news of her death brought crowds to her door. Among the first was Father Lorenza, who for a number of years had been her confessor. When he entered the room in which Rose lay calm and beautiful on her white couch, covered with flowers, he exclaimed, as if inspired: "Blessed the hour that saw your birth! O wonderful Rose! you have carried to heaven your innocence and immaculate purity. You have the right to follow the Lamb wheresoever He goeth."

Hour by hour the crowd increased, until the people filled not only the large house and its court and gardens, but even the neighboring streets. The nobility, the clergy, the soldiers, the artisans and peasants, all ranks of society, came to honor this Peruvian maiden who had lived among them, hidden in her profound retreat.

Before the hour fixed for the funeral ceremony the windows, the roofs and terraces, of the neighboring houses were filled with the faithful. The corporations, the religious orders, and the members of the city chapter, who assisted usually only at the interment of the archbishop, walked in procession with banners unfurled and dressed in their most sumptuous garments. It was more a triumphal march than a funeral procession.

An hour before the evening Angelus the great door of the Dominican church was opened, and the uncovered coffin in which Rose lay was borne over that threshold she had crossed so often. As the people saw her face in its perfect beauty, the lips smiling, the cheeks softly tinted framed in its light white veil, a great cry arose. "The maid is not dead; she is only sleeping!" And pressing near, they wished to carry away the flowers and ornaments with which she was covered, to preserve them as precious relics. But the guard of the viceroy protected her. When the moment came to place her in her tomb reserved in the cloister of the Dominicans, the people broke into lamentations, and begged that their "beloved Rose," their "dear saint," be left with them a little longer; and so the

interment was postponed from day to day, until at last she was quietly buried at night.

After the saint's death there was a great religious movement throughout the city, and the entire country. Scandals ceased, enemies were reconciled, works of charity and mortification multiplied. The people of the capital were proud to number one of its children among the saints of God. And not content to honor her by pompous ceremonies, they wished also to make themselves worthy of her. Rose having satisfied God's justice by the severity of her penance and the practice of sublime virtues, had atoned for the wrongs of her country and drawn blessings upon the land that gave her birth.

Eighteen months after her death, acceding to the petition of the citizens of Lima, Toribio, then bishop, had the body removed with great pomp from the tomb of the Dominican cloister to the church. There, in presence of the chiefs of the orders, the court, the civil authorities, and a large concourse of people, she was placed in a tomb lined with purest gold, on the right of the high altar. To this shrine daily thronged the people, and innumerable were the miracles performed through her intercession. Still, the Holy See, acting always with wisest prudence, delayed the canonization of the saint. Many were the petitions directed to the Holy Father from all parts of the world; from dignitaries of state, from bodies of religious, even from the King of Spain, and Anne of Austria his mother; but it was not until after years of investigation that Clement IX. granted the bull proclaiming Rose "Blessed."

Among the letters directed to the Holy Father is one from the religious of Our Lady of Mercy, for the redemption of captives, established at Lima by the holy Peter of Nolasco:

"Your Holiness has the custom of blessing a golden rose on Lætare Sunday, the fourth of Lent. To-day St. Dominic presents to you a Rose infinitely more precious, a Rose crowned with celestial gifts, and who has accomplished marvellous things during her earthly pilgrimage. She, as the Apostle Peter, is glorified but by the Cross of Christ. And, as the palm-tree of Cades, she has been raised by her union with her heavenly Spouse to the presence of the Queen of Angels.

"Never has the light of grace kindled in her by the sacrament of baptism been dimmed. The city of Lima, the City of the Kings, begs your Holiness to give it this virgin as patron.

And as the bees rejoice in sipping honey from the flowers, so, Holy Father, will all Christians rejoice at the sweetness of this Rose, if you deign to place her among the saints of the Holy Catholic Church."

Some years after the magistrates of Lima made a similar petition, couched in the following terms:

"Thanks be rendered to the infinite power of God, who has deigned to create an incomparable Rose in these desert countries where, until recently, only the thorns of infidelity have flourished. This Rose gained in rapid growth the highest degree of perfection; this Heaven itself attests by the innumerable miracles that are daily wrought at her tomb. It was in this royal city that this saintly maiden lived, and we who are its chiefs humbly beg your Holiness, in the name of the community and the entire kingdom, to grant her to us as patron."

A stranger seeking in Lima the shrine of St. Rose would be directed through narrow, crowded streets, past the Plaza de Armas, and rows of handsome houses, to a quiet, unfashionable part of the city, where, in its plot of green, stands a modest little church. There is nothing to attract the eye of the curious. It has no architectural beauty, and would hardly hold a thousand people. The neighborhood is poor, almost squalid, yet the threshold of this church is worn with the pressure of many feet, for here among her beloved poor, upon the spot where once stood her father's home, sleeps Rose, the patron Saint of the Americas.

Entering the church, to the right is the tomb. The golden bars surrounding it are defaced, the life-size figure of the Saint is worn with time, yet its walls are rich with votive offerings, telling of graces received through her intercession; and the groups, kneeling in earnest prayer, attest their love and faith in their patron.

The tomb is not the only treasure the church contains, for upon the side altar, carefully covered with glass, is the miraculous picture of the Madonna before which Rose spent so many hours rapt in contemplation, and whose sweet face, so says tradition, smiled encouragement and whispered words of love to the little Spouse of her Divine Son.

Passing through the church to the left, we enter the garden and reach the little oratory, the work of Rose's hands, where the days of her holy life were spent in labor and prayer.

Looking through its tiny window, we see her life-size portrait. The place seems hallowed still by her presence.

Once a year, the 30th of August, the day set apart by the church as her feast, the people assemble to do her honor. Decked with garlands, sweet with the perfume of flowers, the little church blooms like a bower, as before its altars gather, as of yore, the mighty of the land. The President of the Peruvian Republic and the officers of his staff are there in robes of state, the chief dignitaries of the church in richest vestments, and groups of white-robed children crowned with bright flowers, mingle with the blue, the gray, and the brown of the religious orders. Then through the narrow streets winds the procession. The bishop bears the Saint's relics under a golden canopy, along a path spread with richest carpets, while banners, crimson, blue, and gold, float above the kneeling multitude. The vine-decked houses, gay with flags, that line the way are bound together by wreaths of color. Suspended from the houses hang baskets of flowers, swaying in the breeze and showering down rosy blossoms. Where the streets widen altars are built. At these the procession pauses, and benediction is given. Then onward it moves, while a chorus of sweet voices chant a volume of joyous song in praise of St. Rose of Lima.

MONTE CARLO.—CASINO AND HÔTEL DE PARIS.

THE "COTE D'AZUR."

BY S. DE PIERRELÉE.

SINCE the days when Stéphen Liégeard—the author of delightful books, a brilliant wit and conversationalist—first baptized with the name which heads this article that enchanting stretch of Mediterranean coast lying between Hyères and San Remo, the title has struck public fancy and has been universally accepted as the fittest and most appropriate appellation for those fair shores. Never before has a poet's hyperbole seemed better justified than when applied to this superb combination of Nature in all her splendor, a noble landscape, a sky of smiling blue, a climate exquisitely soft and serene. Nature has been wonderfully kind to the "Côte d'Azur," endowing it with sunlit views, green and leafy inlets, coquettishly rounded bays, villages perched high among the rocks, and large cities which spread the whiteness of their marble palaces along the water's edge.

First, we have Cannes—Cannes, the noble and discreet, which among all the white cities strewn along the coast preserves for itself a place removed from holiday clamor and the whirl of society; a very placid and exclusive city, the sunny

retreat of quiet-loving millionnaires and aristocratic invalids who come to the South coast in quest only of its warm winds and luminous horizons. Cannes, which Lord Brougham's magnificence first made fashionable, has been set down in some

LA TURBIE.—THE TOWER AND HOTEL.

memorable pages by Guy de Maupassant, whose admirable talent offered to the fair spot this tribute of a grateful literary guest. Flaming sunsets over the lacy sky-line of the rugged Esterel; soft hillside slopes covered with olives, pricked out here and there with the white dot of an occasional villa's turret or belvedere; a sandy beach on which the promenade of La Croizette winds like a long ribbon between palm-trees and pink laurels; and the Islands, the sacred, heroic Islands, with their fort and monastery and the luxurious vegetation of their fragrant pine woods—such are the classic sights which delight the eye of the tourist and the artist in this most aristocratic land of dreams.

After Cannes, we get a passing glimpse of the Gulf of Juan back of a wide and well-sheltered roadstead, where the French Mediterranean fleet is often stationed; further along, near Antibes, is Juan-les-Pins, where, among the sands and pine-trees, a new and

LA CONDAMINE AND THE ROCK OF MONACO.

already flourishing city has sprung up, whose future seems assured when one notes how fair are its surroundings. Will Juan-les-Pins hurt its pretty neighbor, Antibes, already beginning to look a bit dismantled? Hardly. Between the Mediterranean resorts, which are often such close neighbors as to touch each other, there is rarely serious rivalry. On the contrary, it would seem as though the joint sharing of common benefits of climate and situation rendered them sisters and precluded mutual jealousies. One may well say that under the Southern sun there is room alike for all. Antibes, until

LA CONDAMINE.

yesterday girt with battled walls, has only just begun to breathe and revive since a judicious law has permitted the demolition of her bastions and parapets. After Antibes comes Nice, *Nizza la Bella*, the queen of winter resorts, who holds, with incomparable grace and dash, the sceptre of her sovereignty. Nice, which only forty years ago was but a sulky and deserted little village, has trebled her population since the annexation to France; her improved real estate has quadrupled, and her riches and renown have grown beyond the conception of the wildest of her dreamers. To-day Nice is a large and fine city of 100,000 souls.

But this is not the end of this voyage of surprises. Leaving Nice and passing the budding little resort of Beaulieu, astraddle between the roadstead of Villefranche and the Gulf of Saint-

PANORAMA OF MONTE CARLO.

Hospice, one skirts the marvellous Corniche, which, by way of Eze and La Turbie, leads straight to Monaco.

Monaco! What a wealth of charming visions the word awakes! How many thoughts and recollections and old desires it brings back to one! It may be said, without fear of challenge, that if Nice be the queen of the Mediterranean coast, Monaco is its pearl, its priceless jewel, which bounteous Nature has enshrined in a corner of the "Côte d'Azur," and which gleams there with a splendor as yet unsurpassed. With Monte Carlo and La Condamine, its neighbor, Monaco forms part of a little independent principality, governed under the most paternal of rules. Nature, art, and money together have here worked miracles, palaces and colonnades have sprung up, bowered gardens have been laid out on the solid rock, satiny lawns spread out to the water's edge, and richness, light, and life irradiate the whole. Here you have the old rock of Monte Carlo, topped with the proud profile of its feudal stronghold; further on, the Condamine and the vale of Sainte-Dévote, with the smiling boulevard that comes down from Monte Carlo; and in the distance the plateau of Speluges, yesterday overgrown and uninhabited, and to-day a veritable Eden in the midst of which rises, triumphant, the Casino, the work of the late lamented Charles Garnier.

Monaco and Monte Carlo form a delightful sojourning-place, whose temperature, thanks to the high hills surrounding it, is always balmy; the place is not only a sort of branch office of the Parisian boulevards where, summer and winter, one touches elbows with the high society of all the world, but this favorite resort, which has nowhere its equal and where a constant succession of pleasures makes life a perfect dream, is as well a great artistic and sporting centre.

On the boards of the Salle Garnier the world's greatest lyric and dramatic artists interpret the works of all countries; an orchestra of more than a hundred performers permits one daily to hear the most inspired pages of classic music, both ancient and modern; and at the Palais des Beaux Arts—for the fine arts have their palace here, as well—a committee of painters and sculptors organizes each year an exposition which

MONTE CARLO AS SEEN FROM THE ROCK OF MONACO.

is a smaller edition of the world-famous Salons of Paris. One must add to these a range for wing-shooting whose walls have been decorated by the brush of our best known artists; and for those who are devoted to the promenade there are all the beautiful walks through the mountain paths to the Cap Martin, to Roquebrune, to La Turbie.

Such, in a few words, is this wonderful country of Monaco,

an ideal principality, a divine region under whose blue sky it is sweet to let one's self be lulled into forgetfulness by the rhythmic waters of the enchanted Mediterranean.

Here one reaches, by way of the Cap Martin and its various celebrated resorts, the extreme limit of the French portion of the coast—Mentone. This little resort, despite all the embellishments that more modern times have brought it, has retained a faint Genoan aspect which has a peculiar charm of its own. Built amphitheatre fashion on a hillside which stretches to the water, Mentone mirrors its spires and houses, whose red roofs cluster joyously together under the sunlight, in the ocean. The blossoming orange-trees, in valleys that are literally carpeted with violets, shed their fragrance on an air whose pureness and salubrity have passed into a proverb.

Just as at Monte Carlo, the high mountains behind the city shelter it from the northern winds, and the sun's reverberation on the rocks of the shore produces a noticeable warmth in the atmosphere. For these reasons Mentone is the favored resort of the real invalids who come South more in quest of health than pleasure.

And, for those who love a variety of amusements, Monaco is not far off. Ten minutes by train and Monte Carlo is reached, where one has only to choose among a multitude of diversions. Here ends the French frontier, and here ends, too, this review of the "Côte d'Azur's" resorts, to which one cannot render more glowing homage than is justly their due.

NATURE AND MODERN PESSIMISM.

BY H. C. CORRANCE.

"Who thought that God was Love indeed,
And love creation's final law,
Though Nature, red of tooth and claw
With ravin, shrieked against his creed."

IT is a feature of modern thought to attach a sombre significance to the predatory and competitive aspects of Nature, "red of tooth and claw"; and this same view of nature has been intensified by such terrible calamities as have been witnessed during the past few months in Martinique and elsewhere. While earlier thinkers commonly regarded suffering as incidental to the scheme, modern science has made clear its essential character, and has at the same time magnified the problem by the addition of a mass of data collected by the wider and more accurate observation which the vast improvements in means of transit and scientific instruments have made possible, and which includes in its purview the remote ages of the past and the arcana of minutest life.

It has proved its essential character by establishing beyond dispute that the universal rivalry of individuals and species, with its consequent suffering, is essential to the maintenance and further development of those bodily and mental qualities which have resulted from the age-long struggle.

It was inevitable that these discoveries should cause a violent reaction against the old theories, in which the pendulum of thought should swing to the opposite extreme. As men once laid undue emphasis on those aspects of Nature which seemed most in accord with the idea of a beneficent Creator, so nowadays many who are imbued with current scepticism insist upon the relentlessness of the scheme as its principal feature and as irreconcilable with orthodox Theism. Nay, to some, in this highly strung and hypersensitive age, even of those who wish to believe, it constitutes a stumbling-block to faith.

Facts are stubborn, but it must equally be born in mind that the interpretation of facts depends upon the point of view. Nor is it, after all, the facts which matter, but the interpretation put upon them. And in this case weakness of faith may be the cause, and not the effect, of the way of viewing the facts. Do the bare facts, then, justify the anti theistic inference? "Are God and Nature, then, at strive?"

OUR OWN SENSIBILITY IS NOT A COMMON MEASURE.

The present writer contends, on the contrary, that, in the first place, the facts, apart from surmise and unwarranted inference, are not out of harmony with orthodox Theism, and, in the second place, that the intellectual difficulties of the anti-Christian theory are far greater than those of its rival.

In this, as in other debated questions, it is necessary that facts should be carefully distinguished from inferences before the true value of the facts can be gauged with any degree of accuracy. It is the failure adequately to recognize this distinction which constitutes one of the commonest fallacies. The aggregate of animal suffering seems enormous; but, in attempting to estimate it duly, allowance must be made for the nature of the instrument by which it is appraised in human terms whose value varies with every individual. It must be remembered that man's knowledge of the psychology of the inferior animals is extremely limited and wholly inferential. In the nature of things it is unavoidable that he should take his own sensibility as the common measure. But a little consideration will show that, strictly speaking, he has no right to do this. Susceptibility to pain depends upon the complexity of the nervous system. And none can know what it is except by actual experience. The lower animals often exhibit what man infers from his own sensations and concomitant actions to be signs of pain and fear. The inference is justified on solid grounds, but the same cannot be said for the tacit assumption, so often made, that, in either case, the sensations are of an approximate value.

In the early stages of existence each human being has passed through the lower planes of animal life, in which the signs of pain or pleasure are both more easily excited and more violent than in maturity. Yet, though infantile suffering may have been considerable, what impression of it is left at

the dawn of consciousness and reason? None but the very vaguest, and perhaps not even that. It is like a bad dream whose memory passes with waking. It is not suffering in the full human sense, since its chief stings, self-consciousness and reflection, are absent. It is sufficient, at the time, to produce sobbing or shrinking, and even, by the mechanical force of association, to cause fear of certain objects. But it is scarcely yet higher than reflex action. The greater excitability and violence of the emotions is due to the entire lack of that self-control which develops with the consciousness of will and personality. It is an entirely legitimate inference that similar conditions prevail in the grades of animal life inferior to man, since the study of embryology has established the gradual progression of the human individual through every stage of animal existence.

But, further, it has been observed that even in man there are great differences in the capacity of suffering both between races and individuals according to constitution, time of life, and state of health. If this capacity depends chiefly upon the complexity of the nervous development, then, as this so greatly varies, it would follow that sensibility varies proportionately. And such is in fact the case: it has been observed that the nearer the human species approximates to its natural environment, the less the sensibility to physical sufferings. It is true that what might *prima facie* be regarded as the most striking instance, that of the North American Indians, is complicated by the circumstance that they are trained from youth to exercise self-control under extreme suffering. But, though African negroes are certainly not noted for this quality, travellers report the coolness with which they endure, and the quickness of their recovery from injuries and amputations such as would cause great suffering and nervous prostration in the civilized man.

If these observations are well founded, as there seems no reason for doubting, they confirm the conclusion already drawn from other data, that the difference in sensibility between Man and even the higher vertebrates, with their far simpler nervous system, must be still greater than that between different members of the human family.

And in forming an estimate of the amount of suffering inflicted by animals on their prey, the common report of those men who have escaped from the claws of the larger carnivora

is not without weight,—to the effect that the seizure induces a semi-comatose condition in which pain and fear have well-nigh vanished.

All these considerations seem to point to the conclusion, not indeed that animal suffering is unreal, but at least that it has been greatly exaggerated by a certain class of thinkers.

MATERIALISTIC THEORY INVOLVES CONTRADICTIONS.

Having seen that external physical facts do not afford so much support to this view as is commonly supposed, let us now regard it from the internal stand-point of its harmony or inconsistency when it is no longer a mere vague and disconnected opinion, but has become merged in the definite philosophy of Materialism and Atheism

Thus considered, it forms part of that philosophy which seeks to belittle man's place in nature, in order to make the idea of God appear but a figment of his mind. But, if the idea of God be merely a projection of man's personality, the interpreting of the feelings of the brute creation in terms of human experience is an error of at least equal magnitude. It is more, since the philosophic Theist, though conducted inevitably to his belief by the convergence of many lines of thought, does not attempt to deny that God is incomprehensible, and that the ascription to him of human sentiments and limitations is nothing more than a necessity of verbal symbolism. But, though the truly philosophic scientist would not dogmatize concerning the states of consciousness of beings on a plane widely differing from his own and would allow the relativity of his terms and inferences, yet he does not attempt to make this clear to the host of his minor disciples, for whose error he must therefore be held responsible.

But a still more glaring inconsistency remains. It is a conclusion of this same philosophy that man's mind is a product as purely natural and material as a cabbage, in which case it must be admitted that the sentiments of love and justice are as much a part of Nature as her "redness of tooth and claw." From which premises there inevitably follows the remarkable conclusion that, if Nature's mercilessness be inferred from the one set of facts, her mercy and justice are deduced with equal certainty from the other. Thus, while the theory effects no synthesis, it lands its maintainers in a contradiction.

THE END OF PAIN A BENEFICENT ONE.

Thus far we have been concerned with rebutting the pretence that natural facts, when duly estimated, necessarily establish the theory, and with showing that it is based on philosophic assumptions which result in a contradictory conclusion. It now remains to be seen that the later discoveries of science, so far from yielding it support, are in harmony with its rival, the Christian theory.

Before the clear light of science had thrown into relief that reign of law which constitutes the unity of Nature, suffering could be regarded as anomalous, as an excrescence on the scheme and not an essential part of it. And, in fact, it came to be commonly viewed as imported from an alien source, as of no use in promoting the well-being of God's creatures, but only a hindrance and a curse, and, so considered, it was really more, and not less, difficult to harmonize with the belief in a beneficent Creator. In many of the early religious and philosophic systems an attempt was made to meet the difficulty by dualistic theories of the universe. Of this character were the speculations of the early Christian Gnostics, whose conceptions appealed to many minds as offering an apparently more plausible and reasonable solution than the less drastic and showy explanations of orthodoxy. But the church thought otherwise, and modern positive science has confirmed her judgment. It has established on unshakable foundations the unity of Nature's scheme in its infinite complexity and the mutual interdependence of all its laws. It has made more prominent and significant the truth contained in the church's teaching concerning the Fall of Man and Redemption through suffering. It has illustrated this truth on the material plane by showing that, while whole races have fallen away and perished, those that have survived have done so only through constant effort and suffering; that they can escape the universal law of degeneration, maintain their present status, and make further progress only by the same means. St. Paul seems to have had some inkling of the wider significance which the future increase of knowledge would add to the old teaching when he wrote the well-known passage commencing: "For the earnest expectation of the creation, etc."

Thus has science shown that the end of pain is beneficent.

She has also furnished mitigations of physical pain by the discovery of anæsthetics, a timely one indeed for the present highly civilized races with their increased sensitiveness.

AFTER ALL EVIL AND SUFFERING ARE MYSTERIES.

Yet science can but strengthen the material groundwork of the spiritual edifice reared by Christianity. Their spheres are really so distinct that the misnamed conflict between them is one chiefly of words and names, and is due to faults of misunderstanding, temper, and prejudice on both sides. The main principles of the two are really identical up to that point where the spiritual transcends the material, in congruity with the unity of all truth. Where they seem to clash is, on the one hand, where the scientist seeks to dictate to the theologian in matters outside his province, and reads an anti-Christian interpretation into the facts and laws of Nature. Or where, on the other, the theologian offends by leaving broad principles for details of disputed textual interpretation, by insisting on the form as if it were the substance, the husk as if the essence, by adhering blindly to old forms of thought and expression in their naked literalness, which have, by long prescription, become associated in many minds with vital principles, so that an apparently necessary connection has been established between them which does not really exist. It is recorded of a certain English king that when a book was commended to his notice called "An Apology for the Bible," he remarked, "The Bible needs none." Whatever be thought of the sentiment, it may at least well be doubted whether as much harm as good has not been done by the greater part of what has passed for "Apologetics." Nor are the justifiers of the Almighty always happy from the days of Job's friends till now. Can it be doubted that the dreary pessimism which runs as a dark thread through so much of modern literature is largely a reaction from the blind and shallow optimism that formerly prevailed? The pretence that Christianity supplies a ready-made solution of every difficulty or the ignoring of such as undoubtedly exist, has naturally and inevitably led to their restatement in an exaggerated form, and to the challenge that Christianity can offer no solution of any value. It is chiefly popular and loosely speculative theology that has been to blame in this as in other matters. Serious Christian thinkers have always recognized that evil and suffering are mysteries of

which revelation has made clear but a part, and that a small part, leaving the rest in darkness.

But the important points in this connection which are so often conveniently forgotten or designedly obscured by the impugners of Christianity are, firstly, that the Christian theory is in harmony with scientific facts and legitimate generalizations as far as either go; secondly, that, while the materialistic theory of the universe is unsatisfying to the higher human instincts and inconsistent with itself, Christianity offers the only consistent and rational theory, which, therefore, on scientific grounds, must hold the field until a better is forthcoming. Such features in the scheme of Nature as the inheritance of evil by the innocent are, and must remain, a mystery. Yet Christianity can offer an explanation which, though partial, is consistent as far as it goes, even of these and like difficulties, which, as we have already seen, land the Materialist and Atheist in inextricable confusion. From the stand-point of the latter such evils can be of no service to the individual, and are therefore a piece of mere blind and wanton cruelty as far as he is concerned.

THE CHRISTIAN THEORY THE ONLY HARMONIOUS ONE.

For the materialistic theory, while professing to unify Nature by eliminating all idea of the supersensual, is, in fact, dualistic and destructive of such unity. By regarding man's higher instincts of pity and justice and those harsher aspects of Nature which they condemn as equally the outcome of the play of natural forces, it leaves the two in hopeless antagonism without possibility of reconciliation. If the natural law is right, his so-called "higher instincts," which affect to rebel against it, stand condemned. If the natural law is wrong, his "higher instincts" and his reason itself, being derived from the same source, must be also untrustworthy. There is no way of escape from this blind alley, this moral and intellectual bankruptcy, but by the acceptance of Revelation.

The Christian theory of the universe does not, at least, involve such hopeless confusion and jarring antagonism. On the contrary, it is the only one which reconciles Nature and Man, Man and God, by its teaching that the evil in Nature is in Man himself, is due to his moral corruption and retrogression, which is only checked and turned to moral progress by spiritual forces external to himself; that the evil in Nature only

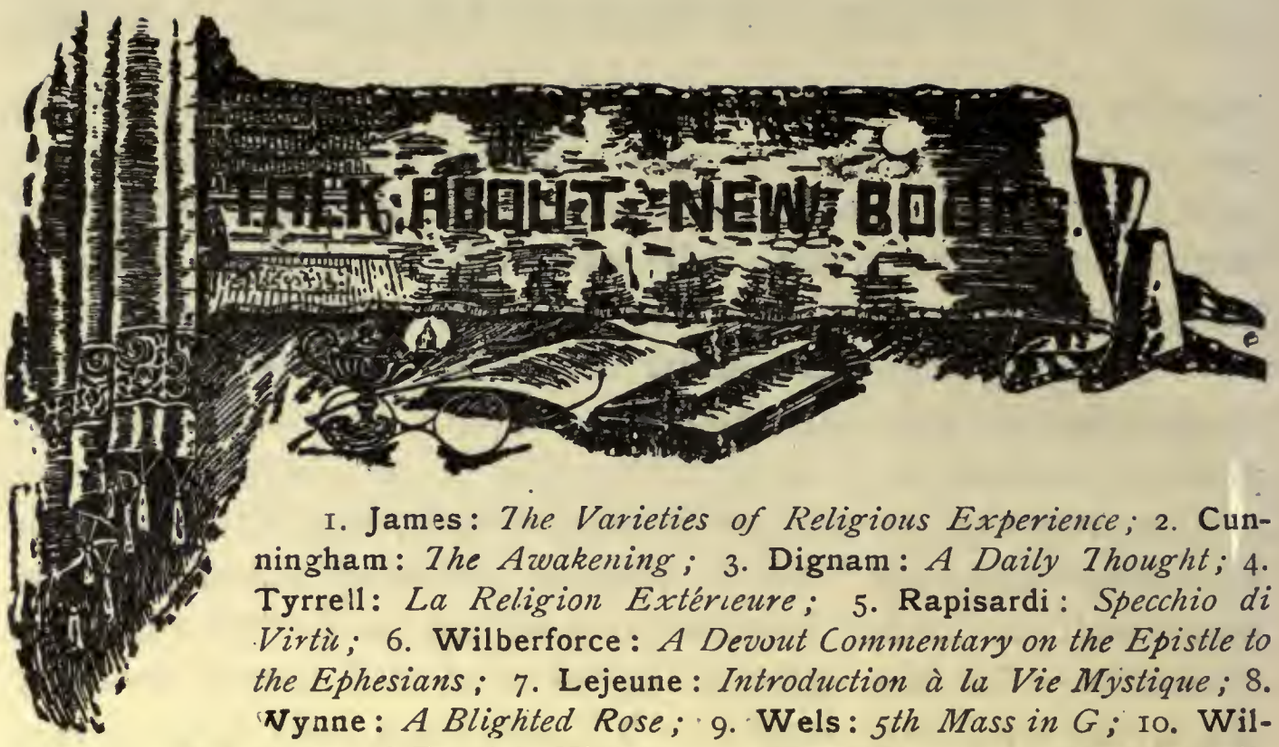
becomes such when viewed from the vitiated human stand-point; that it is not absolute but relative to man's mind; that suffering is partly penitential, partly purgatorial and redemptive, and that its effects reach their full fruition on a spiritual plane of being which is not destroyed by the death of the body.

On that theory which limits the action of these laws solely to the material plane the agony of Nature is useless and purposeless indeed.

To meet the ineradicable human instinct, supported as it is by rational inference, that there must be some intelligible and final result, latter-day Materialists have invented the religion of Humanity. All this agony is for the sake of a remote posterity which will ultimately benefit by it if the world lasts long enough, and if society develops on the lines laid down by Humanitarians.

But this attempt, while serving as an acknowledgment that the fundamental requirements of human reason and instinct cannot be ignored, at the same time fails to satisfy them. For ultimately, according to science, apart from cosmic accidents, the race itself must perish by a process of gradual deterioration. And so the final problem is only postponed by such an attempted solution, and man is still left to face the conclusion that in the long run all effort and suffering must be in vain.

The only rational solution of the problem is to be found in the theory which postulates further and continued development "behind the veil." It is the only one consistent with "the unceasing purpose of the ages." To deny "purpose" is a strife about a word. Let it be called "rational progression," and all ground of objection at once disappears. It is rational, because it is in harmony with man's mind, which is our only possible standard of rationality. It is quite idle to deny that an abrupt and final termination of such development destroys its hitherto rational character, depriving it of whatever significance it might seem to have possessed. On the materialistic theory the universe is an unintelligible chaos. That is the reason why, with its cognate theories, it will never win the general acceptance of the human mind, which recognizes its own order in external nature.



1. **James**: *The Varieties of Religious Experience;* 2. **Cunningham**: *The Awakening;* 3. **Dignam**: *A Daily Thought;* 4. **Tyrrell**: *La Religion Extérieure;* 5. **Rapisardi**: *Specchio di Virtù;* 6. **Wilberforce**: *A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians;* 7. **Lejeune**: *Introduction à la Vie Mystique;* 8. **Wynne**: *A Blighted Rose;* 9. **Wels**: *5th Mass in G;* 10. **Willington**: *Dark Pages of English History;* 11. **Couturat**: *La Logique de Leibnitz, d'après des Documents Inedits;* 12. **Muller**: *Collected Works of the Right Hon. F. Max Müller;* 13. **Genicot**: *Casus Conscientiæ;* 14. **Le Camus**: *The Children of Nazareth;* 15. **Stevens**: *In the Eagle's Talons;* 16. **Wilson**: *The Spenders;* **Clarke-Dennis**: *Elementary Chemistry.*

1—Professor James's latest work* shows what an astonishing amount of light a new science can throw upon an old subject. He handles, as an experimental psychologist, such religious phenomena as conversion, repentance, aspiration, hope, despair, and the experiences of mysticism, and what with his analysis of these conditions and his conclusions respecting them, he has produced a book which will unquestionably exert a great, a very great influence on the thought of our time. What this influence will be, whether favorable to religion or unfavorable, will be matter for dispute. The conservatives in philosophy, and *à fortiori* those for whom it is so difficult to find a designation—those writers and preachers whose first principle seems to be that the world is going headlong to hell, that the race is become non-religious, and that the scholarship of the last century is a delirium of sophistry,—these men will certainly declare that the lectures of Professor James are an insidious attempt on the life of religion. And we are not going to say that they are without grounds for their grievance. Certainly the book is distressingly levelling. To the psychologist a religious phenomenon is a religious phenomenon, whether presented by Buddha or John Wesley, Mohammed or

* *The Varieties of Religious Experience:* A Study in Human Nature. Being the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion, delivered at Edinburgh in 1901–1902, by William James, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Simon Stylites. He sees no difference whatever, except of a purely accidental nature, between the rapture of a cloistered mystic and the ecstasy of an Anabaptist. To his mind the conversion of Stephen Bradley is as wonderful as the conversion of St. Augustine; the vivid experience of the presence of God is no whit different in Swedenborg and in St. Bernard; and Jacob Boehme's vision of the Trinity is as real or unreal, as natural or supernatural, as the vision of St. Ignatius. The notion that Christianity and Catholicity possess religious experiences radically and obviously diverse from the religious experience of every other religion is at first very seriously disturbed by this book of the Harvard philosopher. And so, we say, it leaves an uncomfortable feeling in one's mind. It levels. But the reader who has taken a fancy to the book will here rejoin that it levels only the particularities of religion; religion itself it constantly implies and triumphantly demonstrates. And why should it be taken amiss if an author chooses to project into a conspicuous position the religiousness of man, rather than his religions, his instinct for belief rather than his formulations of belief, and his tendency toward God rather than his theology of God? Here indeed is the grand helpfulness and the apologetic value of Professor James's remarkable book. He proves that a supernatural order is absolutely required to account for and to satisfy the religious sense of man. So much is a great gain. For the theistic conceptions of the "plain man" are likely in these days to strike root in the rank soil of Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" or in the shallow sands of Herbert Spencer's mournful pessimism. In counteracting such a danger, we esteem Mr. James to have done a fine service to the cause of religious belief. It is difficult to see how any man can rise from his work without the conviction that there is a guiding personal Deity, that there is an immortal soul, and that our supreme obligation and supreme joy lie in a proper adjustment between human conscience and divine precept. As for that part of his work which we have noticed as destructive, we think it undeserving of censure when contrasted with the great merits of the book as a whole. After all he only says that God speaks to every soul that he has made, and that the operations of divine grace are not confined to the visible church. Correctly interpreted and put in somewhat theological language, he says no more than this. And with this position what Catholic can quarrel?

2—This is a beautiful little tale* of the "awakening" of two sisters from the darkness of atheism and irreligion into the peaceful light of God's Church. The tragic ending of the elder sister's life is a great surprise to the reader. It is somewhat of a shock, entirely unexpected, and consequently mars in a degree the symmetry of the book. The story of the younger sister is a redeeming feature. She reciprocates the ardent love of a noble young man, who in the course of the story is accused and acquitted of a crime which would for ever stigmatize him with disgrace. On the whole the book is praiseworthy. The reader is introduced to some exemplary characters, such as Father Daring and Madame Rogers. The story, of course, is essentially Catholic.

3.—A prettily bound little volume of thoughts for every day of the year† has been made out of the late Father Dignam's writings. It presents many beautiful and elevating reflections on the different phases of the spiritual life, all contained in the compass of a booklet almost small enough to be carried in a vest-pocket. The volume will both please and console a great many persons.

4.—Undoubtedly a new influence has been at work in the religious life of the present and the preceding generation of Catholics; an influence that has been leavening and purifying beliefs, inspiring high-souled men and women to new hope and new endeavor. It has been given many various names arbitrarily bestowed and as indignantly repudiated. It has been rising so persistently in the face of opposition that men declare its onward sweep to be as inevitable as the rush of the incoming tide, and they proclaim that to ride on its crest to triumph is the providential opportunity of the church in the present day. Hence they look complacently at the destructive influence of modern thought and new notions upon the ideas and customs that once served as the moulds in which religion was preserved; and with equal calm they regard the same forces at work constructing new skins for the ever young wine of Catholic truth. In one word, the men who stand for conserving essentials at the cost of much vigilance and unabated effort, consider that at present we are experiencing an awakening, we are taking a step

* *The Awakening.* By Rev. F. A. Cunningham. Boston: Marlier & Co.

† *A Daily Thought: From the Writings of Rev. Father Dignam, S.J.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

forward, we are going through a development in our understanding of the ancient faith.—said progress being directly traceable to a new civilization's contribution to old possessions, to new impulses advancing the race in its ceaseless though never completed advance towards ideal conditions.

When the question is asked just what do people mean by this new influence at work in the life of the church and of the individual Catholic, the best answer that can be given is a reference to that most remarkable book of the English Jesuit, Father Tyrrell, *External Religion: Its Use and Abuse.** It is a volume that is simply unique. There is not a line in it that seems to convey new truth; not a single sentiment that will not bear the scrutiny of the severest censor; not a statement that does not flow logically and necessarily from the very postulates of Catholic faith,—and still these pages convey great inspiring lessons, surprising to minds hitherto contented with the passive acceptance of Christianity *en bloc;* satisfying to souls that have been yearning to *live* their religion.

We wish every Catholic, every Christian, nay, every thinking mind, could be made acquainted with this extraordinary book. Our present comment on it is occasioned by the fact that M. Augustin Leger—God bless him!—has just translated it into French. Judging from all accounts, France would be spiritually renovated if the common-sense principles that Father Tyrrell exposes were to be absorbed by our co-religionists in our sister Republic.

5—*Specchio di Virtù* † is an enlarged third edition of a work which first appeared in 1877, bearing the title *La Guida di Galantuomo.* The book is original in form and exceptionally interesting. Containing some six hundred pages, divided into about seventy chapters, it provides the reader with counsels and examples on the whole round of the natural virtues. The proffered advice is pointed and epigrammatic in form, and the text is studded with numberless allusions and briefly-told anecdotes. A rough calculation would suggest that some seventeen or eighteen hundred different personages are introduced into the quotations and stories; but a carefully prepared index precludes the com-

* *La Religion Extérieure.* Par George Tyrrell, S.J. Traduit de l'Anglais par Augustin Leger. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

† *Specchio di Virtù: Precetti ed Esempj.* Di Francesco Rapisardi. Catania: Cav. Niccolò Giannota, Editore. 1901.

mon and annoying mischance of our losing good things in a veritable "haystack" of pages.

The first and second editions of this volume were welcomed with remarkable praises by Italian and French magazines, such as *La Rassegna Nazionale*, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, *La Revue Internationale*, *Polybiblion*, and the like. The present edition certainly vindicates the justice of the eulogies bestowed on its predecessors. The style is beautiful, the sentiment noble, the suggestions sound and practical. Many of the aphorisms found in these pages well deserve to be turned into popular proverbs. We can scarcely fancy a book better suited for one who wishes attractive and profitable reading in very simple Italian. Signor Rapisardi has given us a work which is at once very beautiful, very useful, and very good.

6.—A gratifying feature about our spiritual literature is that it is increasing steadily, if somewhat slowly, in the Scriptural line. Father Elliott's new *Life of Christ* has met with a reception that shows how readily the popular soul appreciates the quality of nourishment contained in a simple commentary on the Word of God. Another book inspired by the same motive—desire to extend familiarity with the spiritual truths of Scripture—and constructed on similar lines of simplicity and fervor, is the new *Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians.** The idea that prompted the preparation of this book should, and let us hope it will, avail to produce commentaries of a like character on every Epistle in the New Testament. The Letter to the Ephesians is particularly rich, perhaps; but then, all the others, too, have a great deal to give if they are only exploited. To have a complete series of popular, handy, cheap little volumes of this kind would mean that the Catholic people would quickly acquire understanding and appreciation of the fine food provided by Christianity's first spiritual teachers.

Father Wilberforce will be remembered by many of our readers as one who earned our lasting gratitude by presenting us with that priceless treasure, the English edition of Blosius' *Spiritual Instruction.* He has also other claims to favor, but we refer to this as something that will appeal to all likely to be interested in the present volume. It is not a scholarly work; it has no critical pretensions whatever. Still it will take the

* *A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians.* Drawn chiefly from the works of St. Thomas Aquinas. By A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

reader into the inner court of a splendid piece of spiritual literature and give him sufficient familiarity with the details to make him feel at home therein. Simply and attractively the inspired writer's meaning is set forth, and the reader has merely to assimilate it. In doubtful places the traditional interpretation is presented—a perfectly satisfactory, indeed almost the only, method to pursue in providing souls with suggestions for pious, quiet thought. The book answers its purpose most admirably, and should become well known. One little oversight we have noted is the substitution of "Paul" for "Peter" in the last line on page 42.

7 —"Altogether admirable" is the comment we would make on Father Lejeune's spiritual treatise.* It is in a class where competition is not very sharp nowadays, because few writers devote themselves to the task of making the prayer of contemplation eagerly desired and widely practised. The volume is all the more welcome, therefore, since it fulfils an end that otherwise might be attained by no one at all; but, apart from this adventitious value, it also possesses no little intrinsic worth. It is clear, it is authoritative, it is encouraging, it is sublime in tendency. Whatever the author says is put forward in a way that commends his assertions as true, and each statement is then confirmed by so abundant and so reliable a collection of authorities that small room is left for denial or dispute.

Any one who is trying to understand, or is aspiring to practise, the prayer of contemplation will find the volume a very great aid. While insisting upon the absolute necessity of divine help, the author lays more stress than some do upon the element of personal desire, petition, and continuous effort. He shows with what pointedness saints and spiritual writers have taught that ordinary contemplation is a boon which may be ardently desired, and which is quite certain to be attained by those who, in favorable circumstances and aided by ordinary grace, persist in striving to attain to this state. That contemplation, of whatever kind or degree, is by no means incompatible, but rather in thorough harmony with an active vocation, is likewise made perfectly plain. Our author follows very closely the teaching of approved masters of the spiritual life; his pages are especially rich in citations from Alvarez de Paz and St.

* *Introduction à la Vie Mystique.* Par M. l'Abbé Lejeune. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

Teresa. He also quotes with great respect from the admirable writings of the Jesuit Father Poulain, whose book on Mysticism was reviewed in this magazine last February.

8.—*A Blighted Rose** is the story of a girl who wishes to become a religious, but is prevented by her ambitious and worldly-minded mother. By the scheming of the latter she is married to an English lord. He proves to be an impostor. The heroine has to drink deep of the cup of trial and sorrow before she is comforted with the continued peace of God. Mr. Wynne has given us a story excellent in many ways. As a first effort it gives every promise of first-class work. Seldom is the true notion of a religious calling presented so well; very practical and life-like are the descriptions of many of the critics of religious vocation; wholesome and pointed, without the dead-weight of excessive moralizing, is the moral lesson contained in *A Blighted Rose.*

9.—This is a simple Mass† for four voices; simple, not because it is lacking in musical beauties, but because there is in it no overplus of complex harmony. Throughout it is noticeably devotional, while from a musical stand-point it can truly be said to approach nearer than many of the present day Masses to the church's ideals of sacred music. We recommend it to choir-masters.

The Kyrie and Sanctus, especially the Sanctus, are worthy of particular mention. A few phrases in the Credo are light and ineffective, but one can well overlook a part in view of the creditable standard of the Mass as a whole.

10—The merit of the *Dark Pages of English History*‡ lies in the fact that it is a good, concise answer to those critics—and we trust there are few of them nowadays—who, confining themselves to English history since the sixteenth century, attempt, in the comparisons they make between methods of upholding religious truth in the Catholic Church and in the English Church, to cast aspersions on the former and to praise the latter. The living enactments of a "Penal Code" directed against Catholics is the answer.

* *A Blighted Rose.* By Joseph F. Wynne. Detroit: The Angelus Publishing Company.

† *5th Mass in G.* By Charles Wels. Boston: Oliver Ditson.

‡ *Dark Pages of English History.* By J. R. Willington. New York: Benziger Brothers.

11.—Great credit is due to M. Couturat for his scholarly presentation of the Logic of Leibnitz* in the *Collection historique des grands philosophes.* His laborious synthesis of this interesting logic from many hidden and scattered sources merits the gratitude of every student of logic and the history of philosophy. Numerous and full citations from these original sources afford the reader ample opportunity to test the accuracy of the author's work. We shall give the salient features of M. Couturat's presentation in order to suggest some idea of the breadth and depth of that vast groundwork on which this genius of rationalism rested his philosophy.

While admiring the perfection of syllogistic argument, Leibnitz considered that the science of logic was capable of further perfection. He attempted to perfect the logic of the syllogism itself, and pointed out in each of the four figures six useful modes. The symmetry of this result pleased him and at the same time assured him of its truth, because, said he, all things in nature are regular. The geometrical representation of the syllogism by means of included and excluded circles is due to Leibnitz; and not, as has been commonly supposed, to the great mathematician Euler. Besides this circular schematism he contrived a linear method of representing the different propositions, which also affords neat graphic representations of the various figures and modes of the syllogism.

In his younger days, while studying the scholastic philosophy, he noticed that the categories of Aristotle serve to classify concepts. Why not, he thought, a classification of judgments? All truth can be deduced from a small number of simple truths by mere analysis of the ideas that they contain. If one could enumerate all the elementary ideas, it would be a mere matter of inspection to find out whether or not a subject contains its predicate, or a predicate is contained in a given subject. The method of performing this calculation, and its application to the syllogism, he set forth in the *De Arte Combinatoria.*

In the days of Leibnitz the question of a universal language was widely mooted. He devoted much thought, labor, and time to this problem. His concept of a universal language was based on the fundamental principle of his art of combinations—the resolution of complex ideas into their elements. The name of

* *La Logique de Leibnitz, d'après des Documents Inedits.* Par Louis Couturat. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1901.

anything would express its essence because it would be made up of elementary concepts. But such a language supposes the accomplishment of two gigantic tasks—the invention of its symbolism and the compilation of an encyclopædia of all knowledge. These tasks must proceed hand-in-hand, for the nature of an object cannot be expressed in the terms of its elementary concepts until it is thoroughly known. Though our great rationalist planned much and thought deeply about what these things should be, he never succeeded in putting any of his vast schemes into practice.

The grand idea of a universal encyclopædia of knowledge gradually gave place to the more humble plan of the *Initia Scientiæ Generalis.* This work, a summary of his logic, is divided into two parts. The first points out the way in which old truths can be demonstrated and doubtful questions solved. The second opens the way to scientific discovery. By analysis we prove the truth of propositions, by syntheses of known truths we rise to higher ones. Perfect knowledge of a thing supposes an ultimate analysis of its concept, and thence an *a priori* deduction of all its properties. "The analysis of ideas consists in their definition; the analysis of truths in their demonstration." But the analysis of ideas into their ultimate elements becomes in many cases an infinite process. Therefore the special sciences should, as geometry has done, assume certain axioms whose analysis has not been carried out to the last step. Nevertheless it is useful to demonstrate these axioms in order to arrive at the elementary ideas which make up the alphabet of human thought.

The criterion of truth is not the clearness of perception, as Descartes thought. The test of truth is the resolution of an idea into its elements, for then the least contradiction is patent. In this ultimate analysis the principle of identity is our criterion of truth.

In every true proposition the predicate must be contained in the subject. This holds for singular propositions, for historical truths as well as for those that are universal and necessary. But only the divine mind, with its power of infinite analysis, can show that the predicate of a singular proposition is necessarily contained in the subject. The function of experience is to fill up the gap which would necessarily exist in our knowledge if we had to perform the infinite analysis by which singular propositions are demonstrated. It also confirms and guides the

researches of reason. Induction gives no certain results. Its function is to suggest a law to be demonstrated by deduction. The method of the experimental sciences is not different from that of mathematics. The only experimental method is deduction. In the hazy discussions of questions of practical import, when the number of factors is infinite, the integral calculus will evaluate all the probabilities and show which is the safer course to pursue.

It was the science of mathematics which inspired the logic of Leibnitz. His central aim was to make all reasoning mathematical. Above logic and the particular branches of mathematics he places his universal mathematic. It is the science of relations in general. The specific determination of those relations gives rise to an algebra. The classic algebra is the logic of number and quantity, founded on the relation of equality. The classic logic is the algebra of identity and inclusion. Many algebras are possible. Of the many possible algebras Leibnitz attempted to elaborate two: the logical calculus, based on the theory of identity and inclusion, and the geometrical calculus, resting on the theory of congruity and similitude. In his two last chapters M. Couturat gives in detail the elaboration of both these algebras. Five appendices and twenty notes supplement the matter contained in the body of this scholarly work.

12.—The last essays* of Professor Müller are edited by his son, W. G. Max Müller. They had been published during the professor's life-time in various magazines, and he himself had contemplated their careful republication, just before his death. The first series includes essays on language, folklore, Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, Dean Liddell, and other subjects. The second series is devoted to essays on the science of religion. We are glad to see these essays published in book-form, where they will be easy of access. Professor's Müller's name and work, both so well known, will be sufficient to give them welcome. Learned in the languages of the East, as these and his more ambitious works have proved him to be, he was not a great original worker, nor an unusually gifted thinker, nor a philosopher.

13.—Those familiar with Father Génicot's Moral Theology will welcome two volumes of *Casus*, published after their learned

* *Collected Works of the Right Hon. F. Max Müller.* Vol. XVII. Last Essays. First and second series. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

author's death.* The work bears evidence of his acquaintance with many modern applications of the principles of conduct. It will serve a good purpose in seminaries, and for private instruction.

14.—Our gratitude is due Lady Herbert for presenting in English dress this charming book of Bishop Le Camus.† It is a story of Nazareth, a story of its people, its homes, its workshops, its mothers and its children as they are to-day. So, argues the author, they must have been in great measure in the days of the boy Jesus; for the East is immutable. And in the various chapters, with attractive headings, we are presented with a very vivid picture of how Mary must have nursed and sung to the Child; of how Jesus played and lived and worked until his thirtieth year. It is a simple and attractive work; delightful for children, and instructive also for the older ones. Once and again the author makes statements which are at variance with the general Catholic tradition, and in which, absorbed in thoughts of the Humanity, he seems not to consider sufficiently the truth and bearing of the Divinity. The book is profusely illustrated.

15.—Mr. Stevens's romance, *In the Eagle's Talons*,‡ deals with the period of the Louisiana purchase. It will easily recommend itself to all those who are fond of a thrilling love-story interspersed with bits of romantic history. Louis Lafrenière, a *courrier du bois*, is the ardent but tried lover, the dutiful nephew, and a victor over Napoleon. Felicité is the impetuous and penitent sweetheart. After many thrilling adventures on both hemispheres they are united in the indissoluble bonds. The rival of the hero is easily disposed of by an Indian's knife, but the noble Adrienne, who occupies no small part, seems to have been too great a problem for the author. The reader is disappointed at her nondescript position. Mr. Stevens could not picture the Eagle, who is Napoleon, as a worse villain or a more contemptible man. Caroline, his sister, is made out a panderer. Napoleon had his faults, but none as great as these. There are many Catholic scenes in the book, and par-

* *Casus Conscientiæ, Propositi ac Soluti a R. P. Eduardo Génicot, S.J.* 2 vols. Lovanii: Polleunis et Ceuterick. 1901.

† *The Children of Nazareth.* By E. Le Camus. Translated by Lady Herbert. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *In the Eagle's Talons.* By Shepherd Stevens. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

ticularly happy is the sketch of the innocent, happy life of the Louisiana French.

16—Mr. Wilson's new novel * is a picturesque and vivid comment on our national proverb, "Three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." It weaves a wholesome love-tale into and about the story of an American family that makes millions in Montana mines, to lose them again in Wall Street. A well pointed moral pervades the book, and though our fellow-provincials of the Atlantic seaboard may bridle a little at certain disrespectful allusions and at obviously odious comparisons, yet in deference to facts and in virtue of consistency we must admit that the world old struggle between effete wealth and strenuous simplicity is again recurring here in the western hemisphere, and again the nobler part is the West's.

Greatness is born of greatness, and breadth of breadth pro-
found,
The old Antæan fable of strength renewed from the ground
Was a human truth for the ages; since the hour of the Eden-
birth
That man among men was strongest who stood with his feet on
the earth!

Very, very neat and clever—this we must say of Mr. Wilson's writing. His book is full of good things, a series of interesting pictures set off with flashes of original wit and shrewd observations. He is worldly through and through, we fear; yet his sketches of the worldly are perhaps all the truer on this account. He describes "life" with the callousness of an experienced journalist, and unless you know something of real human nature you may be displeased or disedified by him. His pages are never soiled by vileness, however, and as a whole the book conveys a healthful lesson. The characters are not particularly new, but they keep one interested. Uncle Peter delivers himself of several good things, and the author himself contributes many more. Mr. Wilson draws attention to certain natural American traits which it is to be hoped the reader will note and imitate. For instance: "I fancy now," said Oldaker, "there 's not a good waiter this side of New York."

"An American," said Percival, "never *can* make a good waiter

* *The Spenders.* By Henry Leon Wilson. Illustrated by O'Neill Latham. Boston: Lathrop Publishing Company.

or a good valet. It takes a Latin, or, still better, a Briton, to feel the servility required for service of that sort. . . . The American is as uncomfortable at having certain services performed for him by another American as the other is in performing them."

17.—In the composition of their *Elementary Chemistry** Messrs. Clarke and Dennis have considered the needs of two classes of students: (1) those who study chemistry as part of a liberal education; (2) those who look forward to a more advanced course in chemical training. The greater part of the work is given to inorganic chemistry, but some space is devoted to the compounds of carbon. The work is admirably suited to serve as a text-book, touching as it does upon the most important points of a very extensive field. It makes use of the late advances in formulæ and symbols which are such helpful aids to the memory in the study of organic compounds. But a little attention to the results recently attained in electrolytic chemistry would have made the paragraph on the composition of water more accurate and up to date. There is probably no better example of chemical reasoning than that which led chemists to adopt the closed chain formula for benzene. A few pages devoted to an exposition of this reasoning and of that which led to the formula for naphthalene would have materially increased the value of the work as "a training in the interpretation of evidence," in which, the authors think, lies chemistry's chief merit as an instrument of education.

THE HOLY WINDING SHEET OF CHRIST.†

M. Vignon opens his work on the winding sheet of Christ by a description of the images as they are revealed by M. Pia's photographic plates. The first question which then arises is one of fact, Are the impressions on the holy winding sheet negative? He examines the various objections which theorizers have made, and concludes that the photographs truly represent to us the impressions as found on the original. A question next arises, Could these impressions have been painted in negative by some impostor? Apart from the extreme improbability that any artist of the fourteenth century (when people knew

* *Elementary Chemistry.* By F. W. Clarke and L. M. Dennis. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company.

† *Le Linceul du Christ:* Étude Scientifique. Par Paul Vignon. Paris: Masson et Cie.

nothing of negative images) should have made such an attempt, it seems extremely difficult. Besides this theoretical reason, the author refers to the fac-similes of many early copies of the winding sheet reproduced in his fourth chapter. In all of these the poor shading and perspective and the angular outline contrast strongly with the original impressions. This alone seems to be a sufficient historical reason for laying aside the theory that the figures on the winding sheet are the work of a mediæval artist.

The next hypothesis to be examined is that of M. Chopin, who supposed that the image was indeed painted in positive colors, but by chemical action was changed into negative, the white lead or zinc (!) oxides undergoing sulphurization* and thus becoming black. M. Vignon first calls attention to an apparent confirmation of M. Chopin's hypothesis. In a church at Assisi a fresco, supposed to be by Cimabue, has changed with age so that the figures appear modelled in negative. The hypothesis was admittedly ingenious and found some strong confirmation, but it is not applicable to the facts.

(1) Because the cloth of the winding sheet is so light that it could not bear a painting capable of turning to a negative with age. And even if there had been such a painting it would have so worn away that only imperceptible traces would have remained. M. Vignon proves this position, (*a*) by a study of old paintings on cloth from Egypt; (*b*) by consideration of the treatment to which the holy winding sheet has been subjected, and (*c*) by direct experiment upon light cloths.

(2) The lights and shadows on the winding sheet are different from those on a picture which has turned to the negative with age.

(3) The impressions on the winding sheet bear no resemblance to the work of an artist—especially of a mediæval artist.

The next hypothesis which M. Vignon proceeds to eliminate is that the impressions were produced by an impostor, who smeared a human body with blood, covered it with a winding sheet, and thus obtained the impressions by immediate contact. He reproduces three of the best results obtained by a similar experiment on his own head, and concludes that since these impressions are so horribly deformed in spite of extreme care, this hypothesis must be laid aside.

* M. Vignon points out that M. Chopin overlooked the fact that zinc colors do not blacken with age.

The author then attempts to show how the impressions on the winding sheet could have been produced by action at a distance, such as affects a photographic plate. He enters into a minute examination of the impressions, showing how they correspond to just what we should expect from such a method of reproduction. The question then arises, How could Christ's body have been photographed in any way upon his winding sheet? M. Vignon prepares the way for his explanation by recalling to our minds the rather recent discovery of the radio-activity of certain metals, and reproduces photographs which he made of a medal merely by the action of the so-called zinc vapor. He then points out that a mixture of aloes are oxidized to a brownish color by the action of ammoniacal vapors.

He states that by great precautions he was able to obtain in this way a very fair image of a hand, but that further attempts failed because he was unable to get the proper artificial control of the zinc vapors. But even this success he regards as sufficient to allow his hypothesis to stand. For the hastily buried body of the martyred Christ, unwashed from its sweat and blood, would contain enough carbamide to slowly break up, giving off ammonia and oxidizing the mixture of aloes in the winding sheet.

In the next chapter the author argues from a study of the stigmata of Christ and of those represented on the holy winding sheet, and from the Gospel texts relative to the burial of Christ, that the body which produced these impressions was the body of Christ. P. Bouvier, in *La Quinzaine* for July, 1902, has raised from the Gospel narrative certain serious, but perhaps not insurmountable, objections to M. Vignon's theory.

The second part of the volume is mainly historical, containing three chapters: one an archæological study of copies and descriptions of the holy winding sheet; another on the holy winding sheet from an æsthetical point of view; and a third on its history. It first appears in the field of history in 1353. From the historian's point of view the relic has little proof of authenticity; but M. Vignon has given us an example of natural science playing a new *rôle* in the service of history. He has certainly produced an interesting and highly scientific work, and by a brilliant series of studies he has been able to give strong support to a most ingenious theory.

The Tablet (5 July): In a leader on the Holy See and the Philippines *The Tablet* says that President Roosevelt furnishes an instance, rare in these modern days, of a politician resolutely determined to do justice even at the cost of expediency. Roman Correspondent writes on "one or two features" that make the American mission to the Vatican one of the most remarkable that ever came to Rome.

(12 July): Publishes an extract from the latest instalment of Fr. M. F. Shinnor's notes of a mission tour of the United States, in which he states that the purely American or Anglo-American race element in the state is fast disappearing, and a new ethnic product is certain to supplant the descendants of the grim old Puritan.

(19 July): Roman Correspondent supplies facts as to the unworthy forms of proselytism pursued by some of the Protestant sects in Rome.

(26 July): Roman Correspondent declares that the labors of the Philippine Commission ended as they began, in a "cloud of mystery and contradiction."

The Month (July): Fr. Thurston writes on the coronation of the Queen Consort. Fr. Gerard writes on the moral of some recent actions at law against Jesuits in England. Fr. Sydney F. Smith, continuing his articles on the Suppression of the Society of Jesus, treats of the suppression in Spain. J. M. Stone contributes a paper on the German witches and their apostle. The present article of Fr. Pollen's series on the Politics of the English Catholics during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth deals with the plots and sham plots against the queen's life.

(August): Austin Oates, K.S.G., writes on Universal Suffrage in Belgium. Fr. Sydney F. Smith concludes his considerations on the suppression of the Jesuits in Spain. Publishes Fr. Joseph Rickaby's paper on the Grounds of Loyalty read before the Liverpool branch of the Catholic Truth Society. F. W. Fuller contributes a sketch of baptism to-day. Fr. Pollen discusses the

political history of the reign of Elizabeth from the time of the Armada to the death of Elizabeth. In his series of papers on Our Popular Devotions Fr. Thurston considers the so-called Bridgettine Rosary.

Dublin Review (July): M. F. Glancey exposes and defends the Catholic position on the Education Bill pending in Parliament. W. McDonald shows that Catholic philosophy does not forbid our extending the law of the conservation of energy to vital organisms. Dr. Aveling defends the Scholastic philosophy against misunderstandings and objections.

Church Quarterly Review (July): Continuation of an Historical Inquiry into sixteenth century teaching upon the Holy Eucharist. Sketch of John Richard Green and the damage he suffered through inaccuracies in his Short History. Description of the recent religious renaissance in French literature, mentioning Huysmans and Coppée. A most interesting study of the characteristics of current novels. A sympathetic appreciation of Maurice Maeterlinck's writings as stimulative and refreshing. Discussion of the problems presented to missionaries to the Hindus, *e. g.*, by the theory of Caste. Detailed description of the present religious situation in France and of the methods used against religious orders.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 July): P. Dubois shows that Socialism borrows the Judæo-Christian ideals of justice, progress, and solidarity while forgetting their religious significance. Dr. Surbled pleads for a strictly scientific investigation of alleged phenomena of spiritism. P. Martin discusses the Turin Winding Sheet.

(15 July): P. Beurlier advocates the diffusion of solid devotional works like *Les Martyrs* by Dom Leclerque of Farnborough, a new collection of the acts of the martyrs. P. Dimnet concluding his long study of Fr. Tyrrell, proclaims his admiration of the writer and his faith in the method of *The Faith of the Millions*. P. Venard reviews the work of P. Hummelauer, S.J., who "is not one of the timid persons that think every question must be solved according to the solutions commonly accepted." C. Calippe criticises M. Bourget's *L'Étape*, which intimates that Catholicity and democracy are opposed. A

letter appears apropos of the opening of a school of Sacred Art in Paris next October. In a very appreciative article upon the late Abbé Hogan, Mgr. Batiffol refers to certain criticisms of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* as easily answerable, and says intellectual honesty is preferable to extreme attachment for a single school of thought: *Non Scola in Ecclesia, sed Ecclesia in Scola nobis quærenda est.* P. Morlais revives Ripolda's objections against the common belief in the absoluteness of the supernatural. P. Pêchegut resumes his discussion of the problem of religious certitude. Elie Perrin casts suspicion upon the Christianity of Victor Hugo, "the dominant sentiment of whose life was really Hugoism."

Revue de l'Institut de Paris (May–June): P. Boudinhon describes the evolution and modifications of indulgences.

L'Université Catholique: M. Donnadieu considers M. Vignon's assertions about the Turin Winding Sheet to be "peculiarly hazardous." M. Jacquier praises Houtin's recent exposé of the condition of Scripture study among Catholics in France. M. Lepin says that, apart from certain inaccuracies of detail, Rev. A. G. Mortimer's book on the Eucharist presents Bossuet's idea of the Christian Sacrifice.

Petites Annales de Saint-Vincent de Paul (May): F. P. tells how the nuns of certain nursing orders are obtaining trained-nurse certificates.

La Verité Français (22 June): M. Loth says there is simply nothing in the criticisms passed upon M. Vignon by M. Donnadieu (noted above).

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (June): Publishes a pastoral letter of Mgr. Bonomelli, of Cremona, upon the necessity of the clergy sympathizing with popular movements. J. Roger Charbonnel speaks of the intimate connection between the ideas of St. Augustine, Pascal, and the new apologists. P. Martin continues his interesting study of the history of theological opinions concerning the value of tradition as a rule of faith. P. Denis (acknowledging himself as the original of Paul Bourget's "Abbé Chanut" in *L'Étape*) tells how he attended various mass meetings and with encouraging success defended Catholic teachings against socialist and infidel assaults.

Revue de Lille (June): V. T. analyzes and eulogizes P. Hogan's *Clerical Studies.* N. Boulay writes upon science as the necessary basis of sound metaphysics. C. du Velay sketches Cardinal Perraud, the faithful disciple of Père Gratry, whose life he has lately written. E. Delpierre studies the evolution of M. François Coppée from the state of unbeliever to that of fervent Catholic.

Bulletin de littérature ecclésiastique (June): M. Franon writes on the actual reasons for not believing, and says that the great task before the apologist is to re-establish belief in a personal God and in his providence.

Canoniste Contemporain (June): P. Boudinhon begins a description of congregations with simple vows. The same writer, reviewing Mgr. Batiffol's book on penance, draws attention to the fact that the church never officially formulated any list of mortal sins such as that arranged by the sixteenth century theologians or Saint Liguori.

La Quinzaine (1 July): P. Bouvier states that it is difficult to reconcile the historical conditions of Christ's burial with M. Vignon's theory about the Turin Winding Sheet.

L'Ami du Clergé (3 July): A cautious verdict on M. Vignon's theory.

Revue Bleue (17 May): Émile Faguet declares that Bolo's *Le femme et le clergé* and Lamy's *Le femme de demain* are the two best manuals of Christian feminism.

Démocrates Chrétienne: Announces the international social Catholic Congress to be held at Fribourg in August. Theologus writes on love of neighbor as taught by St. Thomas. Reprints a letter by the Bishop of Orihuela on the Christian concept of life. Mgr. Begin, of Quebec, tells how he settled a labor dispute submitted to him for arbitration.

La Quinzaine (1 July): M. Vaudon writes of Baudelaire as a poet "impulsive, unbalanced, mad and diseased, who has mingled the sensuality of paganism with the mysticism of the church." M. Bouvier says that the historical conditions of our Saviour's burial tell strongly against the genuineness of the remarkable image on the Winding Sheet of Turin; the question, however, is still open and deserves the attention of scholars.

(16 July): M. Joly writes enthusiastically of the Catholic institutions of London. M. Montier describes a Christian

school at Rouen conducted in the spirit of St. Philip Neri, and intended to receive the graduates of lay schools and correct in them the deficiencies of non-Christian education. M. Florisoone relates the beautiful "Golden Legend of the Gauls": how the pious Dagobert, son of King Clotaire, found the bodies of the holy martyrs Denys, Rusticus, and Eleutherius.

Le Correspondant (10 July): M. de Lacombe begins a series of articles on Talleyrand, based on information hitherto unpublished. M. Baudrillart has an altogether remarkable article on the "Protestant Question" at the time of the unfortunate revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The lesson taught persecutors of all times and creeds by the events of those cruel days is that it means disaster to drive a notable portion of a nation to resentment and desperation. M. Prévost presents a study of the abbesses of olden time compared with the abbesses of to-day.

Études (5 July): Apropos of the French Law of Associations, P. Dudon relates the history of the famous "decret de Messidor." P. de la Brière shows that although political reasons strongly urged Henry IV. to embrace the Catholic religion, his letters prove his conversion to have been sincere.

(20 July): P. Chérot publishes a hitherto unedited letter of St. Vincent de Paul. P. Jubaru writes of some recent excavations at St. Agnes-Without-the-Walls, which seem to throw some light on the life of St. Agnes, and the manner of her martyrdom. P. de Castellan summarizes a study of Dom Quenten, O.S.B., on the great collections of councils, and asks for a new, accurate, complete, and critical edition of the same.

Science Catholique (July): P. Chauvin indicates the relation between the Synoptic Gospels and the Fourth Gospel. P. Gombault continues his critique of the new method in apologetics. P. Fontain continues to point out the dangers arising from infiltrations of Kant's philosophy into the French clergy.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 July): P. Fontaine writes on ecclesiastical studies, declaring his astonishment and uneasiness that P. Hogan should advocate the speedy making so many important changes in clerical training;

and adds that in P. Hogan's book Catholic principles are too little in evidence and seem rather ashamed of themselves.

Revue Ecclésiastique (15 July): Reproduces the article on Reunion of Eastern and Western Churches by P. Benoit, S.J.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (July): Obituary notice of P. Kreiten, known as a collaborator on the *Stimmen.* P. Pesch begins an interesting study of "Solidarity," as a mean between the extremes of absolute centralization and absolute individualism. A reviewer mentions that he finds certain dangerous tendencies in Abbé Hogan's *Clerical Studies.* Fr. Pfülf, S.J., in an article on Lang's *The Mystery of Mary Stuart*, pronounces it to be the work of a cool, impartial, and inexorable judge who examines witnesses and documents with the single view of establishing the truth.

Zwanzigste Jahrhundert (5 July): "Sincerus" writes on American Churchmen and their influence in Italy, and says that since Archbishop Ireland's pronouncements upon the Temporal Power he has lost prestige, while at the same time Bishop Spalding is coming to the front.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 July): E. Mozzoni reproduces twelve letters of Gioachino Rossini. L. C. V. comments upon Tolstoi's Resurrection as a most important and valuable book. C. Belforte discusses the crisis in the wine trade caused by under-consumption of this utility. A. Vecchi has some words of praise for Garibaldi in noticing a recent sketch of him and his legion.

Revista Ibero-Americana (July): Publishes the Spanish translation of the recent encyclical on The Holy Eucharist. Indicates the sincerity with which Pope Leo has sought reconciliation between the church and the peoples. Announces a coming Catholic Congress at Santiago. P. Casanova writes against positivistic sociology.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRARY to our usual custom, we have given space to a remarkably sane and wholesome statement from Hon. W. M. Byrne, of Wilmington, Del., on the question of the Friars. Mr. Byrne is an eminent lawyer whose sterling Catholicity cannot be impeached, and in making his statement he voices a great deal of the farseeing and intelligent Catholicity of the country. The American government with onward stride is passing into a future of marvellous world-wide power and of tremendous importance. At this critical juncture men are needed who will guide and fashion the policies of the government. This can only be done by remaining in sympathetic touch with the powers that be. It is a profound mistake to cultivate antagonisms. It is a dreadful blunder to be constantly voicing a grievance. It is far better to follow the wisdom of the great saint in Rome who now occupies the Holy See.

The Catholic Temperance movement reported a phenomenal increase in its membership during the past year. It now has on its rolls 85,729. A special movement that was accorded unstinted praise is the "Seminary Apostolate," carried on by Father Siebenfoercher. It has for its definite purpose the preaching of the approved Total Abstinence principles in the colleges and seminaries of the country. A stronger movement among the priesthood and the intelligent Catholic laity on the lines of the approved Total Abstinence movement will not be without the best results.

Bishop Messmer in his opening address at the Convention of the Federated Catholic Societies presented a splendid programme of work to the assembled delegates. He marked out the broad lines of Catholic activity. He affirmed the necessity of union in order to emphasize the position of the church on such vital subjects as marriage and divorce, the suppression of the evil of intemperance, the settlement of the vexing social problems, such as the relations of capital and labor, and others. As means towards the affirmation of the church's teaching on

these topics he advocated the support of the various Catholic Truth Societies, the extension of the influence of the Catholic Press, and the development on larger lines of the movement which has for its purpose the preaching of Catholic truth to non-Catholics. There could have been no better programme presented to a congress of the Catholic laity than that which Bishop Messmer outlined.

It would have been more advantageous to the cause of the Federation of Catholic Societies if the delegates had adhered closely to the bishop's programme. The principle of federation is a good thing. There can be no better purpose than to unite every Catholic energy to push forward the approved work of the church in this country.

It is natural that there should be differences among Catholics on minor matters. We who are obliged to agree on the authoritative teachings of the church are apt to affirm our liberty when it is allowed us on minor matters. But these differences should be kept out of the programme of federation that is really Catholic. Federation, to deserve the name of Catholic, should not descend to partisan issues. There should not have been any hint that its opposition was directed against those of the household, but rather that it was reserved for the common enemy.

There is a region entirely above racial antagonisms or political antipathies in which it should do its work. The programme presented to it was to use the influence of the Catholic laity in making the church better known and more highly respected.

There were hosts of Catholics watching with keen eyes the sessions of the late convention in order to estimate the movement at its true value. They expected large measures, big policies, advanced and aggressive movements on broad Catholic lines, such as would become a dignified body of the Catholic laity.

Undoubtedly as the cause of Federation grows older it will rise above the issues of the hour that set Catholics at variance with each other, and will endeavor to unite all Catholic societies against a common danger. There is immeasurably more prestige for Federation if it adheres closely to the programme laid down by its sagacious leaders.

SOME ISSUES OF THE HOUR.

HON. W. M. BYRNE, *Wilmington, Del.*

(Extract from a speech delivered at a gathering of the Knights of Columbus, Embarkation Day, Atlantic City, N. J.)

While American Catholics will welcome the separation of the Church from the State in the Philippines, it must be done in such a way as not to injure the Church in the exercise of her spiritual functions. The personnel of the governing class in the Philippines must not be so constituted as to produce in the mind of the Filipino the conviction that he must become a Protestant in order to become a member of the ruling class. The career of the truculent Buencamino proves how vital this question is; and in selecting its governing class in the Philippines, the American government, with its fundamental equipoise between all shades of religion, must not make such selections as may operate as a Protestant propaganda among a people now exclusively Roman Catholic. This phase of the question will, I am sure, receive the attention of our government, which will not fail to accord to the American Catholic his appropriate participation in the magnificent work of planting liberty of the American brand in the Philippine Islands for the benefit of the Catholic Filipinos.

Much has been said in this country about the Spanish Friars in the Philippines, but happily the American government has expressly disclaimed any participation in the accusations made against our religious orders there. (The speaker quotes Secretary Root's cablegram of July 14 to Governor Taft.)

This disclaimer is gratifying because American Catholics are ready to submit the case of the Spanish friars to the judgment of history. At about the same time the Spanish friar came in contact with the Filipino the New England Puritan met the American Indian. After centuries of labor under adverse circumstances of climate and race, the Spanish friar presents his wards to the world transformed from a state of savagery to a degree of civilization in which the descendants of the head-hunting Filipinos take a creditable place in the arts, in music, in letters, science, jurisprudence, and sociology. The American Indian, with vast advantages of race and climate over his Filipino brother, under the care of the New England Puritan, instead of treading the halls of the universities, colleges, and schools dotting the land over which his fathers roamed, finds himself huddled in the confines of a reservation awaiting the hour of his ultimate extinction.

So well has the Spanish friar done his work in the Philippines that the hour has arrived when his wards no longer need his fostering care in the management of temporal affairs. This same spectacle of evolution occurred in Europe, with the sons of St. Benedict and their associate monks after they had transformed the savage tribes of the northern forests into the artisans and husbandmen of mediæval civilization, and I rejoice that the hour of transi-

tion finds the interests of the Spanish friar in the hands of the justice-loving American government.

Unlike England, unlike Spain, unlike Mexico, unlike most every other country dealing with the question of monastic possessions, the American government proposes that the change demanded by the times shall work no injustice to the friars. The condition of affairs in the Philippines demands that the friars no longer be extensive landlords. Their boundless acres ought to be divided into small homestead lots for the benefit of the Filipino people, who would thus receive that impulse to industry and frugality arising from individual ownership of property. This is identical in principle with the Irish land problem. The Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland unanimously demand that the English government compel the Irish landlords to sell their vast estates to Irish peasants on fair terms, and what American Catholic can complain if the American government voluntarily does for the Catholic Filipino what the Irish Catholic bishops demand shall be done by the English government for the Irish peasant?

Will the American government deal fairly with the Spanish friar in the change of ownership not so much desired by it as demanded by the necessities of the times?

Ask Bishop Blenk, of Puerto Rico, whether the American government has not restored to him church property taken without compensation by their Catholic majesties of Spain. Ask him if the government has not liberally paid him for every piece of property required for its use by the necessities of war and the change of government. Ask the Catholic Bishop of Havana whether the American government did not in many instances recognize the validity of the claims of the church to property of which she was robbed under the Spanish secularization acts of 1837–41. Ask him if the military government of Cuba under that staunch American, Leonard Wood, did not for the fiscal year from July 1, 1901, to July 1, 1902, acknowledge as due to the Roman Catholic authorities the sum of $967,270.67.

Let us hope that the just and equitable conduct of the American government respecting church property in Cuba may not be reversed by the Cuban Congress as indicated in their resolution of July 11, 1902:

"Whereas, the decrees and ruling made by the military government with regard to church property are not, nor can they be, considered final by this government, inasmuch as they are not supported by any decision of a competent court nor sanctioned by the co-legislative bodies of Cuba.

"It is declared that the acts of the executive in payment of interest, etc., in no way constitutes an acknowledgment or ratification of such decrees and rulings, and this body reserves to itself the right to inquire into and decide upon this question on its legal merits and with due regard to equity and justice."

High phrases! But the thought is suggested whether they will emulate the example of the Mexicans under Juarez, and hold it "equitable and just" to rob the church of lawful possessions. Bad as is the spirit breathing in this resolution, a thousand times worse was the measure adopted in the Congress of Filipinos aimed at the person and property of the friars. Their only safeguard is the strong and just arm of the American Republic.

While no one entertains a doubt that ample and just compensation will be paid by the American government for every item of property now owned by the friars and needed for the public good of the Catholic Filipinos, a grave question has arisen as to the return of the Spanish friars to the parishes from which they were driven by the relentless cruelty of Aguinaldo and his followers. They sought asylum in the zone protected by American arms, and as that zone is now happily co-extensive with the entire islands, it is said that the Spanish friars should be returned to the parishes from which they were driven. The opponents of the government declare that it intends to embark on a programme of expulsion, thus violating the most sacred principles of personal liberty. But why measure the motive of the government by the accusations of its opponents, when the government itself plainly discloses its purpose and its programme? Secretary Root declares that the desire of the government is for the "voluntary withdrawal" of the friars, arranged, not by the government but by the religious superiors of the friars themselves. Is there anything like expulsion or interference with personal liberty in that programme? Regarding the personal liberty of the friars, I would not be here a moment in support of any programme that was punitive of those religious men. While I accede to the present condition of the separation of Church and State prevailing in the American Republic, and will not import my church into my state, I insist, with equal vehemence, that the state shall keep out of my church. No civil power has jurisdiction to pass punitive or corrective laws aiming at the internal organization of the Roman Catholic Church. That battle was fought and won by the illustrious Hildebrand.

It is because I know that the American government is actuated by no such intention that I am able as a Catholic American to support the government on this grave question. It asks the co-operation of the Catholic Church in its work of establishing order and maintaining peace in the Philippine Islands, which far from being a programme of punishment is one replete with the highest conceptions of constructive statesmanship. You can look in vain through the centuries to find an instance where the Catholic Church has refused her offices to a well-ordered state in promoting the peace and happiness of the people; and it would be a rare spectacle if American Catholics should urge the church to decline co-operation in so laudable a work at the request of a government under which they enjoy the amplest degree of civil and religious liberty. The American government does not claim the right to appoint pastors in American territory; but it does ask that the church herself shall substitute in her own way in the Philippine Islands Catholic friars with American proclivities in the place of Catholic friars with Spanish proclivities. When we recall the historic antagonism between Latin and Teutonic ideals can we shut our eyes to the fact that these Spanish friars possessing that patriotic fervor characteristic of their race will, unwittingly it may be, but none the less actually, exert a silent influence to draw the Filipino youngster back to the dreams of Spanish power?

The whole question is one of fact. Would the presence of the Spanish friars in the parishes from which they were driven tend to renew the disorder which accompanied their expulsion by the soldiers of Aguinaldo? If so, the question is ended, because not since the impetuous Apostle struck off the ear

of Malchus has the sword been invoked to spread the doctrines of the gentle Christ, and the last of the Roman Pontiffs, equal to any in that illustrious line of spiritual kings, will not fall into the error committed by the first of the Roman popes. If the Spanish friars will not be received with love by the Filipino people, they will not seek to return to them by the aid of armed force. If it be a fact that their former parishioners desire their return, the controversy will at once end and the American government will behold with delight this concord between the people and their priests. The government is willing to re-examine the whole question. It is willing that the testimony respecting the alleged disturbing influence of the Spanish friars shall not be taken before an *ex parte* tribunal; but a delegate representing the Holy Father will act in concert with the governor of the Philippines, and the very right of this matter will be reached by their joint deliberations. American Catholics should not be hasty to judge while these important matters are under fair investigation. Precipitancy in this matter may do no good to the church nor to the state. Certain it is that Catholic interests are in safe and conservative hands. With the possible exception of the Supreme Court of the United States, the world does not contain a body of men superior in wisdom to the College of Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church, and I doubt if there be any men in America who could more securely safeguard Catholic interests than that body of illustrious diplomats. The most cordial relations now exist between the two great parties to this question, and if a rupture comes I hope it cannot be traced to the intemperate utterances of Catholic Americans. . . .

Let me close these remarks, which through your courtesy I have been permitted to make, by expressing the profound conviction that the American Catholic can have no safer guide to measure the exalted purposes of the American government in this crisis than is found in the reply of Cardinal Rampolla to the cablegram of Secretary Root:

"These declarations of the Secretary of War do honor to the deep political wisdom of the government of the United States, which knows how to appreciate the happy influence of the Holy See for the religious and civil elevation of peoples, especially Catholic peoples.

"The Holy See does not doubt that the mutual confidence and the combined action of the representatives of the Holy See and the American Government will easily produce a happy solution of the pending questions and inaugurate for that noble country a new era of peace and true progress."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

UNDER the same gifted president, Miss Katharine E. Conway, the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle has entered upon the thirteenth year of its useful existence. There has been no change of president from the beginning. Having chosen at the start the right one for the place of intellectual leader, the members have shown no desire to transfer to a new candidate the honors belonging to the highest office in their gift. No doubt they know, even better than friends watching their progress from a distance, that they have a model president, who is also a worker able to plan and to achieve splendid results in co-operative methods for self-improvement. This organization is a type that should be imitated, as it furnishes the best model of what a Catholic Reading Circle should be.

Following is the excellent report of the secretary of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston, Mass., for the year ending June, 1902:

In reviewing the years behind us we feel that, whether our achievements have been many or few, the spirit which inspired the Circle's inception, so long ago, but strengthens with advancing time; and we are, if possible, more than ever keenly alive to the possibilities for good which the cultivated Catholic woman possesses.

Our work this year was a continuation of our course of study on "The Saints, Heroes, and Poets of the Sacred Scriptures," which we entered upon two years ago. The interest of the members remains unabated, though our progress has been somewhat interrupted by stormy weather, which really seemed to select Reading Circle night for its visitations.

We have carefully considered the Book of Judges, the Book of Ruth, and a part of the First Book of Kings. The papers presented dealt with the histories of Jephtha, Samson, Ruth, Samuel, and King Saul. Apropos of our study of Samson, and as a slight diversion, a paper was presented on Some Modern Dalilas.

In treating of the rise of monarchical government in Israel, in our study of the First Book of Kings, the teaching of the Church on Government in general was dwelt upon.

Interspersed with our work have been readings of poems inspired by the Scripture stories, from Milton, Byron, Tennyson, and Browning. The close of the season finds us just entering upon the study of David, King, Prophet, and Poet.

We have devoted one evening in every month to the discussion of current fiction. Our reading has covered a wide field, but among the many books considered were A Daughter of New France and The Heroine of the Straits, by Mary Catherine Crowley; Heart and Soul, by Henrietta Dana Skinner, both Boston ladies; The Portion of Labor, by Mary Wilkins; The Right of Way, by Gilbert Parker; Luke Delmege, by Father Sheehan (who has won so much fame with My New Curate), and Mary Johnston's Audrey.

Throughout the year a Logic Class, under the patronage of members of the Circle, was conducted by the Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, one of our honorary members. It has a membership of forty, recruited from the Circle and its friends.

Our annual lecture course, given this year in Steinert Hall, was brilliantly opened by the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, of the Society of Jesus, whose subject was Protestantism and the Bible. Mr. Michael J. Dwyer presided.

The second lecture, by the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, on Anarchism and its Remedies, was a model of vigorous thought and clear statement. The Hon. Josiah Quincy presided.

In our third lecture we had the privilege of introducing for the first time to a Boston audience Dr. James J. Walsh, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been such a favorite at the Catholic Summer-School for some years. Dr. Walsh took as his subject Literature and the Protestant Reformation. Dr. Francis J. Barnes presided.

Later in the year Mr. Francis J. Garland offered us the gladly accepted compliment of an excellent lecture on The Literature of Ancient Greece. As Mr. Garland, we are pleased to say, will be among the lecturers at the Catholic Summer-School, this was another strengthening of the bond between the Circle and the School.

We still maintain our cottage home at Cliff Haven, and during the last season of the Catholic Summer-School gave hospitality to a large number of guests, all of whom had a word of congratulation for our treasurer, Miss Mary J. Marlow, who made so admirable a hostess.

In January the Boston Catholic Union extended the courtesy of a complimentary concert to the Circle, and later we returned the courtesy by presenting Mr. Michael J. Dwyer in his musical lecture on National Traits in Irish Song.

Something unprecedented in our history occurred during the past year. It gave us the greatest pleasure when the announcements were made that two of our reverend honorary members had been elevated to the episcopate, and in December one of them, the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell, of Portland, Maine, kindly consented to allow us the privilege of entertaining him. We had an equal privilege in the presence, as our guest of honor, of the Right Rev. Bishop Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University. The John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle will always take a special pride in counting them among its members, as they are pleased to retain their membership, and they both have our prayers and sincerest wishes for many shining years in the Church Militant.

Our season ends with a membership, in good standing, of 135.

Before closing it is but fitting that we express our deep gratitude to our beloved president, Miss Katherine E. Conway, whose untiring energy and unselfish devotion to the motto of our Circle, "For the Church of God," are constant inspirations. NORA A. DWYER, Secretary.

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The Catholic School Board of New York City has recommended that every school should have a number of standard books for teachers. In answer to many requests concerning books to be chosen, the Columbian Reading Union has arranged with Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. to furnish a list of thirty titles

representing standard works in pedagogy. A special discount can be secured by using the order blank attached to list. Send ten cents in postage stamps for the list of Books for Teachers to the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West 59th Street, New York City. The titles of book selected are:

1. Psychology. (Stonyhurst Series.) Rev. M. Maher, S.J.,
2. Ethics. Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.,
3. Twelve Virtues of a Good Teacher,
4. Method in Education. Rosmini,
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